THE DELINEATOR

ETHEL BARRYMORE KATHLEEN NORRIS OWEN JOHNSON

STYLES FOR THE COMING YEAR

JANUARY 1924 · *THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.* *TWENTY CENTS THE COPY*
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Pineapple Bavarian Cream

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THE VALUE OF SWEETS

SCIENTISTS, through intensive research and countless experiments, have discovered long since that sweets are essential and important factors in the well-being of every normal human being; that to them the body is indebted for its inner heat, its energy, and its activity.

Nutrition experts and dietists are agreed that the dessert is of as great value as the more hearty dishes, in the perfectly balanced meal.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a half-pint of boiling water and add a half-pint of juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream. Add a cup of the shredded pineapple. Pour into moulds and set in a cold place to harden. Turn from the mould and garnish with sliced pineapple and cherries or grapes. Whipped cream adds to richness of the dessert, but it is not necessary.

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert

THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE NEW YEAR

EACH of us is sentenced to death. The time and the place is the only mystery.

Recently there were two men prominent in public life who received their doom and a definite time limit.

One of these was a distinguished surgeon who served in the war and then gave his best to scientific laboratory experimentation. The day came when he knew that he had probably three months longer to live. Through the X-ray he was relieved of suffering, and this is what he did with all that was left to him of life:

He sent a note to his friends saying: "My wife and I are retiring for three months. Do not come to us unless we send for you."

They measured the value of every hour. They lived not as one dying, but in the resolution to make each day count for all that it could hold. Favorite operas and concerts were attended—good plays they both would enjoy. They read together the verse and essays which both of them had loved. Occasionally they entertained the friends who really counted, and they visited the homes of those who were dear to them.

A lifetime was enjoyed in those weeks. It was a little less than three months, but every day had been used to its utmost.

It takes a high soul and a strong character to face the end of the road this way. It is a lesson for each of us who is tempted to waste priceless time.

The other man who knew that his days were numbered accepted his fate as a good soldier, but without the philosophy which triumphed over death. He couldn't tell his wife; he was afraid to hurt her. He kept it a secret from his associates. Only his physicians and two friends who met him in the weak hour of his first shock knew the limit of his life.

This man plunged into his work with renewed effort, resenting any suggestion of illness. He projected plans for his corporation and worked intensely on programs which would not come to light until long after he had passed out of life.

In his work he lived as one whom death could not touch. His one desire was that no one should treat him as a dying man, but that he should live with the living on an equal footing. When death came, his business affairs were in order. Life had been a day's work well done.

With the surgeon life had been a day's work—and then a happy evening before night came on.

What would you do if you knew how long you had to live?

The New Year is at hand. January first is almost any other Winter day—except that it is a beginning. It is a reminder that we too may begin.

What will we do with this New Year: *live* it every day and every hour, or work it, or loaf it along?

Have you thought what a wonderful place the world might be if we all lived each day as if it were our last chance to make *memories* for those we meet and those we love?

"LIBERTY"

IT IS a habit of thought to condemn that which we do not approve. We can go a step further and find even educated men and women condemning all they do not understand.

Nations, like individuals, are human institutions, and therefore vulnerable. But the recent attacks upon America, both inside her borders and abroad, come chiefly from strongholds of prejudice or blind hatred, or from thoughtless, short-visioned men who have a clever gift for catch-phrases.

England's newly recognized poet, Sir William Watson, is credited with having written some verses

BETTER HOMES PRIZE-WINNERS FOR 1923

The prizes offered by THE DELINEATOR for the best demonstrations in the 1923 Better Homes contest have been awarded as follows by the prize-award committee of the National Advisory Council under the chairmanship of Secretary Hoover:

First Prize, $500—Port Huron, Mich.
Second Prize, $200—St. Helena Island, S. C.
Third Prize, $100—Atlanta, Ga.
Four Prizes of $50 each—Greenville, S. C.; New Haven, Conn.; Sacramento, Calif.; Clarksburg, W. Va.

(A Special Prize of $200 was given by THE DELINEATOR to Upper Montclair, N. J.)

Honorable Mention

Atlanta, Tex.	Logansport, Ind.
Baton Rouge, La.	Lorain, Ohio
Bethseda, Md.	Miami, Fla.
Birmingham, Ala.	Newark, N. J.
Bluefield, W. Va.	New Brunswick, N. J.
Brookton, N. Y.	Oakland, Calif.
Clayton, Mo.	Ogden City, Utah
Cuba, N. Y.	Okolona, Miss.
Duluth, Minn.	Paterson, N. J.
Edgewood, Ala.	Petoskey, Mich.
Elizabeth, N. J.	Plainfield, N. J.
Fargo, N. Dak.	Rahway, N. J.
Florence, S. C.	San Antonio, Tex.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Seymour, Ind.
Gulfport, Miss.	Spokane, Wash.
Hamilton, Ohio	Sterling, Colo.
Hampton Roads, Va.	St. Louis, Mo.
Newport News, Va.	Toledo, Ohio
Iowa Falls, Ia.	West Hoboken, N. J.
Jefferson City, Mo.	Zanesville, Ohio

If you are interested in this year's campaign, which will be held May eleventh to eighteenth, write to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR, Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Secretary of the Better Homes in America movement.

"to America's statue of Liberty." There is a catch-phrase in his lines:

> Bright thing of flame,
> How strange at last thy doom—
> Liberty's image,
> Left to adorn her tomb!

These lines will be caught up by men and women who are opposed to some of the laws that have been enacted by vote of the people; but lyrical though they be, there is no truth in their taunt.

A foreign paper gloats over the story of an American entering New York harbor on a French steamer and pointing out the statue of Liberty. "Ah!" said a Frenchman sympathetically, "we, too, rear monuments to our illustrious dead."

This is propaganda—un-American propaganda. It is even worse: it is anti-American. The soul of the nation to-day is the same as the spirit which the king of the Belgians felt twenty-five years ago, when he came here and worked as a laborer in order to understand the nation which was drawing from all other nations. This was his conclusion:

"They (immigrants) seek this land because they have an opportunity to work and progress, but chiefly because their children will have a chance to rise in this country."

America is freer to-day than she has been at any time since her birth.

Let us not confuse the passion of individuals with the voice of the people, or the cry of "oppression" with the banshee of freedom.

The laws on the books have been written by the people themselves. There is no clique, no group, no individual dictating to the free people of this land.

HEALTH

THE National Health Council, in an effort to lengthen life, has started a campaign to interest every American to have a health examination on his birthday.

They claim that about two-thirds of the population of this country has physical defects that require attention—minor defects that may be detected by an examination and prevented from becoming serious.

Forty-two million persons lose thirty-five million working days annually through illness. Five hundred thousand working people die each year. The National Health Council believes that at least one-half of this loss may be prevented or postponed by medical supervision.

The health examination campaign is intended to reach the great number of Americans who believe they are in good health but who are in danger of serious diseases or death because they do not realize their real physical condition. It is claimed that ninety-five per cent. of the people examined are ignorant of their condition.

BETTER HOMES

ON PAGES 20 and 21 in this issue of THE DELINEATOR there is a brief sketch of the results of the Better Homes in America movement in 1923. Next month Miss Lida Hafford, Director of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, will tell the story of the "Home, Sweet Home" house in Washington and how she furnished and equipped it for two thousand dollars.

In March a description of the Upper Montclair house and apartment will be published in THE DELINEATOR.

In succeeding months THE DELINEATOR will publish articles about the best living-rooms, bedrooms, porches, breakfast-nooks, kitchens and other notable features of Better Homes demonstration houses.

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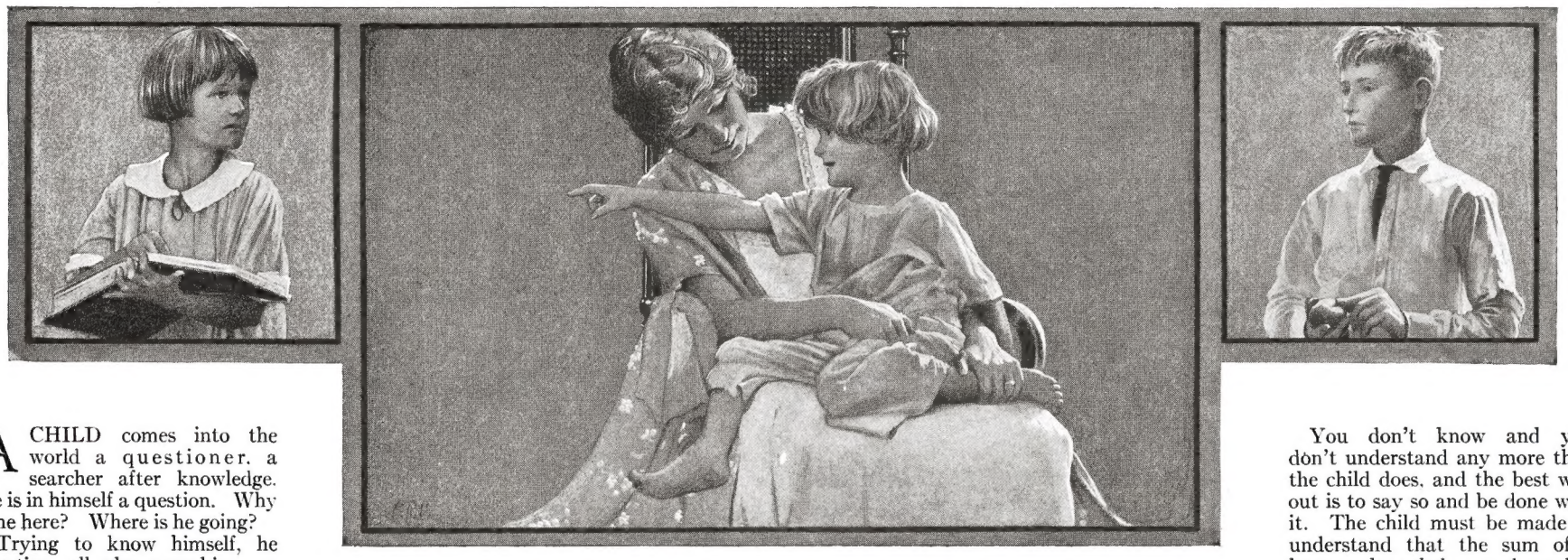


CURIOUS CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City" and "Child Training"

A CHILD comes into the world a questioner, a searcher after knowledge. He is in himself a question. Why is he here? Where is he going?

Trying to know himself, he questions all who come his way. Perhaps among them all there is one who has the answer for him The hunger to know drives him on and he searches in the darkness and in the light. He asks of the wise and the foolish, the young and the old. He asks because he must.

"Mother, here's a fly on the window."

"Is there? Better kill it."

"I did, mother. I deaded him."

"Good."

"Why did he have to be deaded, mother?"

"Because he isn't clean."

"Oh! Why? Didn't his mother wash him, maybe?"

"No! The fly's mother isn't clean, so flies can't live with children."

"Oh! But the butterfly is clean, isn't he, mother?"

"Yes."

"'Cause he lives on the nice clean flowers, he's clean," and the little fellow goes off, satisfied at having found a point on which his mind could rest for the moment. For the time, his idea is complete. Later he will come back and ask more questions until the information gives out or until his mother or his teacher loses patience and refuses to talk any more.

IT IS hard to keep patient under his steady attack. It is particularly hard to answer smoothly and steadily when one has the strong suspicion that this little cross-examiner is talking for the love of it. One suspects that he is not always an earnest seeker after truth.

But that, too, is part of his growth. He must talk so that his tongue becomes facile and his mind alert. The question that dies on the tongue never feeds the mind that bore it. A mind is kept alive and growing by rubbing against another mind, and the richest contact a child can make is this one through his tongue, by way of his nagging questions. It is a very trying stage of his growth—trying indeed for the one upon whom he is sharpening his wits. For we all dislike answering questions. We like to go on in the smooth way, and a question halts us and makes us turn in our tracks and search in overgrown ways that we have not trodden in years. It makes us open byways that we have closed and allowed to wipe themselves out if they would. It awakens memories that turn over and sit up after long sleep, when we would much prefer that they lie forgotten. Questions stir things up, and we hate being stirred up.

This is the reason why children find themselves sharply rebuffed as they knock now on this door and then at that. "Go 'way. Can't you see I'm busy?" "Ask your teacher and stop bothering me." "Oh, never mind what it is. It doesn't concern you." "Mind your business. I do wish you would learn to keep your nose out of what does not concern you! Take the broom and sweep the back porch."

Few children have the power to stand up against our irritation and stubborn resistance. They give up and cease to question anything. They learn that asking questions is considered bad manners and that it brings discipline down upon the head of the offender. Only the occasional child will incur such a risk, for children, like their elders, like to be comfortable. They like to feel themselves approved, so they choke down the troublesome questions and soothe their minds to rest. It is easier to choke down mind hunger than it is to drown any other sort of hunger, because thinking is the youngest habit of the race. It is easier, for instance, to choke down a question than it is to smother fear or love or hunger for food. Once choked, however, it, unlike the other and older race habits, is hard to revive again.

Then, you see, all the questions must be answered, difficult as they may be. There is no doubt of the difficulty. Answering the questions of little children is an art. It takes a lot of wisdom to know which question to answer fully and which to feed out little by little.

Some of their questions lie beyond their experience or power to grasp; some need but a brief word. Some are going to start ideas that will become part of their lives, growing as they grow in complexity and importance.

When, for instance, you tell a boy that you do not want him to play too much with a group of boys in the neighborhood, it will not do to answer his "Why?" with "Because I say so." Neither will it do to say: "They're not fit for you to associate with." Your idea is to protect him from useless and, perhaps, damaging experiences. You would have him live with children who will help his growth rather than hinder it. You do not want him to be a snob, but you do not want him to run useless risks. It is hard to answer the questions that rise out of this situation and be honest and wise. Try telling him a story that will infer the meaning—he gets things better that way. Tell him that if a gray goose gets into a flock of white geese, they will peck him bare and drive him out because birds of a feather flock together. That will do for a start, and when he comes back with a question that experience has started in his mind, you can build up from there. By and by living will teach him, but in the meantime try to answer his questions as well as you can. It is not easy.

WHEN the youngster asks, as he will, "Where did I come from?" "How did I get here?" tell him a fragment of the truth sufficient to satisfy him for the time. The cabbage story won't do. He is usually very young when he asks that, and about all he can carry is that he is his mother's baby and came to her on his birthday, just as the birds and kittens and puppies come to their mothers on their birthdays. The mothers made a little nest for them and the daddies gathered the food and helped mind them.

He will come another day and ask more about the birds and kittens and puppies. Answer his question as he asks it, giving him just enough truth to satisfy him. He mulls that over, and when the next stage comes along, he will ask another question. Feed the information to him, but do not force it, measuring the replies to the experiences. Few children are ready for the whole story until adolescence.

If a child asks a question that you can, not answer because you do not know, say so without hesitation. Don't pretend to be all-wise and don't try to cover yourself in hypocrisy. The children know when you do that and lose faith in you accordingly.

What is one to say when a child asks, "Why didn't God make Jimmie straight? He could have, couldn't He? Then, why didn't He? Seems as if, when He could do everything, that He might have, mightn't He?" You don't know and you don't understand any more than the child does, and the best way out is to say so and be done with it. The child must be made to understand that the sum of a human knowledge and understanding is as zero to the infinite and that he lives on this earth largely on faith. He must know this early in his career so that he has a glimpse of the vastness of the field of his searching.

Very soon he will know that the truth of to-day is the starting-place of to-morrow and that the next day may disclose wonders scarcely dreamed of in this. The point of his living is that he take up the world where his predecessors left it and with a question in his mind march on, leaving who will to follow.

The great danger is that his question may be smothered in the beginning. Unless he is trained to think by being allowed to question and doubt and test and prove, he will cease to think and take what comes down to him from above and become a slave to authorities, trudging along without thought or care.

QUESTIONING is thinking, and so long as a mind questions it grows. Is the child's mind, then, to be allowed to grow, or is it to plod along the old roads, deep in the rut worn by the million feet gone before—the comfortable rut that makes the circle, bringing him back at evening where he started at dawn? That is the fate of the child whose questions remain unanswered. For him there is no thrill of discovery, no glimpse of the promised land. He knows nothing of such things. His spirit dulled, his vision limited, he has lost his great gift.

One must think in order to create, and thinking feeds on questions. So long as a question prods him on, the child will strive to get his answer and in the answering loose his creative power and take his place among men.

Then patiently answer the questions until he is satisfied, always with the candor of one talking to his friend and equal. Often his mind is keener than the one he is questioning. It ought to be, for his is the flower of all that have gone before.

Answer in terms that his years enable him to understand. Don't make the mistake of trying to put a forty-year-old concept into a four-year-old mind.

Don't be ashamed of saying "I don't know." You'll have to say it sooner or later, and the child will respect you if you are frank from the start. He will have far more trust in you if you do not pose.

Have a goodly store of books and teach him to use them in his searching. Once he learns where to look for the information, he will go there directly. A questioner rightly trained soon learns to search for his own answer. First-hand information is the only thing that satisfies him then, and all that is left to you is the wistful "I don't know. When you find out, do come and tell me."

For we are all questioners. We do not know how we came here or why, or where we are going. We do not understand many of the things that happen to us, some of which seem harder than the infinite wisdom and goodness of God would permit.

We are sure of one thought—surer as the years go by and we strive to answer our own questions. There *is* an answer. We are here for a purpose, and the purpose is good. We, each in his tiny, baffled way, help to solve the problem of the ultimate rightness of things for those who follow. Each generation comes a little closer to it; each carries the structure of life an imperceptible round nearer the plan—firm faith in the final outcome helping to the end.

Surely not one of us would, then, drive away the earnest little questioner. It is a duty to answer. Patiently we must. Illuminately if we can.

Golden Wheatena Muffins

½ cup cooked Wheatena
1 cup of sour milk
Stir well together and let stand half hour
½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water, add to Wheatena and milk
1 egg well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ saltspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
¾ cup sifted flour
Bake in muffin pans twenty minutes

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

~ in the yellow and blue package

Wheatena—the great American breakfast dish—is delicious whole wheat at its best.

When a steaming dish of this nut-brown cereal is set before you, instantly your appetite is whetted by the delicate aroma of the whole wheat. Scarcely have you stirred in a bit of butter, and topped off the golden feast with sugar and cream, than your mouth is fairly watering for the taste of the distinctive whole wheat Wheatena flavor.

Delicious and satisfying! And how nourishing, too, because it contains the whole of the wheat kernel—the vital life-giving element, the wholesome bran, and everything needed for building and sustaining a strong, vigorous and healthy body.

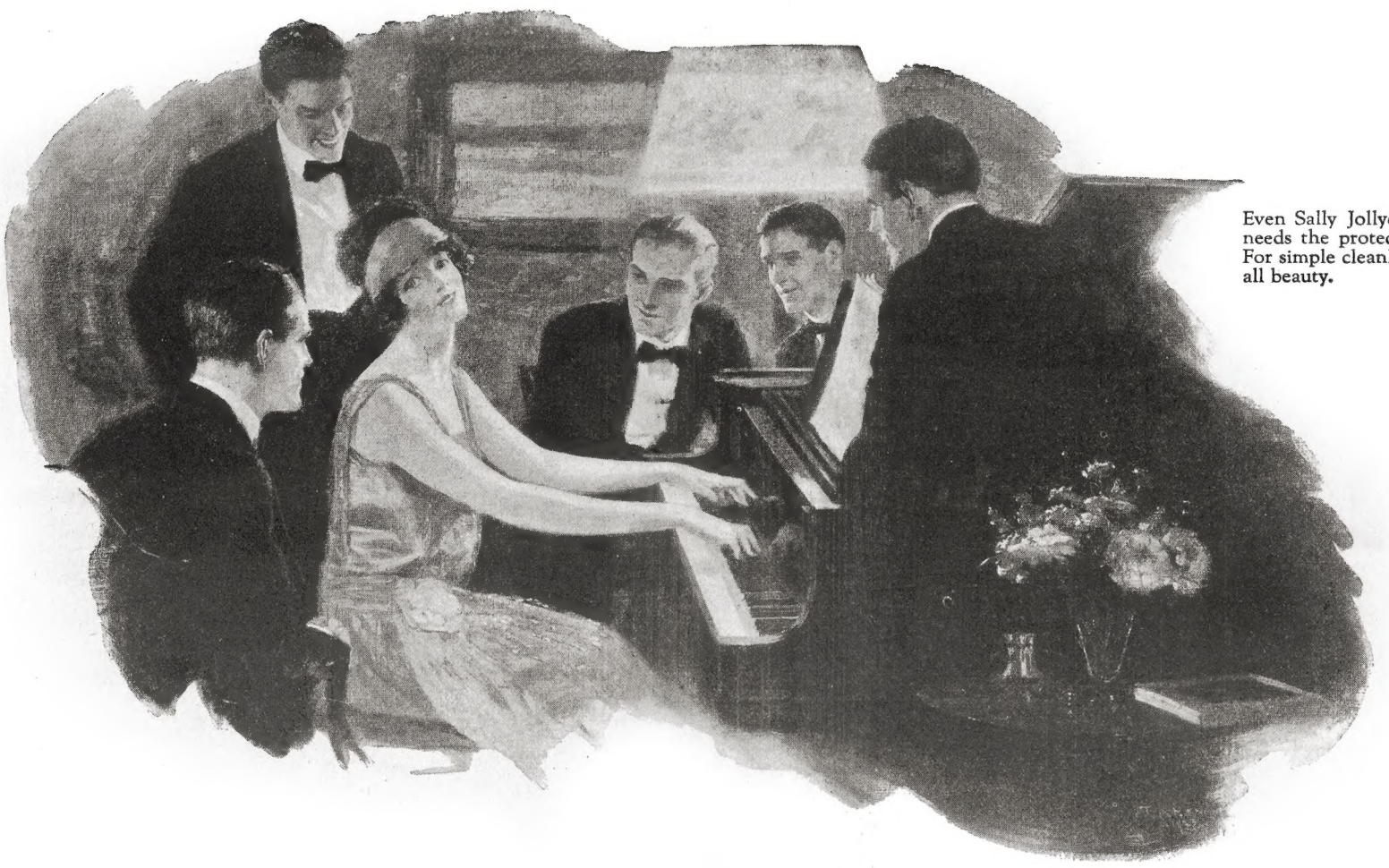
This is why for over forty-four years Wheatena has been the favorite of children and grown-ups alike, and doctors and dietitians recommend it. Your family, too, will enjoy Wheatena.

Wheatena is served in leading hotels, restaurants and dining cars. Serve it also in many other delightful ways—in muffins, cookies and desserts—in soups, chowders and gravies. All good grocers have Wheatena or can get it for you. Get it today—for breakfast tomorrow.

Sample package free, and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879



Even Sally Jollyco's natural beauty needs the protection of pure soap. For simple cleanliness is the basis of all beauty.

An announcement to all friends of Ivory Soap

The makers of Ivory Soap now offer you Guest Ivory.

To Ivory's purity, mildness and gentleness, Guest Ivory adds—

the daintiness of a new size, to fit the most delicate of slim feminine fingers.

the charm of a new design and a new blue-and-white dress.

the lowest price at which a truly fine soap for the face and hands has ever been sold (five cents).

Guest Ivory completes the Ivory Family

The Ivory Family now has four members, to serve every purpose which demands the protection of the skin and of delicate fabrics by the use of a fine, pure, mild soap:

Guest Ivory—*for the face and hands*
Medium size Ivory—*for the bath*
Ivory Flakes—*for the most delicate garments*
Laundry size Ivory—*for the heavier fine fabrics*

All are Ivory Soap, and that means each is as fine as soap can be, for if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap than Ivory.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

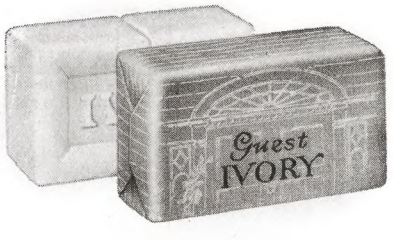
99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

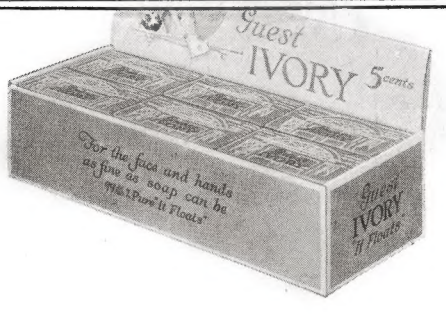
In Sally Jollyco's own gleaming white bathroom lies one of the chief secrets of her charm.

Look carefully, and you will see a dainty white cake of Guest Ivory in the soap-holder. She uses it night and morning, to keep her skin clean, soft and glowing with life.

Sally entrusts her beauty to Ivory with perfect confidence in its pure, mild, gently cleansing lather.

Guest IVORY may be purchased in this carton of 12 cakes.





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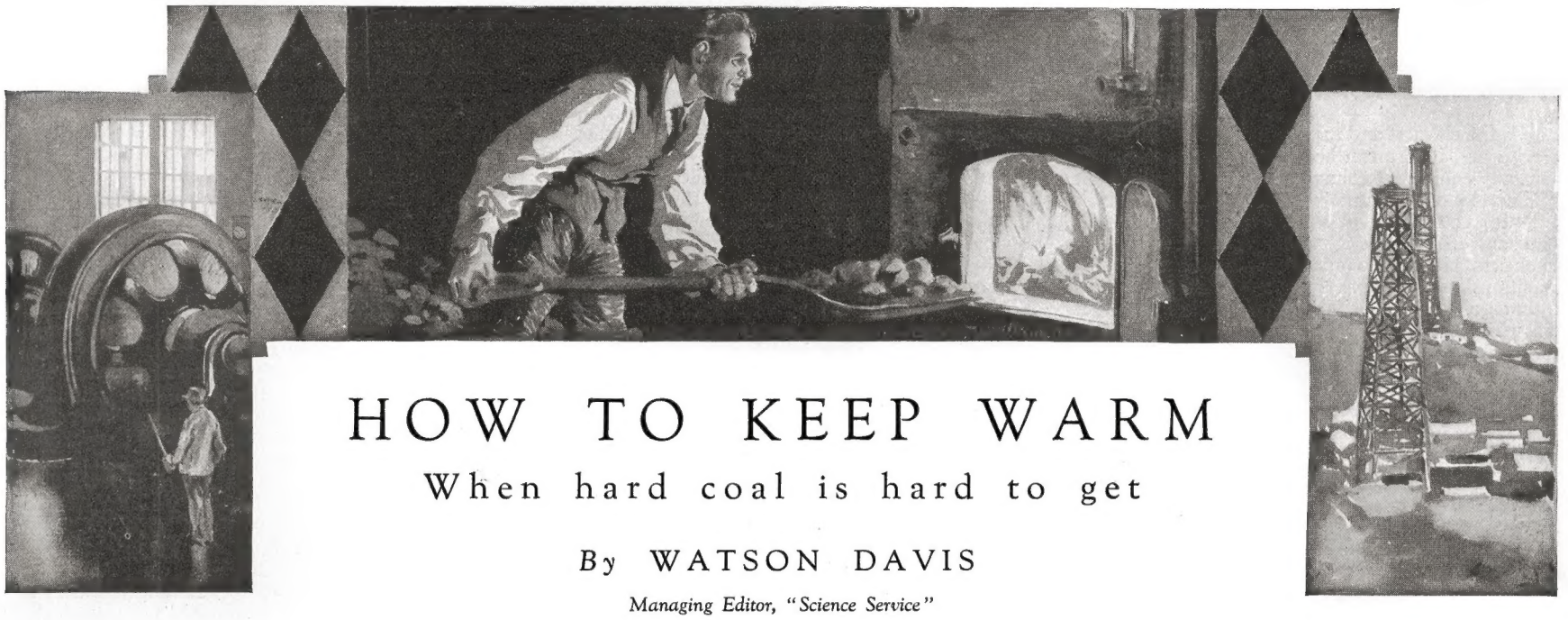

HOW TO KEEP WARM

When hard coal is hard to get

By WATSON DAVIS

Managing Editor, "Science Service"

DURING times when anthracite is scarce and high, those who have always meant "hard coal" when they said "coal" begin to fear for their comfort and warmth. Even though anthracite can not be obtained, there is no excuse for freezing. There need be no real lack of fuel.

First, there is bituminous coal. You immediately think of a trip through smoky Pittsburgh with its dirt and soot, or a train journey behind a smoke-belching locomotive. The bituminous coal family has a blacker name than it deserves, because the fat, highly volatile coal that causes most of the industrial smoke is about as far removed from the sort of "soft coal" available as satisfactory anthracite substitutes as it is from anthracite.

"Smokeless" semibituminous coals are the most logical and most plentiful substitutes for anthracite in the eastern part of the United States, where people have acquired the habit of relying on hard-to-get coal. The smokeless Pocahontas, New River and Georges Creek coals of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland and the smokeless Clearfield coal of Pennsylvania are higher in heat value and usually contain less ash than anthracite. Because they contain more calories of heat and usually cost two-thirds as much as anthracite, the user actually gets almost twice the amount of available heat for his money. If he handles his furnace carefully, he can realize all this saving; and even though he is careless, he will gain considerably.

Anthracite contains from four to ten per cent. of the volatile matter that is responsible for smoke, while the smokeless semibituminous low-volatile coals run only from sixteen to twenty-five per cent. There is an endless variety of bituminous coals grading from these smokeless coals through the various medium and high volatile true bituminous coals to the high-moisture, high-volatile subbituminous coals of the West. Even these very "fat" coals are used for domestic heating by hundreds of thousands of families east as well as west of the Alleghanies.

MR. O. P. HOOD, chief mechanical engineer of the U. S. Bureau of Mines and its leading authority on the use of fuels, characterizes anthracite as a "fool-proof" coal. It is unnecessary to mix brains with it when the furnace is fired; it is only necessary to shovel it in and let it burn. Add a little common sense to an ordinary anthracite-burning furnace and it will operate efficiently on smokeless bituminous coals. No changes in grates or equipment are recommended. The fireman needs only to understand the peculiarities of the new kind of fuel he is using and use his head as well as his shovel.

While these coals are not as clean to handle as anthracite, they can be burned nearly smokelessly in ordinary domestic heating equipment; and although bituminous coal burns out more rapidly than anthracite, the added labor of more frequent firing is not unduly heavy. A furnace properly stoked with bituminous coal at bedtime will keep a satisfactory fire for eight or ten hours.

Mr. Hood gives the following hints:

"The smokeless bituminous coals are usually very friable and break up so fine that they will smother the old fire-bed if covered completely over it. One must fire less at a time and oftener. It is also necessary that the fresh charge of coal does not completely cover all the glowing coals. An igniter must be left to ignite the gases that are rapidly distilled from the fresh charge. If these gases are not ignited, smoke is produced.

"What this amounts to is that one soon learns to push the live coals to one side in a heap and place the new coal being fired in the hole that has been made, leaving the crest of the heap of coals to ignite the gases and to maintain the needed heat until the new coal gets going. The next time the hole is made on the opposite side and filled with the new coal. The new coal soon forms into a dense chunk of coke. This should be broken up and leveled and will give service like anthracite from then until the next firing.

"One soon catches the idea that while in burning anthracite there is but one process—shoveling and letting it burn—in using bituminous smokeless coal there are two processes: first, the special method of firing described and the burning of gas generated; and second, breaking up and burning the coke that he has manufactured in his own furnace."

After being told of the volatile matter in bituminous coal, the novice in soft-coal using may become apprehensive about the danger of a gas attack from his own furnace. In spite of large amounts of gas evolved in the firing of soft coal, there is probably less real danger to health from bituminous than from anthracite.

Those pretty blue dancing flames that you have seen above a bed of anthracite coal are carbon monoxid, the deadly colorless, odorless gas that is responsible for many deaths each year. Conditions that bring about the generation of this gas are not usually attained in burning bituminous coal until the coal has been turned into coke, which acts very much like anthracite. The large volume of gas that is generated when bituminous is first fired is exactly the same as that obtained from coke-ovens, and such coal-gas often makes up a large part of the ordinary city supply. It usually contains little carbon monoxid.

Coal-gas, or the acrid smell that arises from the burning of the sulfur in coal, is unpleasant, but the furnace and not the coal is usually to blame. If the furnace is leaky or the stack-damper or stovepipe blocked, these smelly gases may escape into the house, and when they do it is a sign that the furnace is defective and needs attention. In fact, these gases are a safety device, since they always accompany carbon monoxid, while it is only occasionally that carbon monoxid is mixed with them.

ALL sorts of diagrams have been drawn showing how to regulate the drafts in a furnace so as to get the best results. Even followed blindly, these often give good results, but the furnace fireman can use better engineering skill if he knows why as well as what to do.

Coal is really the smaller part of the furnace fuel. If air cost as much as coal, we would be more careful of its use, since twelve to twenty pounds of air are used to each pound of coal. Efficient burning requires supplying just enough air and not too much. The whole problem of regulating drafts amounts to regulating the flow of air through the fuel-bed, and there are five principal factors that control this air flow: (1) the ash-pit damper, which may be open or closed; (2) the bed of ash on the grate, which may be thick or thin and tight or loose; (3) the body of fuel, which may be porous and open as in the case of large-sized anthracite and coke, or tight and compact as in the case of fine coal or small-sized anthracite; (4) the damper in the stovepipe, which may be open or closed; (5) the check-damper or a big leak into the chimney, which may be open or closed.

Any or all of these five factors can be used to increase or decrease the amount of air that flows through the fuel-bed. The more air that flows through the fuel-bed the faster the fire will burn, while if the furnace were constructed so as to exclude air absolutely, when drafts are closed, it would be possible to stop combustion and hold a fire for forty-eight hours before the fire died out by radiating all its heat away.

But most furnaces are leaky around the firing-door, and this fact makes it better to reduce the flow of air through the fuel-bed by means of closing the stack-damper (4) and opening the check-damper (5), rather than by closing the ash-pit damper (1). The reason for this is that most furnaces suffer from excess air drawn through the fuel-bed or through leaks around the firing-door. When the stack-damper is open and the ash-pit damper is closed, the rush of air up the chimney is greater and reduced pressure within the furnace causes greater leakage of air into the furnace. This air steals heat from the surfaces and wastefully carries it up the chimney. When the stack-damper is closed and the check-damper is open, the chimney draft is satisfied by cold air that does not pass through the furnace at all. The damper or opening in the firing-door should not be used for continuous regulation of the draft. When the firing-door damper is open, it is equivalent to a leak into the furnace, and heat losses are likely to occur. This damper is useful for a limited time just after soft coal or other volatile fuel is fired, in order to admit the air necessary to burn

SOLVING YOUR FUEL PROBLEM

How to keep warm in cold weather is one of the primary interests of every home-maker. Recently it has become an ever-present question with great numbers of householders who find themselves year after year on the edge of Winter, or even well into the season, with coal-bins empty.

Because of the frequency with which this question comes up, the Editor of THE DELINEATOR felt that it would be a definite service to the readers of the magazine to have a careful summary of the situation made by some one with the knowledge requisite to answer it in its many phases.

In preparing his article Mr. Davis has drawn not only upon the information on record with *Science Service*, but on the resources of the U. S. Bureaus of Standards and of Mines and on specialized data accumulated by industrial agencies interested in the production of heating equipment of all kinds.

It is hoped that this article will answer for DELINEATOR readers the general questions on what to burn, where to get it and how to handle it. The Home-Makers' Department will be glad to answer letters from readers who have special heating problems. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply and address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

the gases, but after this stage in the burning it should be closed and the draft regulated by the other dampers. These simple principles for regulating drafts and the rate of combustion apply regardless of what fuel is being burned.

Coke is the cleanest and most smokeless substitute for anthracite and it also can be put to work immediately without any equipment change. Made by distilling the volatile matter out of bituminous coal, coke is available to a limited extent in practically every populated part of the country. In price it usually varies between that of smokeless bituminous and anthracite, approaching anthracite prices when fuel is scarce. Some prefer coke to anthracite, although it is so much more bulky that the bin will not hold as much and the furnace must be fired more frequently.

MR. HOOD explains that there is a knack in burning coke that must be acquired at the expense of a little patience and thought. Some coke does not kindle quite as readily as anthracite, but once going, the fire is apt to burn too fast unless the draft is checked. The coke-bed lies so lightly that air goes through easily, and the porous structure of the coke gives a very large surface for burning. This means a little more care and understanding in managing dampers. It is also necessary that there be no opportunity for air to leak into the ash-pit when the ash-pit dampers are closed, else the coke will burn out when the draft is apparently cut off. Coke has a tendency to burn out grates faster than anthracite, but if two or three inches of ashes are left on the grate, this extra trouble can be avoided. The ash-pit should be cleaned out regularly to prevent the hot ashes from banking up around the grate.

In some localities the small sizes of anthracite usually sold to big power-plants can be obtained as a substitute for the larger egg, stove, nut and pea sizes usually used. Number 1 buckwheat can be used if sufficient draft can be supplied to force air through the more compact fuel-bed, and several firms are selling electric fans, regulated automatically, to supply needed air under pressure. If you acquire sufficient skill to maintain two or three inches of ash on the grate to prevent the fine coal from dropping through into the ash-pit, no change in grates is necessary; if not, a new set of grates with openings not exceeding a quarter of an inch should be installed, or a wire screen of quarter-inch mesh properly fitted over the old grate is likely to give satisfactory service for a whole season, provided it is protected with a thin bed of ash.

If it is necessary to burn the true "soft coal" that contains a large amount of volatile matter, extra air will be needed to burn the gases that are generated just after firing, and for this reason experts advise that the firing-door or firing-damper be left open for a few minutes after putting on fresh fuel. When the oilier bituminous coals are used, soot will accumulate faster and the flues will need cleaning oftener. But even such fuel is burned with satisfaction in thousands of homes.

The small amount of bituminous coal that can be placed in the ordinary cellar is just as immune from spontaneous combustion as anthracite. Experts of the U. S. Bureau of Mines who have investigated the danger of fire in immense stock piles of this coal declare that the householder need not worry. It is a good idea, however, to have a bucket of water handy when using bituminous coal—not for use in case of fire, but to use in keeping down the dust. Soft coal should be well wet down before it is placed in the cellar and the front of the pile should be kept moistened with an occasional bucket of water.

When coal briquets are obtainable, they are as good as the fuel from which they are made and can be fired like so much coal of the same kind and same size.

GAS, oil and electricity form a luxury trio for house heating. Unlike all the other fuels that have been mentioned, they need special equipment.

While gas burned in small stoves is useful and economical in the Autumn or late Spring, when furnace fires are not justified and the air is chilly, it is too expensive to be used widely as a principal house-heating fuel. Moreover, if it should be used to any great extent in this way at the present time, most gas-plants, designed to supply only cooking and lighting loads, could not meet the demand. Due also to antiquated gas-quality standards, devised when the fishtail burner was used, present gas is not generally the cheapest that can be made so far as heat content is concerned. Manufactured gas, most convenient of fuels, may provide economical house heating in the future, but it is not an anthracite substitute generally available at short notice.

For safety's sake, practically all gas-heaters should be connected to flues or chimneys so that burnt gases can escape to the outside instead of into the room. Many gas-heaters will give off carbon monoxid when slightly out of adjustment. When heaters of the "radiant" type, in which the gas burns in a mantle of refractory material, are used to about three-quarter capacity, Bureau of Mines tests showed that they give off practically no monoxid; but when burning all gas possible, some monoxid is produced. It is therefore advisable to have even these flue-connected.

Installing oil-burning equipment for house heating is considered a speculative risk by those who know that half of our present petroleum supply comes from new producing wells with their flush production, which number only one in every fifty oil-wells in this country. Next year's oil supply for house heating can not be guaranteed in quantity or price. Those who change to oil during a coal shortage must be ready to switch back to coal when and if an oil shortage comes.

The burning-cost of oil-fired furnaces is usually considerably greater than when coal is used. There is, however, a real saving in labor, as there is no ash-disposal problem to be considered; and in cases where the householder has been accustomed to employ a furnace-man, the installation of oil-burning equipment would mean a saving of his hire.

Those desiring the convenience of oil and able to amortize the installation cost in a short period can in many localities secure satisfactory equipment for burning light fuel-oil or kerosene in ordinary furnaces.

Small oil-stoves for accessory heating and for use between seasons are of course used with great satisfaction by thousands of householders. Oil heaters used for auxiliary-heating service are often smelly, but usually the gases given off are not poisonous, like carbon monoxid, although they may be dangerous to health, and when a stove of this kind is used without provision for carrying off the exhaust there should always be some ventilation provided. The same is true of small gas-stoves and other fuel-burning heaters not attached to a stovepipe.

ELECTRICITY is usually expensive and impracticable for general use in house heating now. Special and expensive equipment is necessary where the power is available; and even in Ontario, where there is now sufficient current resulting from the hydroelectric development of Niagara Falls, heating installations are being discouraged because the power will be needed industrially within a few years. Under most favorable circumstances, electricity can now be used only to heat one or two rooms at considerable cost. As in the case of gas and oil, small electric heaters that can be attached to ordinary light-plugs are efficient adjuncts to the general heating equipment.

Wood cheerfully crackling in the open grate is ideal fuel, but when it is fed into a cellar furnace designed for coal-burning it loses some of its desirability. In the few localities adjacent to forests where it is available at a low enough cost or where it must be used, it can be burned if a "dead" plate or piece of sheet-iron is placed on the grate and if as large chunks as can conveniently pass through the furnace door are fired.

In emergencies or during the continual search for something better many other fuels have been used to a limited extent. Lignite and peat, properly dried and prepared, are burned much like wood in localities where they are produced. Corn-cobs, husks, straw and other such material have served in times of urgent necessity, while corn has been shoveled into furnaces and stoves in the West when corn prices were low and coal was lacking. Boise, Idaho, has piped hot springs to furnish free hot-water heat, but there are few cities that can have nature tend its furnaces.

But as a staple fuel, the best answer to anthracite scarcity is bituminous coal in one of its many variations. It is a fuel supply that is capable of meeting practically any demand that can be put on it in our day.

Desertions in the ranks of Pennsylvania anthracite users began years ago when hard-coal prices started to rise. Coal users in the Dakotas and parts of the Middle West found that they could keep warm with cheaper soft coal mined closer to home. Alberta, a progressive Canadian province, formerly the home of anthracite users, has opened its own bituminous mines and is now self-sufficient. In Arkansas several districts produce a coal intermediate between Pennsylvania anthracite and smokeless bituminous coal, and "Arkansas anthracite" is being used in the lake region. Production of a semi-anthracite from the small Virginia district has been stimulated recently and "Virginia anthracite" is available for the southern part of the eastern anthracite-using region. Many householders in eastern States have learned to use smokeless coal, coke or other substitutes in the last few years, but thousands of furnace-tenders, especially in the Mississippi Valley and the West, have never left the ranks of anthracite users because they have always fired bituminous.

Not all grades of bituminous are obtainable in all parts of the country, and it is not the part of wisdom to spend an undue amount of time looking for any one of the grades mentioned in this article. The economical method to pursue is to find out the best grade obtainable and secure a supply of that, studying its good points and learning how best to obtain a maximum of comfort from it.

Bituminous coal, as has been said, can be burned with entire satisfaction in equipment intended for anthracite, and it would be an unnecessary expense to install new equipment when an anthracite shortage makes necessary a temporary change from hard coal to soft. In cases where new heating equipment has to be installed, as in a new building, or where old equipment is worn out, and where the intention is to burn bituminous coal regularly, it would be advisable to investigate the smokeless boilers especially designed by heating-equipment companies to burn soft coal.

THE home-owner who does not care to sacrifice his individual house for the advantages of an apartment where the owner and the janitor are supposed to take care of the heat may often consider whether he and his neighbors could get together and run a community heating-plant with less trouble and cost than each tending his own furnace. For small detached homes, where the heads of the households are their own furnace-tenders and equipment is already installed, it is doubtful whether a central heating-plant would pay. Where the tendency is to spread the building vertically instead of horizontally, where residences are large and special help would be necessary in taking care of heating service, a central heating-plant might prove profitable, although in any case an engineering survey would be necessary.

One of the large companies specializing in central steam-heating plants considers that block heating for two or more near-by residences would be more economical than a boiler in each, and that if there are from five hundred to one thousand cubic feet of space to be heated for every foot of underground mains to be laid, community heating can be made profitable. They estimate that the cost of heating from a central plant is cheaper than individual furnaces, considering the amount of heat delivered, but that a greater amount of heat is consumed on account of convenience, making the cost of central heating approximately ten per cent. greater.

A very effective and inexpensive substitute for anthracite or any other kind of coal is heat conservation. Weather-strips on the windows and doors will keep the cold out and the heat in. Storm-sash on the windows and calking applied to the cracks will also help. Where rooms are used for purposes that make frequent ventilation necessary, it is a wise precaution to have weather-strips put on the door or doors connecting them with the rest of the house. Wherever pipes carrying the hot air, hot water or steam pass through a space that should not be heated, they should be heavily insulated with asbestos, air-cell paper or other such material. The insulating material should be amply thick, since it has been found that in some cases a single-sheet coating of asbestos paper will cause larger heat losses than the bare shiny pipe. This is because a rough dull surface will radiate more heat than a bright shiny one. For the same reason radiators and other surfaces from which greater radiation is desired should be painted black rather than with aluminum paint.

MAINTAINING a proper degree of humidity is another factor that helps in keeping the house comfortable. Dry air is harder to heat than moist. A rough, practical test suggested for determining whether the air in a room is too dry is to observe the inside of the windows on a cold day. If frost forms freely on the inside of the glass, there is no doubt that the air of the room has sufficient humidity. If there is no sign of frost, it is safe to suppose that the air is too dry. Humidifiers of various sorts are available, and moisture may be added to the air to some extent by placing uncovered dishes of water on the radiators or other heating equipment of the room.

Common sense about temperature and ventilation of the rooms will also save coal. Fresh air is desirable, but excessive ventilation becomes an expensive fad rather than a health measure. In the average house sufficient ventilation is usually obtained through the entrance of fresh air around windows and doors, especially if a hot-air system is being used. Where small gas or oil stoves are burned, there should always be some ventilation provided, as mentioned before.

Rooms need not be kept so hot. More sickness is caused by having a house too warm than too cold, and it has been estimated that keeping the house at sixty-five degrees instead of seventy-two degrees means a saving of from fifteen to twenty per cent. in the fuel bill. Automatic heat-regulators of various kinds may be obtained to govern the furnace, and where equipment of this kind is not available, an ordinary house thermometer will serve to remind the furnace-tender when to decrease the heat.

Magic powders to sprinkle on coal, and other mysterious devices, will aid house-heating no more than the incantations of the witches in Macbeth. Proper fuel and common sense will keep the house warm this Winter, using the furnace you have.

ROMANCE

Young Skippy Bedelle succumbs to the "grande passion"

By OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "The Varmint," "The Wasted Generation," Etc.

IT WAS midway into the second Summer of Skippy Bedelle's sentimental adventures that the catastrophe arrived and the blow fell, when, in his new predatory attitude toward the sex, he felt the most secure. He had walked to the casino for the Saturday-evening hop with Snorky Green, then his guest, and the conversation is here reproduced for the most ordinary purposes:

"Snorky, old top," said Skippy in his best grandiloquent manner, "the trouble is you won't learn anything."

"We're late," said Snorky, who was preoccupied. "It's after nine already."

"There you go! Just because Dolly Travers has made up her mind to tie you down and padlock you before Kitty Lafontaine samples you, you want to arrive with your tongue hanging out. Saunter in careless-like half an hour late and get appreciated! Why don't you *run* to the dance, you might get there in time to light up?"

"I like to dance."

"Come off!"

"Well, seems to me you were eating out of Dolly's hand yourself, once."

"My dear boy, I ate out of all of them—Mimi's and Jenny's and Vivi's and Kitty's. They walked up and down my back. They picked my pockets and they used me as a door-mat. Sure! But that was last Summer. I'm wiser this year. This year I'm not doing the loving. I'm sitting back and letting them love me."

"Yes, you are!" said Snorky, trying to increase the pace.

"Yes, I am," said Skippy, lighting a cigaret for a few whiffs—not because he enjoyed it, but so that his partners would notice his precocious habits. "I could cite names, but I won't. I never discuss a woman, and that's flat. Why, Snorky, meeting a new girl is just like meeting a new dog: he's either going to bite you or lick you, and it all depends on the way you come up the path."

"I've heard this stuff before."

"Girls are all right in their way," said Skippy, throwing away the cigaret after having carefully blown the smoke over his sleeve. "Especially when they're far away."

"Well, Dolly can go through my pockets," said Snorky, who hadn't listened.

"Hopeless—utterly hopeless. 'Course a fellow learns by getting stung. But when you go out to get stung, choose a nice, solitary wasp—don't go and wallow in a beehive!"

"Ever since you started on a diary," said Snorky wrathfully, "you talk like a book! You make me tired!"

"I'm only trying to give you the benefit of my experience, said Skippy in an injured tone. "If you'd follow my advice, they'd come around in the moonlight and howl under your window."

"Ha! Ha!" said Snorky. "I'll listen at yours to-night."

"You don't get my point," said Skippy. "Girls are to me only a pastime. I'd rather dance with them than waltz alone. They get up picnics and feed you sandwiches and cake and all that sort of thing. Well and good. I don't mind that and I don't mind them embroidering neckties for me. But right now, old sport, you'll get all that out of them by just one thing—indifference. That's it, indifference! It worries them sick. They don't understand it. They never will and they'll never let up on you just so long as you loll back and yawn politely."

"Gee, some girl has been treating you mighty rough," said Snorky, who was of a skeptical cast of mind.

"Hopeless, my boy—hopeless! You won't even give Dolly an exciting time. Here she is. Get down and let her walk over you—door-mat!"

THEIR EYES MET, AND HIS GLANCE FELL GUILTILY WHILE HIS HEART BEGAN TO RACE

Owen Johnson has written some of the most delightful and distinguished stories published in our generation—but he has done more than that: In Skippy Bedelle and his friends he has created a group of young folks so real, so filled with the eternal spirit of youth and romance and humor, that no one who has ever been a boy or a girl can fail to love them, and to laugh at them and with them. "Romance" is the first of a new series of Skippy Bedelle stories to be published in THE DELINEATOR. If you are young, you will revel in them. If you are old, they will renew your youth

HAVING thus delivered himself of his scorn, Skippy meandered languidly into the ballroom, distributing his handshakes and his smiles with indifferent impartiality in that supercilious process which is called "looking them over."

But despite the glacial correctness of his outer manner, Skippy was not at all satisfied either with himself or with Snorky, his chum of chums—or with Miss Dolly Travers. Strange as it may appear to those who have never gone the sentimental journey, while Skippy's equanimity was no longer disturbed by the vivacious and sprightly Dolly Travers, he could not rid himself of the feeling of some sentimental proprietorship. After all, for a certain number of weeks he had loved her and had been treated with—not exactly indifference. He had recovered. But still it pained him that she should have recovered, too. He did not quite state to himself that when she had been honored by the attentions of a Skippy Bedelle, it was inconceivable that she could find pleasure in the attentions of any one less richly endowed. He did not state this baldly, but he felt it. It is a state of mind which perhaps young ladies in the shuffling-off period of their mating instincts will appreciate.

At present Dolly was lavishing her smiles on a group of quite inferior striplings, and Skippy, incapable, of course, of analyzing the working of the feminine instinct and realizing that quantity eventually attracts quality, felt—well, just a bit saddened, a bit more cynical and thoroughly disillusionized. Feeling thus, he stood in the doorway, legs spread, yawning politely behind his gloved fingers to express his dilettante amusement at the human comedy.

"Hello, Jack," said Dolly, passing on the arm of Tacks Brooker.

"Oh, hello!"

"You haven't asked me to dance," said Dolly, who was a faithful shepherdess.

"I know that trick," said Skippy loftily.

"Aren't you horrid! What do you mean?"

"I ask you to dance, and you say, 'Sorry, I'm engaged for the next six dances,' and the laugh's on me!"

"Jack Bedelle, you're getting too intolerable for words!" said Dolly, while Tacks broke out into a loud guffaw. "I wouldn't dance with you if you were the only man in the room!"

"I'll cut in on the next one-step. Waltzing is a bore," said Skippy, quite pleased with himself.

"I don't know whether you will or not," said Miss Dolly, departing with a toss of her head.

Skippy, in his increasing knowledge of the sex, rightly interpreted this as acquiescence.

"She'd come if I whistled," he said to himself, somewhat consoled by the encounter. "But I won't. No siree! I know too much, thank you!"

IT WAS at this precise moment that something fragrant and rustling, something melodious and airy brushed by his sleeve and entered the ballroom. And right then and there, without rime or reason, without logical justification or antecedent cause, Skippy Bedelle fell in love as he had never before loved in his crowded year of taking notice—in love at first sight, hopelessly, desperately, tragically in love, and nothing that ever came after would obliterate the memory.

The party she was with were strangers to Gates Harbor. She was but a slip of a girl, but he noticed at once that she did not chatter or smirk or bob her head or smile in a dreamy way to the music, or indulge in any one of a score of parlor tricks which in his increasing knowledge he had come to understand. She was dark—she could not be an American. A foreigner, certainly—Italian or Spanish, perhaps—and when she smiled, a far-off, languid, pensive look came into her face. On the third time around the room their eyes met and his glance fell guiltily while his heart began to race.

He went out on the porch and drank in the cool night air in long gulps. Then he moved to a station near the window where he could follow her as she danced. Again their glances met and his own wavered and fell away. The music ended and she sat down where he could watch her from the protection of the shadows. She was quite unlike any other girl he had ever met, very subdued and unhurried in her movements—a character out of an old romance. He thought of Lorna Doone at once, Lorna who had first stirred his manly imagination. The man she had been dancing with went off a moment and left

her alone. He was decidedly foreign-looking, rather swarthy, olive-skinned, with an oily mustache in rat-tails. As soon as he left, she took up her fan, black lace and Spanish, too, and half-shading her eyes, looked curiously around the room. From time to time her glance returned to the window where he was standing, as though striving to fathom its dark anonymity. Then her companion arrived with several of the other men and she stood up and bowed with the same pensive little smile.

Skippy's curiosity was now at fever heat. Perhaps they were South Americans and she was married to the swarthy, ill-favored man—South Americans married at twelve, didn't they? The thought was too upsetting. He must find out at once. Another dance had begun. He remembered Dolly and hurriedly cut in.

"Oh, so you've really condescended to favor me," said Dolly, but in a gentler tone than the words would imply.

"Favor? What? Oh, yes," he said, seeking to guide her through the baffling crowd to where SHE was moving.

"Jack!"

"I beg pardon. Didn't get what you said," said Skippy, who bumped into Tacks Brooker and lost twenty feet in his pursuit.

"Really, you *are* gallant!"

"Yes, of course," said Skippy who, profiting by an opening in the crowd, whirled through and cut a corner.

NOW, Miss Dolly, being thoroughly wide awake and quite observant, immediately perceived that her partner's mind was on something besides herself. Furthermore, she did not need two guesses as to the feminine element involved in the problem. But being of a perverse mood, the more she felt herself steered in one direction, the more artfully she contrived to turn him in another.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Dolly?" said Skippy, when for the second time he had come plump against the bulk of Tacks Brooker and trod on his partner's toes. "You don't follow for a cent!"

"Where do you want me to go, Jack?" asked Dolly, with an appearance of innocence.

Skippy at once saw his peril.

"I want to see how Snorky's making out with Kitty."

"So you're interested in Kitty now? She's rather young, after Mimi, isn't she?" asked Dolly, referring to a previous entanglement with the older sister.

"Oh, Kitty's coming on," said Skippy craftily, and by this subterfuge he succeeded in approaching the real object of his quest, which was of course the brown hand that lay exposed on the arm of another man. One riddle was solved! At least, heaven be thanked, no gilded yoke of matrimony burdened that little hand! But the close proximity that this discovery entailed was so troubling that he lost his step and floundered to a humiliating halt. To cover his embarrassment, he started a quarrel.

"If you're going to pull me around, it's no use trying to dance!"

"Well—I like that!"

"You did steer me; you know you did!"

"I steer you?"

"Yes, and you did it on purpose!"

"Jack Bedelle, you can't fool me," said Miss Dolly. "Something's on your mind. What is it?"

"Come out and I'll tell you," said Skippy, changing his tactics.

Dolly, whose curiosity was not a whit less than that of the rest of her sex, immediately followed him to the piazza.

"It's Snorky," said Skippy, who had had time to evolve an explanation to protect his secret. "I mean Arthur. He's in a desperate mood. Bad news from home."

"Really?" said Dolly, who knew him too well to be immediately convinced.

"His mother's in a desperate condition—desperate! Poor old boy, he's all broken up. He adores his mother, you know," said Skippy, beginning to build up the story. "They're like brother and sister together——"

At this moment Snorky came prancing up.

"Gee, this is a lallapazooza of a dance!" he said gleefully. "Haven't had so much fun since the baby died!"

Dolly looked reproachfully at Skippy and carried Snorky off before communication could be established. Skippy shrugged his shoulders. After all, a man can't struggle against fate.

HE SAW CLEARLY THE SOLEMN, WISTFUL LITTLE FACE ABOVE HIS FLOWERS

"Well, now there'll be two sleuths on my trail instead of one," he said gloomily. "I should have taken Dolly into my confidence. Always makes a hit with a girl, telling her you're in love with another. Besides, Dolly is Dolly. No use trying to fool *her*."

WHEN he returned to the ballroom, *she* was no longer there. At the thought that she had already left, that he might never see her again, he forgot the need of caution and departed in a panic for a tour of investigation. She was not in the supper-room. He extracted a couple of sandwiches in passing and hesitated before a dish of his favorite lobster salad. But anxiety was stronger than appetite. He went into the library and surveyed the couples there. Then he glanced out onto the piazza. A second time he returned to the ballroom, went through the supper-room, passed the lobster salad without even a tremor and emerged onto the piazza. Utterly without hope, with a weak, sagging feeling in his knees, he began to make the rounds. And then suddenly he saw her, under a lamp, sitting on the balustrade alone. All his courage oozed out. He could not turn back. Yet he could not go on and pass within five feet of her. Of course she knew—she *must* know why he was there. Heavens, if she should be offended! Something must be done to save the situation, some excuse invented. Suddenly he turned aside and picked up a chair, drew a long breath and returned trembling.

"WHAT in the name of mischief's got into you," said Snorky's voice, reaching him out of a blur and a fog. "You look like a statue of Liberty."

He came to to find himself standing in the card-room clutching an utterly inexplicable porch-chair.

"Oh, it's you," he said with a quick breath.

"What's the game? Going to Jerusalem?"

"Very smart. Let's try the grub," said Skippy, still too upset to be coherent.

"Yes, but—and say, look here, what the deuce was that song and dance you handed to Dolly?"

"Of course you didn't get my signal," said Skippy indignantly. "Want some lobster salad? Just a plate left."

"Do you think I'm a mind-reader?"

"Explain later. Had a row with Dolly and——"

But at this moment the words died in his throat. She had come in with the swarthy foreigner. She was standing just at his side, looking at the empty dish with an expression of deepest disappointment.

"Ah, Clements, what a pity—no more of that beautiful lobster salad!"

It was her voice, soft and liquidly foreign, the first words to reach his ear, words of a damsel in distress. Opportunity was before him in the plate he held in his hand. All that he had to do was to retain his social *savoir-faire*, to be the superb and indifferent Skippy Bedelle of the afternoon, to offer her his plate, with some neat, gracious remark, and the acquaintance was made naturally and easily. But instead he hesitated and choked, the plate stuck to his fingers like a mass of putty. He tried to think of something to say, but the neat phrase would not come and a horrible vacuum spread in his brain. He set the plate down awkwardly on the table, pushed it a foot in her direction and escaped in a panic.

WHEN he came back to realization of things mundane, he was down at the pier's edge looking over into the darkling water. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Gee, this is awful!" he said. "It never hit me this way before. This *is* the real thing!"

"Unmitigated ass," said Skippy that had been. "Why in blazes didn't you offer her your plate, instead of running away with your tail between your legs?"

"I know, I know! What must she think of me now?"

"Think? She isn't thinking anything! She can't see you! She doesn't know you exist, you poor loon!"

"Oh, how lovely she is! What a voice! How graceful! What a look in her eyes!"

"Well, then, you chump, why don't you go back and meet her? Be a man! Brace up!"

"Why not?" said Skippy, amazed at this evident solution. "Right—I *will* meet her! I'll pull myself together. I don't know what's hit me——"

He went hurriedly back—rapidly at first and then with diminishing pace. Meet her? It was at once the most entrancingly bewildering and the most weakly terrifying thought in the world. He could and he couldn't. What, face her for the first time before thousands and thousands of curious eyes? No—never! Some time, some way, it would come, but not in a public sacrilege.

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FRONT AXEL

When youth and love conspire, the world is theirs

By BERTHE K. MELLETT

EVEN in little towns on the Pacific slope where pioneer blood ought to be still flowing broadly enough to cover social distinctions, there is a pretty finicky idea of the kind of work a man ought to do if—well, if you are going to marry him, for example. Which is the reason why Charlotte Mullaly made her father promote Miss Grimes, his perfectly good secretary, and take on Axel Martin. To put it gently, Axel was doubtful secretarial timber. But Sharly was like a Greek drama: she moved with terrible inevitability. Timothy Mullaly put up a good fight, but in the end he was reduced to muffled, muttered objections.

"Look at his hands, Sharly!" he burst out with a final flare of spirit. "D'y'ever see a bank-president's secretary manicure his hands with light, heavy and medium oil the way Axel does? Marry him, if you want to, and live over a garage—but for the love of suffering sea-kelp, leave me a little comfort in my old age!"

"Miss Grimes will make a sweet teller——"

"Sweet tellers may go great on the big time, like Tacoma and Seattle, but what would happen if a gang of lumberjacks blew into the Woodsman's National with their pay-checks next Saturday and found a blonde instead of old Hopkins behind the bars?"

"They would be thrilled to death!"

"Look here, Sharly: I'm over fifty, and life still owes me a little. I can leave my desk any time with Miss Grimes and go out and play eighteen holes and come back to find everything wound up like a clock——"

"And she'd adore to be a teller. It's a broader life."

"Old Hopkins won't quit. Last time I offered him a pension, he cried."

"Keep Hopkins. Let young Rand go. He wants to start practising law, anyway."

"I tell you, Sharly, the money of widows and orphans is intrusted to me. I can't leave it with a blonde and a weeping old man!"

SHARLY stopped playing fair. She sat down on the floor in front of the fire and put her head on her father's knee. Timothy always went soft and got to musing about the queens of old Ireland when he stroked that beautiful dark head. He tried to be man enough to keep his hands off this time, but Sharly's rich soft voice finally hypnotized him.

"Axel would look out for the money," she said. "Ever notice how strong Axel is, for all his slimness? I suppose it's from running cars ever since we were kids together—terrible cars!" She laughed fondly. "Remember the chassis he salvaged from a wreck when we were in high school? And the things he made it do? I've ridden a million miles on that chassis—and I always felt perfectly safe! That's the marvelous thing about Axel: you're safe when he's around. And he's a genius, too. He's got a new motor-fuel worked out, and the carburetor to go with it is almost——"

"Let the genius stick to his carburetor and not try to break into a bank!"

"He's not trying to break in. I'm having as hard a time with him as I am with you. He says if I'll just wait until he gets his carburetor right, all we'll have to do is to step on the accelerator and the world will turn over especially for us. But I—I guess I'm practical. Even if he does get it, you know how long those things take. We're way out here in an off corner of the world with no way of letting people know what we've got. It'll be years and years—and somebody in Detroit will invent a carburetor just as good and get it in every car in the country before we can even let people know what we've got and what it will do. In the meantime all the other girls are marrying mill-owners and shipping companies—and I'll be the only one whose husband——"

AT THIS point she swallowed a sob, which explains why she was a radiant, smiling beauty on the following Monday when, just after the bank closed, she parked her roadster in the quiet alley back of the Woodsman's National and signaled at the back door for admission.

The alley was a queer jagged affair, cut into indentations by the backs of buildings fronting on Main Street. As she waited for old Hopkins, she noted two things: one was the sound of light hammering in the jog cut off from view by the back of the Beehive store next door; the other was a powerful machine drawn up back of the bank with its side-curtains on.

"Foreign car," she deduced scornfully, since no Puget Sounder would resort to side-curtains in the light rain that was falling. Then she brushed past old Hopkins and ran to her father's office.

He was gone—of course. But so was Axel! His coat hung on the brass costumer under his hat, completing an unnecessarily disreputable scarecrow. Recalling the sounds beyond the Beehive, Sharly slipped through the rear door, leaving it slightly ajar. If she could retrieve Axel without anybody's noting his defection, that would be something anyway.

"Axel Martin," she went at him, "shame on you!"

The tall boy rose from the heels on which he had been squatting and his face was white under the streaks of grease upon it.

"I've got it!" he said in an awed voice. "She runs like a dropped stitch in a silk sock. There's no speed she can't make."

The motor started in the big car with the side-curtains. Blind to the wrath confronting him, Axel gave appreciative ear.

"That bebby sings!" he said reverently. "But if I tuned up right now, you'd ask her to hush her noise so you could listen to the music. Let's try it, honey. Hop in. May be the last time we ever get to ride in a flivver. Better have just one more skid waltz down the wet pavement before we get rich and have to buy us a bus so grand we can't have any more fun!"

"Listen to me! I made my father give you a job——"

"I know. He doesn't like it any better than I do, poor old gent. Hop in."

"I'll ride in a kiddy-car before I'll get into that thing again. It's ruining you—it's ruining both of us. What if your old carburetor does work? How are you going to let people know it works? The world is full of inventions to make greased lightning out of cheap cars, and nobody but the inventors know anything about them."

"Something will happen, dear. You'll see. Something will happen."

"Maybe you don't mind getting gray-headed waiting for something to happen. I do. Things only happen when you have some way to make them happen. If I could, I would have told the world about your carburetor and forced it on every manufacturer in the country. But I couldn't. So I did the next best thing: I made father give you a chance to learn banking. He'd rather play golf any day than bank, and the time will come when he'll be tickled to death to hand the whole thing over to you—if you're ready. Then you can come home and tinker with engines in the evening till the cows come home, and I won't say a word. It's all right for a banker to have a hobby——"

"But, Sharly," he interrupted, mystified, "I'm a mechanic."

"Yes, you're a mechanic, and you don't seem to want to be anything better. I've gone to school with you and stuck up for you, and nobody has dared to say to *me* what they say to each other. But the rest of

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HIS FACE WAS WHITE. "I'VE GOT IT!" HE SAID IN AN AWED VOICE

ROSE OF THE WORLD

The second instalment of the best serial yet written by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS

Rosalind Kirby, with her delightfully irresponsible family of mother and grandfather and younger brother and sisters; Jack Talbot, with his background of wealth and culture, his autocratic, charming mother and his very successful father—these are the two young folks whose lives become so strangely entangled. Rosalind's people—the Tallifers and Kirbys—had once been the most important in Gates Mill; but her father was dead, and magnificent old Grandpa Tallifer had been like a child in mind ever since his young manhood, when he and Jack's father, partners then, had been thrown from Talbot's buggy. Now Rosalind was employed in "old Talbot's" office at the iron-works and had been engaged to young Jack. But Mrs. Talbot was very clever, and she used her own serious illness to make Jack break with his "Rose of the World," whom she considered not at all a fitting mate for a Talbot. Jack meant this break to be only temporary, but he was in the country with his mother, and Edith Rogers was on the ground, charming, sympathetic and adroit. What happened next is told with dramatic power in this second instalment of the story.

"BUSINESS BUILDINGS! MY DARLING, YOU WOULDN'T—YOU COULDN'T LET THEM TEAR DOWN THE HOUSE?"

PART TWO

"WELL," said Cecilia hopefully, "I don't suppose anything matters as much as we think it does in this life. You—you—we go on living!"

Rosalind Kirby, after a careful inspection of it, slipped a spoon back into the grayish, lukewarm dish-water in which Cecilia was finishing the Sunday-dinner dishes. It was about four o'clock upon a shining October afternoon; the heavy leafage of the maples and locusts in the yard was thinned now and the sunlight that crept through their shabby branches was thinner, too.

"Yes," Rosalind answered lifelessly, after a pause. "I go on living, because—because I don't die!"

Cecy looked a trifle frightened. "Oh, Rose, you don't feel as badly as ever?" she asked.

Rose shrugged and was silent. There was a certain sternness in the face that was bent attentively to the old mismatched cups and plates, and in the blue eyes there was a faint, habitual half-frown that somehow accentuated and made more appealing her extraordinary beauty. She recaptured the spoon, wiped it, picked up dishes and glasses and went to and from the china-closet steadily.

Cecilia unhappily mopped the old sink-boards, inverted the dish-pan, spread the dish-rag upon it and finally rubbed her brown little Gipsy hands with half a cut lemon and rinsed them in the cool water that was now all that came from the hot-water tap.

When she had finished, Rose was standing at the window, staring out with unseeing eyes. "Rose," Cecilia began timidly, coming to put an arm about her, "lots of people have—have quarrels—and after a while make them up—and I am sure you and Jack will, too."

For that Rose's trouble was but a lovers' quarrel was Cecilia's and the family's, and indeed all Gates Mill's interpretation of the sudden violent rupture between Jack and Rose Kirby. If Rose had something to bear in pity for the loss of brilliant prospects and in censure that any girl could play her cards so badly, at least she saved her pride to a certain extent. Nobody knew—nobody knew—nobody knew—would ever know.

AFTER the earthquake that had torn her life from its moorings and shattered her youthful faith and hope and gaiety at a single blow, somehow supper-time had come—bedtime had come—morning had come. Other persons had gone on doing the usual things and the punctual sun had set, and presently risen, and presently set again, unaffected by the ruin and ashes, the fallen temples and the darkness in the heart of Rosalind Kirby.

During the first of these hours the girl had lain motionless on her bed, her handkerchief a sodden ball in her hand, her eyes staring blankly into space. Sometimes she cried quietly, flooding tears that were mopped away and brimmed again, but for the most part she was tearless, breathing so lightly, moving so little that she was more like death than life.

What had aroused her had been her alarmed and anxious mother. Mrs. Kirby rarely did what she planned to do and was much given to imaginary courses of action, but when in the burning heat of the Sunday morning that followed Jack's visit and their parting Rosalind's mother had threatened tearfully to write to Jack Talbot and tell him he would have to come back for some sort of an explanation, Rosalind had roused herself desperately.

With an aching head, weakened by wakefulness and emotion, she had somehow dressed, somehow massed her hair together, somehow gotten herself down-stairs to the breakfast table.

After that her reactions had followed each other rapidly in the normal order. For days she had gone through the business of going to the office, of dressing, of coming to meals like an automaton. She had eaten little and spoken not at all. And in the wakeful nights Cecilia had heard her crying.

Then came the end of the first dragging, bewildered, stunned week, and Jack had come back, and she had caught a glimpse of him at the office.

He had been helping his father into the car, out in the parking-space between the two big wings of the iron-works. Rosalind's color had fled, her heart had begun to hammer painfully. Jack, perhaps twenty feet away from her, had flushed deeply and lifted his hat.

Then he had gotten into the car and father and son had driven away. And Rosalind had entered into the second phase of her unhappiness.

A sort of hardness had come over her. What she had hoped of that first opportunity, for a talk, or a word, or a look from him, she had never analyzed. But she had been living for that.

Now he was home again and he had not sought it. And bitterness and coldness had taken the place of the very luxury of grief in which she had been indulging.

Rosalind had resumed her old scrupulousness about her appearance, her old promptness at the office, her old efficiency at home. But it was a new Rosalind. Gone was the confident, joyous, care-free girl who had been so sure that life would meet her kindness with kindness, her generosity with gifts. She was no longer a girl: she was a woman—a woman who felt that her destiny had been unjustly decreed and that she owed the world a grudge.

All the unsensed bitterness of her childhood and young womanhood seemed awaiting the recognition of this hour; and as she reviewed it, the deep cold anger hardened in her soul. The Tallifers and the Kirbys had been the rich and prosperous people of Gates Mill only a few years ago. Where was their thrift, their industry, their intelligence that the daughter of the line should be so cruelly humiliated? Why should the Kirbys be less to-day than the Rogers and the Talbots? Why should Rosalind Kirby leave the public high school to take a position in the grimy office of the iron-works in the very years when Edith Rogers was sent to New York to finish her education—and Jack Talbot come driving home from Fallen Leaf Lake to tell Rosalind that his mother felt her not good enough to be welcome to one of the Upper River Street families?

SEEN in this new light, all the pitiful pretenses and gentilities of her mother's home maddened her. It was all so futile, so stupid—the mild, complacent boasting of Mrs. Kirby, the references to the days when grandpa had a big office on River Street, the treasuring of fans and clocks, newspaper clippings dated '78 and Nottingham-lace curtains.

What mattered these things, Rosalind mused, with hot contempt? What if grandpa *had* given the land for St. Mary's church, and the library, and the high school? What if that *was* the Tallifer set of encyclopedias in the public library, and if half the old men and women in town

could remember when daddy and grandpa were the most conspicuous among all the early settlers? Grandpa's mellow wisdom, his famous talks before Gates Mill's first little board of trade, his inventive genius and his mayoralty—this was all in the past. Daddy was but a memory, a grave where high grass and poppies disputed with the geraniums and the crimson rambler that mom had planted upon it—and grandpa was a doddering old man, muttering of Injuns and Spanish grants and the big flood in River Street.

Life had left the Kirbys and the Tallifers behind. The realities to-day were the Terrys' and the Bakers' and the Rogers' big, garden-enclosed houses in Harrison Street and Upper River Street; their cars, their trips, their happy arrogance as they fluttered in and out of shops and bank, played "Five Hundred" and ate orange sherbet on shaded porches on the warm Spring afternoons and gave each other "kitchen showers" and baby-spoons.

What was it to them that their names were not inscribed in the old archives of the city hall, that it was not *their* grandfather who had formed the first vigilant committees and laid out the first streets? They could sit and listen to the town band upon a hot evening with no resentment that it played in Tallifer Park; they did not grudge Rosalind's late father the distinction of having been the Kirby for whom Kirby's Dam, where they all picnicked in Summer, was named.

RESENTFUL, brooding, smarting under a sense of essential and undeserved injustice, Rosalind went upon her way, looking out upon life with eyes that tried to pierce its secret and master it. Something—*something* made certain persons rich and influential and made others just the reverse. The Terrys and the Talbots had all been poor and obscure only a generation back. They had risen somehow to their present preeminence.

As they had risen, she would rise, Cecy should rise, Ned should rise. If it were thrift, energy, infinite capacity for taking pains, then Rosalind would have these. What they had done for others they should do for her. Signposts were not lacking, and in the hungry desolation of her soul Rosalind's eyes were sharpened to find them. In the little vegetable store on Old Mill Lane was a calendar bearing the words: "The way to begin to be successful is to begin." In Rogers's Bank window was a neatly framed reminder: "Tell me whether or not a man saves money, whether it be merely a few cents a week, and I will tell you whether he is or is not a failure."

Then Rosalind stumbled upon newspaper articles: this one pointing out the enormous business that had been erected upon the tiny profits from five and ten cent purchases, and that one urging young women to study, to learn, to prepare themselves in advance for the opportunities for which they certainly would have no time to prepare themselves as they arrived.

A difficult time for the Kirby household followed. For Rosalind, stern, critical, determined, undertook the hopeless task of raising her family to some sort of ideal of efficiency. The slipshod marketing, the waste and delay were all mercilessly scored by her budget, her account books and her new estimate of life.

For a while she had been for selling the old place and moving into a small, new cottage in crowded King Street across the river. But the mere possibility had reduced her mother to tears.

Nobody, wailed Mrs. Kirby, nobody but the mill-hands, the Italians, the Irish and Japs and Chinese lived in King Street. The Tallifers simply couldn't—the whole town would know it——

"We could get one of those new seven-room places for seventeen hundred dollars," Rosalind had argued. "We could get seventeen hundred dollars, over and above the mortgage, for this place. If that new block of business buildings goes up in River Street next year, this would be a valuable site."

"Business buildings!" her mother had said, horror drying her eyes. "My darling, you wouldn't—you couldn't let them tear down the house?"

"But that's all it's good for, mom—unless we turned it into four apartments."

"But, Rose, dear, it's one of the landmarks—it's one of the few handsome old houses in town! Why, the glass for these windows came around the Horn! And I can remember that a Swiss built the stable and sent all the way to his brother in Berne for the clock! Why, everybody talked about it—even as far as Sacramento and Vallejo!"

Rose would sigh impatiently. Life was so tiresome. She had to concede this special point to her mother, for Cecy joined her in pleading for the old home. But Rose fought on, and presently the big unused parlor and library were rented to widowed Kate Conner and her crippled sister Ellie Kane, and Kate put up a brass sign just above the big laurestine bush under the front bay window: "Modes."

Cecilia might have objected to this, but Rosalind took it so coldly for granted that the younger sister was quite unconsciously influenced by her. Mrs. Kirby felt that she could never hold up her head again, but she was anxious to please poor Rose and hoped in her usual inconsequential manner that presently Rose would get over her quarrel with Jack and things would return to their old comfortable ways.

IN SEPTEMBER Rosalind had another opportunity. The Terry Flour-Mill offered her better work at better pay and she left the iron-works and went over to them.

In other ways her new-found, passionately concentrated energies found a pleasanter form. She borrowed histories from the library and read them soberly. She went to Miss Cartier for French on three evenings a week; she followed plays and books seriously in the Sunday newspaper.

Miss Cartier's stuffy little room, hanging like a birdcage over the river and scented with upholstery and old books and dust and dry trembling grasses and general decay, was no pleasanter to Rosalind's senses than was the shaky old lady herself, laying a papery, chilly old hand over the girl's hand and diffusing a stale faint odor of must and snuff and attar of roses.

But Rosalind was bitterly determined to better herself, and she spent her noon hours over verbs and worked during the whole evenings at home scribbling French in an old account-book headed "Tallifer and Kirby," making such extraordinarily rapid progress that presently the old teacher was hurt.

"But you—you have spoken French as a child?"

"No, mademoiselle. But I assure you. Never!"

IT HAD been only about two weeks after his return with his mother to Gates Mill that Jack Talbot's engagement to Edith Rogers had been announced. For all the agony of fear with which she had been anticipating it, Rosalind had found it hard to believe.

Kate Conner had told her—told her kindly. It was twilight, and the Conners were moving a first instalment of their effects into the Kirby house.

"I was working at Pottle's to-day, making the old lady a blue alpaca," said Kate. "Nothing'll do but that old lady has just what she wants, whoever else goes without! And I heard Sally say that Edith Rogers was giving a girls' lunch Tuesday week."

Rosalind had stood still, frozen. A girls' lunch in Gates Mill meant only one thing; she was prepared for it. They were engaged!

Well, she had expected this. But the world went black about her nonetheless and she tasted salt.

"They say three moves are as bad as a fire," Kate Conner, her back turned full to Rosalind, was saying philosophically. "I declare, I'm beginning to believe it!" She bustled out of the room, and Rosalind loved her from that hour.

Edith announced her engagement prettily at this luncheon. The news was going about the iron-works by four o'clock—at five it had reached Terry's Flour-Mill. But Rosalind had the poor satisfaction of realizing that she had predicted it to Mr. Bainbridge a week ago and to Agnes Parrott in the billing office.

Jack himself, had she but known it, had been experiencing several surprises in connection with the same matter. In the first place, he had left Rosalind upon that memorable August Saturday with a hot and angry determination to see her again immediately raging in his heart. Her kisses, the sudden revelation of the love she had always concealed from him, her youth and beauty, and above all, the power of her personality, the force and character that shone behind the blue eyes, had had their instant effect upon him.

His mother might be partially right—anyway, she was his mother—anyway, what was the difference, his confused and baffled thoughts had run—anyway, he loved his girl. He loved Rosalind—he had always loved her. She was angry with him now, but that wouldn't last——

Then had come the long drive alone back to Fallen Leaf Lake and his confident, convalescent mother. And quietly, as his blood cooled, he had begun to veer once more toward her point of view.

Not that he loved Rose less. Not at all! But his mother had nettled him by her sureness this morning that he would not have courage to break with Rose Kirby, and he had done it. That it was not a permanent break, his mother need not know—now. Time enough for that when they returned to Gates Mill and things had quieted down and he had seen Rose.

Now when his mother put her inevitable, tentative question it would be satisfying to answer her with an unequivocal yes. It had been the logical, the sane, the advisable

EDITH AND JACK WENT TO THE DANCE TOGETHER THAT NIGHT AND WERE COMPLIMENTED AND LAUGHED DEPRECATINGLY OVER AND OVER AGAIN

thing, had it? Very good, then—he had done it!

"But—but she hasn't released you, Jackie?" his mother would say, hardly crediting her own ears.

"Certainly!" he would nod briefly. And he would go out of the cabin alone and walk and walk and walk through the pine woods until he had thrown off the tugging heartache, the persistent feeling that somehow he had irreparably hurt Rose—little Rose, with her tangle of burnt-gold curls and her busy little work-worn hands spreading bread for Audrey.

THE first part of this program had gone exactly as he foresaw it. His mother had hovered about him on Sunday morning as he had his late coffee in his room and had finally touched the sore spot with just an inquiring monosyllable and Jack had said: "Certainly!"

"But—but she hasn't released you, ducky?" his mother had duly gasped, really pale with surprise and emotion.

"I tell you our engagement is broken! But that doesn't mean that I don't love Rose, and that it may not all be on again some day, if she'll have me!" Jack had said roughly and bitterly.

Tears had crept slowly into his mother's eyes—loving, anxious eyes. She had come over to lay her head against his shoulder as he stood up and took his cap.

"Jackie, if you care for her, of course it'll all be on again some day!" she had said gently. Jack had kissed the top of her hair, remorseful, irritated, impatient, and had strode out to walk. He had not seen Edith all that day.

But there was a tennis tournament afoot to wind up the sports of the Summer, and he and she were drawn as partners for the match. They played and won Tuesday morning, played and won Tuesday afternoon.

Wednesday came the semi-finals and quite an audience gathered to watch the play. Edith had been brief and businesslike, silent with Jack since the preceding Friday. She had gone to the Monday-night dance with a person Jack characterized as "the Marshall ass."

On Wednesday there was clapping from the rising tiers of seats when she and Jack walked onto the court, and she looked up, smiling and waving her racket.

"Jack, I'm so sorry!" Edith had time to breathe softly before the first real ball came over the net.

"Thanks!" he grunted without looking at her as they moved to their positions for the play.

Early in the game, however, by one of the miracles that make all sports, their opponents' shots began to go wild. Presently there was a score of six-two set in Edith's and Jack's favor. Edith's eyes shone and her cool cheeks flushed and she settled down to hard work.

The minutes flew; shadows flashed on the clean court; patters of applause broke from the bleachers. "We've got them on the run," Jack murmured when the play brought him near her.

"At least we've scored," she said between her teeth when the next chance to speak occurred.

The exquisite moment came—it was over. They had won. They went to the dance together that night and were complimented and laughed deprecatingly over and over again. They had great luck, they said. "And now I don't care how disgracefully we go down—down—down to-morrow!" Edith said into his shoulder as she yielded her beautifully frocked, beautifully marcelled little person into his arms for an encore dance.

But next day was another triumph. They found themselves delightfully famous; Edith said it was all Jack, and Jack said that she was the best woman player he had ever seen, bar none.

And that night it was settled that he and his mother should wait over three days more and go home with the Rogers. They could divide up comfortably with three cars.

SO THE pleasant life of tennis and swimming and tramping recommenced; only Jack and Edith had something real, something tragic and important upon which to base their confidences now. And on the very last night of all, Jack told the girl that years from then when—when some other things were settled—he had something to say to her.

Edith elevated her eyebrows. "Other things? What other things?"

Well, he wanted to work up in the business, for one thing. He wanted to be able to take his father's place when "anything happened" to J. Whittinger. And then—well, there was something else that worried him.

"You want that girl to be happy, Jack," Edith interpreted. "And she will be—you'll see! And then——?"

Jack had but a confused idea of his answer. He never knew exactly what it was. But unquestionably it was to this answer that his mother indirectly alluded when she whispered to him late that night: "Edith told me something that *might* be, Jackie—and I'm so happy!"

The next day the "comfortable arrangement" appeared to be that he should drive Edith home with Carrie, the Rogers' baby's colored octogenarian nurse, dozing in the back of the car—and for all the long eight hours Edith was sweet, sympathetic, interesting, companionable, gay. That night both families dined together in Gates Mill.

And twenty-four hours later Sally Pottle seized a chance to say in an aside to Jack: "I know Jack. And I think it's perfectly corking!"

And immediately a hundred tiny circumstances conspired to assure him that he and Edith were engaged: the attitude of her father, the motherly kiss her mother gave him, her own half-dutiful, all-adoring deference to him, his mother's deep satisfaction and delight, his father's serious talk when the senior Talbot told his son just what he might expect of the family firm.

Immediately Edith showed him a length of lace from Aunt Lizzie and a teacup from one of "the girls." "Weren't people perfectly wonderful?" she asked.

Jack found himself carried along on the tide of it, swept from one happy party to another, never quite definitely challenged, never given a chance to explain.

Then there was the announcement luncheon, and the *Republican* gave the news a whole column on Saturday, and everything was settled. All the different office employees at the works came up and congratulated Jack, and the Rogers and Terrys and Barkers gave dinner-parties, and all the girls gave guest-room, and kitchen, and garden showers in turn.

SINCE her quiet disappearance from his father's office, Jack had not chanced to see Rosalind. But about a week after his engagement was made public he saw her.

"Come on into the old man's office," Bozzy Terry said to him one hot early October afternoon. "Nobody there. Pop asked me to find out if an invoice had been mailed."

There were two girls in old Terry's otherwise deserted office: one was Agnes Parrott, a plain, sweet girl, whose one ambition was to enter the Notre Dame novitiate; the other girl was Rosalind. The instant he saw her, Jack's heart gave a plunge and he felt his throat thicken and his mouth grow dry. Instantly she was the most vital thing, the only important thing in the world, which had of late been so confusing and so unreal.

She looked a little flushed and weary after the long Indian-Summer day, and it seemed to him that she was thinner. But the office windows were wide open now, the cooling late afternoon air was beginning to stream through and Rosalind stood where the breeze fluttered her thin dress and lifted the soft little rings of burnt-gold on her temples. She was wearing a familiar gown of cross-barred muslin, snowy and soft from a hundred washings, and she had a broad-brimmed straw hat wreathed in big white daisies in her hand. Her blue eyes smoldered like sapphires between the thick, upcurling lashes. She looked young, touchingly small and sweet, as she stood talking to big-boned, black-haired Agnes.

"Say, I haven't had a chance to congratulate you, Jack," said Agnes, with a big-toothed smile, coming over to him. She had been through grammar school with him and was only three years younger than he. As she spoke, he got one straight, serious look from Rosalind's eyes, a look that might have been merely indifferent—that might have held a shadow of reproach and a shadow of mockery.

If they had had this moment alone! If he might have gone to her side, challenged her attention with the passionate and penitent words that were twisting like an agony in his heart! If he might have said: "Rose, it's all like a bad dream. You are all my world—I love you! Help me to set it straight."

The mere thought shook him like a sudden violent vertigo. One moment he had been thinking only the conventional, slightly bored, slightly worried thoughts that seemed to be a part of being engaged: he had been wondering if his vest had come back from the cleaner for that dinner to-night; he had been wishing that something would happen to take the attention of his entire circle, if for only five minutes, from Edith and himself. It made the whole thing so—so darned definite and imminent somehow, mused Jack, to have the whole world eternally harping on it!

This during one moment. And in the next every pulse in his body was thrilling, his heart was hammering, his hands were cold and all the world had been reduced to two elements: himself and Rosalind Kirby.

The precious instant was lost. She had given him that one strange, steady look, she had pressed the hat over her rich, shining hair, quietly opened the outer door and nodded a casual good night to Agnes and Bozzy, who, conferring about the invoice, stood between her and Jack.

For a moment the setting sun caught her in the doorway—proud young figure, flushed beautiful face, thin white gown pierced by the streaming rays of light, golden head crowned by starry daisies. Her whole body was captured by an aureole, silhouetted boldly and exquisitely against the flaming west.

Then she was gone, and a great shadow and blankness seemed to fall upon Jack and the office and the world. God, how beautiful she was—what a woman she was! He had seen her trim that daisied hat on a throbbing Spring morning not six months ago, he had seen her pressing with a hot iron the limp little cross-barred muslin. "I'll wear my cross-bar!" she would say. Or Cecy would say: "Are you going to wear your cross-bar?"

Cecy had always liked him—of course she hated him now. And into that gloomy old house of dimness and memories, of gas-lights and worn carpets, of bread puddings and poverty and privations he had brought fresh distress. She was proud enough, she was cool enough now, but perhaps she had cried.

His heart twisted within him. And from this moment there came a new unreality into the unrealness of his engagement to Edith: he was tortured with the dream of going to find Rose. She would forgive him—she would understand. If her mother and his, her whole family and his, all their friends and their world despised him, he would win her back and she would understand.

JACK, formally taking his place at Edith's side, was in spirit eternally driving the gray car to Old Mill Lane, entering the familiar side passage with his heart struggling like a bird in his breast, asking if Rose were at home——

She might be furious, it did not matter. Angry, contemptuous, cold, she would still be Rose, with her golden hair filming over her earnest blue eyes and the little humorous twist to her beautiful mouth, and the straight, honest look, diverted to him for a moment from Ned's algebra or Audrey's paper-dolls and to be returned to the little brother and sister who needed her—so kindly, so patiently——

A sort of obsession seized him and he began to feel that the whole world would be well lost if he might have her back. Edith—Edith was a smart, clever kid; he liked her. But Rose was his own—his Rose of the world, who had been in his arms, who had talked to him of the future, with her hand linked in his, who had given him the full glory of her beauty, her intellignce, her overflowing wit and sunshine and ambition, her hopes and plans.

He would go to Old Mill Lane and ask to see Rose. She might not see him the first time, nor the second time, but sooner or later——

His heart sang. It was all clear. He would take his girl and get away from it all, from Gates Mill. They would go together to some new place and make their fortunes as their fathers had!

All his thoughts were upon that first burning interview. He would say—and she would answer—and he would speak again. The instant he was alone his mind was busy upon it. Nothing else counted; it mattered little what his mother and Edith said and did, for everything depended upon that meeting, that memorable talk whose ending should find Rose in his arms again.

Jack's thoughts would stop short, suffocated with felicity. He would presently begin again, with the moment when he would turn into Old Mill Lane.

"I have a date for Monday night, Edith," he said.

"Monday? All right. Wrestling match?"

"Nope. Something I promised to do a long while ago."

"Tell me at once," Edith smiled, getting on the arm of his chair.

"I'll tell you afterward," Jack promised.

"Afterward? After we're married? I should think you would! Remember, we're not to have any secrets then."

"NO, YOU'LL hear this first," Jack said, with an odd smile. "You know, it doesn't matter how hard or how idiotic a thing is, Edith," he resumed, "once you're sure it's the thing you have to do! I'm nearly twenty-eight, and I think I've learned more in the last three months about myself and life than I did in all my life before. You can do things and do things with a sort of half-feeling that—well, it doesn't matter much. And then it comes over you, like a flash, *'That's* what I ought to do!' and it's like waking up from a dream."

"Tell me what you are going to do Monday night," Edith, who had not been listening, coaxed him babyishly.

Jack's thoughts rushed to it. He was turning into Old Mill Lane, he was asking Cecy—or perhaps it would be Rose herself who came to the side door——

He gave a short, excited laugh and Edith thought that he was laughing at her and became more babyish and more coaxing. "No, but really, I don't think that's very nice of you, Jack," she pouted. "I don't care what you do Monday. I'm not going to be one of those wives who want to pry into everything you do. But I *do* think—and especially after we're married——"

"When'll you be nineteen, Edith?" he interrupted.

"In April. Why? Has it anything to do with my birthday?" she asked, a little affronted.

"You know you told me at Fallen Leaf that you'd not marry until you were at least twenty-five," Jack teased.

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REBELLION

Unselfishness may be the most selfish thing in the world

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

AT THE foot of old Doctor Will's garden, guarded by two bridal-wreath bushes, was a little gate which led into Mary Callowhill's garden. She had had the gate built there when her children were young, and often through it Doctor Will had seen her hurrying with what he called the scared-mother expression in her eyes. But he had never seen Joe Callowhill with a scared-father expression in his!

For Joe Callowhill's rôle was the stirring and active life of "on the road," wherein he wore good clothes and attended State fairs. After begetting four children, he had shaken from his feet the dust of Marysport and of his father-in-law's feed and grain business, and from that time on for fifteen years he had appeared in our town only as an affable visitor from the great outer world.

Only old Doctor Will, who had brought her children into the world, ever knew what Mary Callowhill really thought of her situation, and even he had not guessed what was happening to her until the day she rebelled and came running through that little gate with one of Joe's old traveling-bags in her hand and the stains of the fruit she had been canning still under her finger-nails.

The morning of that August day was steaming hot even at daybreak. When Mary Callowhill awoke, she thought instantly of all she had to do that day: the fruit to be put up, catchup to finish, ironing, and—oh, dear!—this was the day young Martie was going to a picnic and she would be leaving her baby with grandma.

A grandmother! She thought of her age and her three grandchildren with a new wonder, as if in all these rushing years she had not had time to acknowledge them before. Next week she would be forty. She had been married at eighteen. Her two daughters had married almost as young. Too bad! But they had fallen in love and she could not stop them.

However, they took their responsibilities more lightly than she had taken hers. They had her to help them. She was practically bringing up their babies for them. Old Doctor Will had tried to warn her once not long ago that she was spoiling Lina and Martie, but she could not bear to see them toiling as she toiled, and she had encouraged Martie's husband to build their small house next door to hers so that Martie could always be near for help and advice. And when Lina married a young chap who had only a position as a night drug-clerk, she had built a wing on to her own house to save them rent.

As she lay there in bed she could hear a faint, fretting cry from one of Lina's twins and she half started up. But her head was throbbing, and she lay down again for five minutes' respite. How like heaven it would be to pull down the shades, to have breakfast brought to her on a little white tray such as she had carried to Lina and Martie so many, many times! But the house was quiet, waiting for her to start the day.

On the old-fashioned walnut bureau, among various objects that had been given her—a red velvet handkerchief-case, a perfume-bottle with the gilt wearing off, and so on—there stood a snapshot of Joe at the wheel of the automobile he was salesman for. During the past few years he had done very well at selling a medium-priced car, and he often sent them snapshots of himself making steep grades in a leather motor-coat and gauntlets. He had frequently promised to drive the four hundred miles from his headquarters to Marysport and take them all back with him. But the company never could spare him at the time Joe deemed right.

Lying there on her pillows in the old-fashioned room, which somehow was always the last in the house to be refurnished or done over, Mary could see this snapshot of her husband, and she smiled faintly. The smile was tender, but it was also the merest bit ironic.

WHEN she married Joe Callowhill, she had given him her heart—her entire and unswerving loyalty. She adored him and she had married him with a prayer to God to let her make him happy. She had a very simple recipe: Joe must always be comfortable and think well of himself. To this end she cooked elaborately, kept their home in shining order and constituted herself a buffer between Joe and her parents, who did not worship Joe's talents with quite the simplicity that she did. In fact, Mary's father, when he died, thought so poorly of his son-in-law's ability that he left the feed and grain business entirely in the hands of Joe's mother-in-law. Mary's mother was disconcertingly able. From this time on Mary had to mediate between her mother and Joe so frequently that she sometimes felt quite bruised between them. To make the business more interesting to Joe, she persuaded her mother to take the agency for a line of farm machinery and redoubled her efforts to make home comfortable for him.

She was in the habit, in those early days, of saying that Joe was unusually high-strung and sensitive. He did not trouble to conceal his aversion from the—so to speak—seamy side of parenthood. When it was nearly time for him to come home to supper, Mary would fly about the house frantically, removing traces of babies. For Joe would lose his temper if he stepped on a rubber doll; he would not eat if he looked out of the dining-room window and saw the more intimate garments of the babies drying on the line; his nose went up in disgust if little Lina smeared her mouth at table. And when they cried, he very simply left the house, if possible.

He was rather dandified about his appearance, and Mary did her best to keep up to his fastidious standards. It was not easy, with all the work to do alone and three children under ten years old. And sometimes, as she twisted up her fair hair, with an ear cocked to catch the baby's cry and her nose sniffing for the smell of something burning in the oven, her blue eyes gazed back at her with an anxious shadow in them.

It must have been the shadow of a premonition, for after six years of marriage and Marysport and the feed and grain business, Joe was becoming increasingly dissatisfied. And one day he came home with a letter from the farm-machinery manufacturer they had been dealing with, offering him an agency in Ohio.

Mary's first exclamation had been characteristic: "Oh, Joe, I knew they'd appreciate you sooner or later!" Then as she reread the letter her eyes widened: "But this says your headquarters would be in Akron. Would—would we have to live there?"

Joe looked away from her. "Oh, I don't think we'd better move until I find out how things go. Of course it won't be long. I'm going to go strong, once I get a chance. I can sell anything on wheels. Lord, but it will seem good to get into a big town where there's something going on!"

AND so, a week later, on the afternoon express, Joe Callowhill departed. Mary left the baby with her mother and she and the two little girls saw him off. He had never looked so handsome as when she waved good-by to him, standing on the platform of the car. He had bought himself a new suit of clothes, and his new necktie had been chosen after an hour spent over Cohen's counter. His new suitcase, carefully packed and repacked with the shirts and handkerchiefs Mary had exquisitely laundered, stood at his feet. He waved his hand cheerily, rather like a beneficent god going up on a cloud. Then he turned and went into the car; already he had the air of a man of affairs.

After she had put the house to rights and the children were in bed that night, Mary sat on the side porch where no one passing would see her. It seemed to her that her life had stopped, like a clock that suddenly ceases to tick. She told herself, just as she had been telling the neighbors and her mother for a week, that Joe would send for her and the children before Thanksgiving. She told herself how interesting it would be to live in a larger town, how nice for the girls as they grew up. But underneath this courageous talk a whispering kept on. She had been married six years to Joe Callowhill; she loved him still, but she knew him.

"Why, I'm only twenty-four," she thought, with wonder. It was her first moment of retrospection since she married. "Some of the girls I went to school with are only just getting married now. And I've had three children and another coming. I wouldn't change with anybody, only I wish—I wish——"

Suddenly she began to weep, the abandoned racking tears of the woman who has not in years had time or solitude to express any emotion of her own. She did not know quite why she wept, except that somehow life all at once seemed too pitiful to be borne. But soon the habit of self-control asserted itself and she wiped her eyes. Down at the foot of her garden she could see the comforting light in Doctor Will's office

window. And presently she saw him come out with his setter dog at his heels.

"Ho, Mary!" he called through the twilight, his arms on the fence. "If you want old Mack to sleep on your porch, you can have him. Though I warn you he snores and fights in his sleep."

She controlled her voice. "I'm not a bit afraid, doctor. Thank you just as much."

"Well, if you need anything, just sing out. I see your dahlias aren't doing very well. I'll give you some of those deep red ones you like."

"Oh, thank you! But I don't think I'll do any planting this Fall. Joe will be sending for us in a month or two, you know."

The doctor turned away hastily. "Oh, sure, sure; I forgot."

But as he closed the office door on the night fragrance of his garden, his face wore a grim smile. "I'll bet the windy cuss never sends for her," he thought.

LYING there in her wide and ugly black-walnut bed, Mary Callowhill had an unusual moment of retrospection. In this low-ceilinged room she had faced birth and death. Her third child had died here within a few months of the birth of Hugh, her last. Her mother had gone the way of all flesh. Her two daughters had married. And these events she had faced alone, for Joe had never sent for her and the children. He had stayed with her a few days after the death of baby Joe, but he was melancholy and restless, and she had sent him back to his work as soon as possible. He had made a flying trip when Hugh was born. At Christmas and Thanksgiving he managed to get in on the eleven-thirty, eat one of her delicious dinners and take the five-forty out again. Sometimes when he was coming down with one of his bilious headaches he came home to be nursed. These were her happiest times, although it was quite a strain to keep the house quiet, the children out of the way and at the same time cook for him the delicacies his convalescence demanded.

But after each of these occasions he went away as one rejuvenated, as if he had drunk at some inexhaustible spring of refreshment. He never, however, definitely got around to arrangements for establishing the spring any nearer his business headquarters. And after a while Mary went on with the long-delayed papering and painting of the house. She did not admit anything, but the neighbors knew that this meant she had given up expecting Joe to send for her.

They said it was a shame, although probably Mary's fault—she was too uncomplaining. It was old-fashioned to be so meek.

But what they did not know was that Mary Callowhill was slowly growing. The growth was deep within her, unobserved, as silently underground as the roots of a tree. As one responsibility after another was laid upon her to be met alone, she began to stand upright, to think for herself. But to our eyes she remained the same, almost stupidly patient. And when we saw the high tide of living sweep over her again with the birth of her daughters' babies, we felt exasperated, as human beings do before too much goodness.

What, also, we failed to appreciate was the deep consolation and comfort she had found in her boy, Hugh. He was like her to the very core of him. They understood each other and they had been comrades from the time he could talk. She had unconsciously trained him in those virtues his father conspicuously had not: patience, perseverance, a distaste for bragging, a sense of responsibility. At fourteen he was, he admitted, a real boy, a credit to his mother's common sense.

SHE could hear him now, stirring in the next room. He had his first job in the Fisher Hardware Store, and he would be up and off early. She sat up in bed with a start. But before she got out of bed, Hugh softly pushed open her door and looked in.

"Forgot to give you this last night, mom," he said. "It's from dad, I guess."

He laid a letter on the counterpane and then his gaze sharpened. "You look awful white," he said, his freckled face anxious. "Why don't you stay in bed a while?"

"I can't, son. Lina isn't feeling very well, and the twins are teething."

An expression of deep disgust came into his face. "Aw, why don't you make Lina and Martie tend to their own kids? They just soldier on you all the time. Make me tired!"

She smiled at him and gave him a gentle push. "Go on down and put the kettle on. I'll have your breakfast in a few minutes."

She opened Joe's letter and read it as she twisted up her hair. Hastily written, as usual. He had been fighting off a bilious spell; perhaps he'd run home for two days and let her fix him up.

Then suddenly her face stiffened. She caught the letter up— "I've been thinking," she read, "that maybe I'll keep Hugh with me next Winter. A boy needs a father's training——"

She finished her dressing blindly. There was a queer sensation in her head. She did not know that it was anger, for she had never known real anger in her life before— A father's training! After leaving the boy to her for fourteen years! She hurried down the stairs, fastening her clean blue percale house dress—a dumpy, unimpressive little woman with a curious blue fire in her eyes.

She lighted the fire, put the kettle to boil, set the breakfast table, sliced bacon, her small work-stiffened hands moving quickly as if they ran a race with the crowding day. Lina came in carrying the twin who was still wailing. She was a languid girl who resembled her father. She wore a kimono over her nightgown.

"I'm nearly wild with this kid, mama," she said fretfully. "If I don't get another hour's sleep, I'll be dead for the day. And he'll wake up Betty if I leave him in our rooms. Would you just——"

"Give him to me. There, little man—gran'ma's poor little lamb— You go back to bed, Lina. I'll keep the coffee hot for you."

Lina turned and trailed back to her own quarters, where she darkened the room and promptly fell into a peaceful sleep. Mary prepared the baby's bottle, holding him expertly in the crook of an arm as she did so. And she was thinking: how would it seem to go on doing these endless, familiar tasks without the compensation of having her boy with her?

As he and she ate their breakfast together, he elaborated a scheme of life he had been thinking of as he swept out the store that morning.

"I've been thinking maybe I'll take up the hardware business, mom," he said. "Mr. Fisher is gettin' old—must be forty at least—an' he'll probably be lookin' around for a partner pretty soon. And do you know what is the first thing I'll do when I've got things to goin' well?"

"No. What?"

"I'll take a vacation and you and me'll go on a trip. I'm thinking of Atlantic City and Denver."

"They're rather far apart," said Mary gravely.

"That don't make any difference. Dad isn't going to be the only one in this family to see the world."

Her heart swooped down as she remembered the letter. Should she tell Hugh? But he seemed to her so young to have decisions thrust upon him. No, this was a matter between her and Joe. But Joe had always had his own way. He would get Hugh if he really wanted him.

THE morning grew hotter as the valley mists rose, and Mary Callowhill's head ached until her vision blurred. Lina trailed into the kitchen and put the coffeepot on the stove. But the second twin began to cry and she went back to her bedroom. The coffee boiled over. Mary hurried in from the screened porch, where she had begun to look over the fruit for canning, and once more put breakfast on the table. Lina came back, but just as she sat down at the table the baby Mary had put to sleep in the parlor awoke and announced to the world that he resented his aching gums.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lina, "I've simply got to have my breakfast. I'm so *faint!*"

Mary rinsed fruit-juice from her hands and carried the baby off to Lina's room, where she bathed and dressed him, fed him and left him appeased in the crib.

When she got back to the kitchen, Lina had not cleared off the breakfast things, but she was showing signs of activity in the pantry. She had also lighted the gas under the oven and the temperature in the kitchen was already rising.

"I thought I'd make a cake, mama. Where are those marshmallows I bought yesterday?"

Mary gave a glance of dismay at her canning things.

"Couldn't you wait, dear, until I get the fruit out of the way? The oven makes the kitchen so hot."

"But how *can* I wait? I asked two of the girls to bring their sewing this afternoon, and I thought I'd have cake and iced tea. But, of course, if you don't want me in the kitchen——"

"Of course I want you, dear, but—it's so hot, and my head— I'll tell you what: I'll make the cake while I'm getting dinner if you'll pick a few ears of sweet corn—the last row near the fence——"

"Oh, heavens! In this sun!"

Mary said nothing. She turned off the sizzling oven and began weighing out sugar and berries. Lina slammed the screen door and went reluctantly into the garden. Martie, the second daughter, wheeled her perambulator into the yard. Mary remembered the picnic. Suddenly she felt a hysterical inclination to laugh. She thought of the new sign on Main Street, "No Parking Here." Suppose she hung a sign like that on the door of her room and went to bed, what would happen?

But her face was patient as usual as she took Martie's Buddy and made a corral for him out of four chairs in the dining-room. She could watch him as she went back and forth between the stove and the table.

She washed the breakfast dishes, dusted the parlor, swept the porches, answered the telephone twice for Lina, fed Buddy and beat together butter and sugar for Lina's cake. The kitchen was sickish with the smell of the steaming fruit, and sometimes as she filled the waiting mouths of fruit-jars her hand shook so that rivulets of crimson juice ran down the sides. It seemed to her that during hundreds of hot Augusts she had filled thousands of yawning fruit-cans until she had approached the limit of her endurance.

SHE took up a can and began to wipe it off with the wet dish-cloth, and mechanically she moved as she did so to the door of the screened porch, longing for a breath of cooler air. She looked down the length of her garden to Doctor Will's garden, where a few moments before she had seen him spraying his roses. She could look diagonally across his garden and two vacant lots to the railroad station. She heard the whistle of a train, which reminded her that it was after eleven and dinner must be started. As she stood there with the can of fruit in her hands, the train came in. She could see people pressing nearer the platform, persons to be envied, who were going away. Some of them would eat their dinners attended by the white-coated negroes who stood on the car platform. She thought wistfully how good it would seem to eat something she had not cooked herself. There would be electric fans in the car and new fields whirling past outside the windows.

Then she stiffened, pressed closer to the screen. A tall man was descending breezily from the parlor car. Tipping the porter, he took his bag. She could see him shaking hands with Sam Peters. Joe! Cool-looking in a new gray suit—even at this distance she could see assurance and ease flow from him.

Mary Callowhill stepped quietly back into her kitchen. There was a strange expression bordering on despair in her blue eyes. Part of her mind was swarming with the thoughts of what must be done before Joe got up to the house: he hated the smell of canning; the dining-room must be put in order; Buddy must be kept quiet; there must be a peach shortcake for dinner.

But the rest of her brain was occupied with an impression, sharp like something seen at the small end of a field-glass, the impression of Joe's well-fed good looks, his sleekness in contrast to her own old-fashioned dumpiness. With the swiftness of light, a thought flashed in and out of her mind: nature doesn't care what becomes of a woman after she has produced enough children. Nature—and Joe Callowhill—had made use of her and then floated her off into a backwater while they went on their way to fresh adventure. She was only forty, but life had ceased to offer her much but drudgery; like Joe, it was through with her.

Her hands jerked spasmodically, and—crash!—the can of fruit was on the floor, its ruddy contents splashing wide. Over the blue linoleum, over the white paint, over the shining nickel of the stove——

And suddenly something happened to Mary Callowhill. It was as if the crash of the can of fruit was a thunderclap that let loose stormy forces that had lain all her life deep within her—forces kept under control by her will and her ability to love and to make sacrifice. She stood staring for an instant, and then she made a wild sound. It started as the sort of nervous giggle a young girl might give and ended as a curious whimper.

Then, without another glance at the spilled fruit, she made straight for the stairs and her room. Joe would linger on his way from the station to talk to various friends in the stores along the way. She would have ten or fifteen minutes. She dragged out of the closet an old bag of Joe's, flung into it a few articles, caught up her hat, her Summer silk, three seasons old, Hugh's best suit. With these over her arm, unseen by any one, she slipped down through the garden and burst in upon old Doctor Will in his office.

"I'm going away," she gasped. "Will you take Hugh and me to the Junction?"

DOCTOR WILL got up briskly from the couch where he had been lying reading a seed catalog. "Sure. Glad to, Mary. Fine idea. Vacation do you good." His manner was entirely matter-of-fact. But within him he was immensely enlivened. He felt that it was worth living to be old, to be in at the rebellion of a meek woman. He had seen Joe Callowhill get off the train.

He brought around his rattling old car while Mary dressed. They picked up the astonished Hugh at Fisher's and Mary got some money from the bank.

"I think my mother would be willing I should use some of her money this way," she said, as if to herself.

And all the way to the Junction she sat stiffly silent. But inside she felt like a piece of clockwork that had

JOE CALLOWHILL, WHO FOR YEARS HAD NOT SPENT MORE THAN FIVE CONSECUTIVE DAYS IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY, NOW SLOWLY BECAME DOMESTICATED

broken down but is still wildly whirring. She kept seeing that broken fruit-can, with red rivulets running over the clean linoleum. She couldn't clean it up; she had broken under that last straw. She could not nurse Joe through another bilious attack, send him away with his bag of fresh clothes, listen to his stories of conquest in the world of business. She had run down; her goodness and patience had flown into a thousand pieces. She felt as if she never wanted to see him or Lina or Martie or their children again. She knew that she was either crazy or unbelievably wicked.

"She'll break down sooner or later," thought the doctor, and as the train came in he put a card into her hand with the name and address of an old friend of his own. "You go up to Maine, to this address, Mary, and get a good rest. Call on Doctor Kelsey if you should need him. And don't think about the folks at home."

She scarcely heard him. "I want to go in the parlor car, Hugh," she said, "the way your father does."

DOCTOR WILL rattled home from the Junction feeling a bit guilty but withal refreshed. He went in at the screened porch door of Mary's house and found Lina distractedly mopping the kitchen floor while the dinner scorched and the twins sang a duet of protest. Joe was walking the dining-room with one of them.

"Mary has gone on a vacation," the doctor said casually, leaning in at the door. "Just drove her over to the Junction. What? No, she didn't say where she was going or when she was coming back. I dare say she'll write. Good afternoon."

He went somewhat hastily down through the garden, for he could not conceal his grin. Their bewilderment, their utter incredulity, their dawning dismay had given him a good deal of satisfaction.

"I'll sure enjoy seeing how this thing turns out," he thought.

But things did not fall out quite as he had expected them to. He had said to himself that Mary would come back inside a week. Instead, she wrote him presently a long, cheerful letter. She had a job, she said; she had sat around on the sands of Kennebunk beach until she could not stand it another day. Then the landlady of the hotel where she was living had lost her housekeeper and Mary had asked for the place. The salary was more than she deserved. She liked the work. She had part of the afternoon and all evening off; she talked with different sorts of people; she had bought a bathing-suit; Hugh had joined a Boy Scout camp and was so brown and happy; she had read lots of magazines and novels. And wouldn't he write and tell her if they were really all well at home?

But the second development amazed him most: Joe Callowhill remained at home. At first he stayed three or four days, walking to and from the post-office in his good clothes, pretending to be very cheerful and at ease. Then, exhibiting a telegram from his firm, he apparently went back to work. But in ten days he reappeared. And this time he did not go away again.

Amazing and bewildering inconsistency? Joe Callowhill, who for fifteen years had not spent more than five consecutive days in the bosom of his family, now slowly became domesticated. Two weeks passed, three, a month.

At first he went about dressed in his good clothes, as if expecting to take the next train out of Marysport. It was a puzzle to all of Marysport. He had not lost his job, for Sam Peters had seen letters from Joe's firm. Then gradually, a garment at a time, he assumed an old suit Mary had cleaned and put away. One morning he was seen mowing the lawn. Great exercise, he declared jovially. He even went to the market on errands for Lina. Lina had openly said that she would not stand for what her mother had always stood for, and she did not believe in coddling a man anyway. Lina had not inherited her mother's culinary gifts.

And day by day Joe became a little less breezy, not quite so sleek. One evening Doctor Will met him coming out of the post-office aimlessly. There was an expression in his eyes that reminded the doctor of a dog that is not quite certain of the good-will of the world.

All at once Doctor Will cried out to himself: "By Henry, I'll bet I know now why the fellow stays at home!"

IT WAS in October, in the midst of Indian Summer, that Mary came back. Doctor Will saw her and Hugh coming up from the station, stepping along happily, Mary in a new suit that made her look young and almost slim. She called to him over the front-yard hedge, and he knew from her voice she was all right with the world. He had not heard that gay note in her voice in years.

"I'm coming over to see you to-night," she called.

That evening she joined him on the bench under the apple-tree. It was so early that he knew she had left the supper dishes to some one else. There was a care-free air about her as she strolled among the flowers that suggested

Continued on page 64

MY REMINISCENCES

The life-story of America's foremost character actress

By ETHEL BARRYMORE

Some of the most significant incidents in Miss Barrymore's eventful career are related for the first time in this instalment. Here, too, is the story of her first vaudeville engagement, her tribute to Charles Frohman, and some intimate glimpses of her family life off stage

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IN "THE SHADOW," MISS BARRYMORE HAD TO SIT MOTIONLESS FOR THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES

THE RÔLE OF PETTICOAT SALESLADY IN "OUR MRS. McCHESNEY" WAS AN OUTSTANDING BARRYMORE SUCCESS

Copyright by Chas. Frohman

TEN DAYS AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER SON, JACKIE, MISS BARRYMORE WAS STARRING IN "TANTE"

ELSIE FERGUSON WAS WITH MISS BARRYMORE WHEN THE "LUSITANIA" NEWS CAME

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF CHARLES FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL MANAGER, TAKEN ON THE DECK OF THE ILL-FATED "LUSITANIA"

MISS BARRYMORE'S VAUDEVILLE DÉBUT WAS IN "THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK"

PART FIVE

MY ENGAGEMENT in vaudeville, which shortly followed the birth of my daughter, was a wonderful experience. I enjoyed it more than I can say. I was lucky in having such a play as Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look" to do. It is such a magnificent piece that it must appeal to all audiences. My experience in vaudeville proved to me what I have always felt: that nothing is "too good" for an audience. The better an effort is the more they will rise to it and appreciate it.

Mr. Frohman had not wanted me to go into vaudeville in the East, but when he came back from Europe, he had no suitable play for me and I, as usual, had no suitable income, so he decided that he might as well let me go on. I played all through the East and as far West as California, and never failed to please the vaudeville audiences and to be tremendously pleased by them. While I was in the West, I played in the Orpheum Circuit; while in the East, I appeared in the Keith houses. Charles Dalton did the part of the husband and Susanne Sheldon, who had come back to America for a short time, stayed with me that year in the part of the wife. It was a very fine company and I received an excellent salary, which was most important to me at the time. I received three thousand dollars a week and, believe me, it was a very exciting envelope to open every Saturday. I wonder where it has all gone?

Vaudeville theaters all over the country are beautiful not only in the front of the house, but in the back as well. The performers seem to have been remembered by the architect; the dressing-rooms are nearly always superior to those in any other class of theaters. Things seem to be run as systematically and efficiently as in a large business concern. I simply loved everybody I met—all the people on the bill with me—and I was never tired of standing in the wings watching the different "turns"—they work so hard and faithfully! The vaudeville public is an exacting one and nothing must ever be slurred for them—perfect in the afternoon and perfect at night, over and over again for weeks and weeks and weeks—singers, dancers, monologists or acrobats, they never shirk. People who go to a vaudeville show just for an evening's entertainment don't realize the amount of work that is put in to achieve the perfection they are witnessing. They perhaps don't even realize that it is perfect, but in its line it usually is.

In September of 1923 I was to produce a play called "Tante," by Haddon Chambers, from the book of Anne Sedgwick. Mr. Chambers had written a delightful play on that very fine story. It was a most interesting part

for me—quite different from anything I had done—and I adored it. I had expected to begin rehearsals the first part of September, but I had to keep them waiting a little while until Jackie was born, which was not until the ninth of September. I was distressed at delaying rehearsals and it worried me so much that it was finally decided I should be allowed to go to the theater. So, ten days after Jackie came into the world, I was on the Empire stage. I remember calling Mr. Frohman on the telephone about two hours after Jackie was born and telling him that I would be ready for rehearsals very soon and that I had an awfully nice little boy. I shall never forget the sound that came from the other end of the telephone. He could hardly believe his ears.

He exclaimed: "It is impossible for you to be talking!"

"No," I said, "I am quite all right and will be ready soon."

That was all I was allowed to say to him, but I remember it gave me great amusement to do it.

"Tante" was a big success and played all that year in New York and on a short tour. When I got back to New York in the early Summer, I played in a revival of "A Scrap of Paper" with my Uncle John at the Empire Theater. I am afraid it was not a very good play. I know that I felt we should not have been dressed in modern clothes while speaking those very old-fashioned, creaking lines. I have always thought that plays over thirty years old should be given in the dress of their day. However, it was charming to be playing with my uncle again after so long. We had a delightful company and it was a very pleasant month.

THE next year came "The Shadow," a gorgeous drama from the French, which had been written originally for Réjane, but the war had stopped its production in Paris. I don't know that it has ever been done there. It was a tremendously interesting part for me. In the first act I was a paralytic and sat motionless in a chair for thirty-five minutes. I thought it would be very difficult to do, but, curiously enough, I never even had to practise not moving. As soon as I got into that chair and the cover was laid over my knees and hands, the curtain went up and the play began; I don't think I could have moved if I had wanted to. Bruce McRae came back to me for this play, which pleased me very much, as I always have entertained and always will entertain great affection for him.

"The Shadow" was very sad, but it had moments of great exaltation and beauty. Many people have liked me better in that than anything they have seen me in. I should love to do it again some time.

The next piece was a decided contrast to what I had done before—an American play from the stories of Edna Ferber, called "Our Mrs. McChesney," a comedy with a "mother note" in it. It was a great success everywhere except Chicago. They preferred me there in serious plays. Boston, which is generally thought to be the most highbrow of our cities, loved it and we could have gone on there indefinitely, I think, but it had come to June and I was very tired, so we stopped.

During rehearsals and the run of "Mrs. McChesney" I got to know Edna Ferber and liked and admired her tremendously. She gave a supper-party one night at which I sat next to William Allen White. I found Mr. White to be one of the most delightful persons I have ever met. He amused us all by telling of his experiences on a recent visit to England. I remember that he told us his sense of convention had been shocked at a week-end party in the country by the fact that he and his wife were put in separate rooms. He also received another shock in the morning when the maid unceremoniously entered his room with a hot-water can and opened his curtains. He talked of many interesting and absorbing things. I liked him very much and have always wanted to see him again.

At the end of this season Mr. Frohman had decided to go to Europe, much against everybody's wishes. I came to say good-by to him the day before he sailed on the *Lusitania*. He was one of the men who had received word from Bernstorff not to sail, but he had made his plans and it was characteristic of him not to be turned aside once he started anything, even by a warning from the German Government.

It was very curious, his good-by to me. He always kissed me, just as if I were his daughter. When I got to the door and was waving a final good-by, he called me back into the room and said good-by all over again and added, "Take care of yourself." He shook me very warmly by the hand and had a very strange look in his face; I shall never forget it. I have always felt that he must have known what was going to happen. I didn't take it seriously at the time, but I remember going back in the train to wherever I was stopping at the time, thinking what an unusual thing it was for Mr. Frohman to call me back and say good-by all over again.

It was during the run of "Mrs. McChesney" in Chicago that I got one of the greatest blows of my life. A friend of mine was giving a luncheon at her house for Elsie Ferguson, who was playing in town at the same time. During lunch I was called to the telephone by a friend, Mrs. Cecil Clark Davis, who said she had heard the most terrible news but it had not been confirmed, yet everybody was afraid it was true. I asked her what it was, and she said that the *Lusitania* had been sunk with all on board. When I went back to the table, they all wanted to know what it was that made me look so utterly downcast, and I told them. I remember Elsie Ferguson and myself just looking at each other and saying, "Mr. Frohman, Mr. Frohman!"

It was not long before we had to accept the terrible fact that Mr. Frohman had gone. For many years he had been my very best friend. He had taken the place of parents and everything. I had gone to him with not only my theater troubles, but all my troubles. He had always been understanding and wonderful. He had a golden heart.

IN ALL HER REPERTORY, THE PART THAT MISS BARRYMORE LOVES MOST IS THAT OF MARGUERITE IN EDWARD SHELDON'S VERSION OF "CAMILLE" ("THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS")

DURING these days we spent all our Summers at Mamaroneck. It was at such periods that my children and I would have uninterrupted good times. I have often been asked if it is possible to be a successful actress and a successful mother, to which I have always replied, "I was born and so, I have always understood, was my mother!" If you have an average amount of common sense, you can organize your life as a regular human being. It is perfectly natural for me to be an actress, and it is also perfectly natural for me to be a mother. Up to the time my children went away to school, I think I saw them at least as much as most mothers see theirs. I hear stories about the children's hour, when they are brought in to see their mother. There is no time in the day that I am not accessible to my children.

I have always been very careful whom I had in the way of nurses and governesses, and the few times I have had to go far from home, like trips to California, I have left them in the most perfect hands and have heard from them every day and they have heard from me every day, no matter where I was.

They love the theater and take a perfectly natural interest in it. My little girl is enormously ambitious to be an actress. It is just a question of time before she completes her school work and begins on the stage. I can't tell about the boys. Last Easter vacation, when Jackie was home, a friend asked him one day, "Well, Jackie, are you going to be an actor?"

He said, "Oh, I don't know. Maybe I might be a comedy."

Sammy likes to play in school theatricals. He has not expressed any desire or thought of going on the stage. I don't say anything to them about it. I believe in doing the best you can for them in the way of an education and in guiding as far as the right way to go is concerned, but I never will influence them for or against anything in regard to the theater. They won't have to go on the stage to earn a living as I did as long as I have my health. But I think it would be wicked to stop them if it is their natural bent. I don't think there is any

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LET'S GIVE A PLAY!

How to select, plan and stage an amateur production

By KATHARINE LORD

Author of "Plays for School and Camp"

SOME ONE has said, "Let's give a play!" and at once every one is enthusiastic. It may be you want to raise money for your favorite charity, or furnish a fitting wind-up for your bridge or bowling club, or if it is Summer in a rather quiet resort, you simply want "something to do," or perhaps your little circle is still not too far from childhood to enjoy dressing up for its own sake.

Your suggestion about the play meets with instant acceptance—every one likes the idea.

Then—difficulties begin to loom large. Some one says hesitatingly, "What would we give?" Notice the "would"—it is the first note of doubt. Another remarks that you have no proper stage, no scenery. But happily the constructive-minded are in the majority and shortly the matter is decided.

"We are going to give a play!"

First, you dispose of the bugbear "No real stage; no scenery."

Little theaters and serious amateur groups have taught us much in the last few years of what can be done without the conventional theater stage. Satisfactory as it is to have a stage fully equipped for scenery and lighting, it is astonishing how much can be done in an ordinary hall with its platform, in a club-room or even in a private house.

With a mere background and carefully thought out lighting, very charming effects can be obtained. The giving of a play outdoors is another way of escape from the tyranny of "setting."

After all, the play is still "the thing," as it was in Shakespeare's day, and shall we let it be implied that we are so deficient in imagination that we need more literal representation than did the people of that time?

REMEMBER this: A draped stage or a setting of large plain screens that can be arranged in different ways furnishes a setting more effective, more really productive of illusion than realistic box-sets on a stage so small that the people seem out of proportion to the literal representation of a room or an exterior. And some of the most artistic work of the professional stage, with every means at its command, has been done with settings that merely suggest and do not distract the eye by a too insistent realism.

To achieve the draped stage in an ordinary hall or school proceed as follows:

Usually you will find at least a platform, sometimes a curtain or motion-picture screen. The platform, to be sure, may be backed by a blackboard. We will suppose it to be about ten by eighteen feet in size. You will want all of the ten feet of depth, yet you must have some space behind or at the sides for actors to wait for their cues. You can achieve it like this (see diagram near end of article): A large drapery (A) is hung in soft folds straight across the back. A pair of curtains (B) are hung in two broken arcs. A narrower pair (C) take the place of the "tormentors" of the theater stage and mask in the approaches to the stage; preferably these will be hung in front of the drop or draw curtains (D), which disclose the stage. A ceiling cloth (G) is stretched from the back wall to just back of the curtain, sloping slightly backward; and a valance (V) across the front completes a simple, effective draped stage. The ceiling cloth is sometimes omitted, in which case the valance must be deep enough to conceal the drapery tops and frame the picture without a ceiling, or else the drapery tops must be treated frankly in some decorative fashion. In either case the draperies may be tacked or threaded on to light battens and hung from hooks in the wall-molding and ceiling.

THE draperies may be made of any material that is opaque and falls into nice folds. Velours is the most handsome, but even crinkled cheese-cloth dyed a good color and backed by stout cotton makes a lovely drapery. If it is a question of working with practically no expense funds, you can often borrow enough house draperies to accomplish your purpose. Almost every town has several of the old, roomy, high-ceiled houses with double doors between the drawing-room, library, dining-room and hall, and long French windows, all of which are dressed in Winter with matching draperies of velours or fine plain-colored chenille. These make excellent stage draperies.

It will be seen from the diagram that screens may be arranged in a similar manner, in which case no ceiling cloth or valance will be used. Screens may also be used in place of the drop-curtain and moved backward and forward by two costumed pages—not just the ordinary screens of commerce, which are not usually high enough (eight feet should be the minimum height), but plain strong frames covered with a neutral color. Wall-board can be easily and inexpensively fashioned into such screens.

Immediately we hear the beginner cry, "But we have no footlights, no borders!" None are needed. There will doubtless be an overhead light of some kind, which should be softened with a covering of yellow cheese-cloth, and even then used only when a strong light is called for. For the rest, two, three or four of the tall reading-lamps set in the entrance will furnish a natural and easily controlled method of lighting. If possible, secure the kind of lamp with a gooseneck, or at least a tilted bulb-holder, furnish it with a high-powered bulb, a cheap tin reflector and one or two screens in different colors and you can achieve a variety of lighting. The gelatin screens can be bought or the frames may be made (discarded slate frames or flat picture-frames do well) and filled with shellac-soaked cheese-cloth. With amber for daylight, blue for moonlight, purple or pale rose for twilight or dawn, many lovely effects can be obtained. A little experimenting will determine just the angle to secure the best effect. Of course all lights over the audience should be turned out during the performance.

So much for the draped or screened stage and its lighting. Now, how shall we make it convey to the audience that the scene is a palace, a hovel, a street at night or a rose-garden in the light of high noon? It is pretty generally conceded that the sixteenth-century stage used placards only when it was desired to indicate an exact geographical locale, as a street in Venice—perhaps not always even then. Generally the costumes, the lines and the characters give all the information necessary. I have seen the same stage draped in dark green serve for Baring's "Catherine Parr," Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon" and Quintero's "A Sunny Morning." A carved table and two high-backed chairs, with a couple of floor candlesticks and a carved cabinet at the back, made of it the breakfast-room in Henry the Eighth's palace. A couple of barrels and three posts cut in silhouette from heavy cardboard, with the requisite dim lighting, made a perfect illusion of the end of a pier and the darkness beyond in "The Rising of the Moon." The dim light coming from the wings at *f-f* was directed at the audience (the lamps, of course, not seen), leaving a depth of darkness beyond. Another light dimmed with blue cheese-cloth for moonlight shone from *e* directly upon the faces of the men about the barrels and lighted them sufficiently. For "A Sunny Morning," a park bench, a couple of cedar or bay trees in tubs, a silhouette lamp-post clearly indicated the scene, which, after all, was of no particular interest in itself. The dialogue of the two who met by chance after many years would have been as sparkling anywhere else.

NOW for the play—or plays. There is at present literally an embarrassment of riches in the way of plays well suited to the abilities of nonprofessional actors. Perhaps there are more one-act plays for the amateur group than long plays. In general, the one-act play furnishes more good parts, it distributes responsibilities, it gives a program pleasing to a greater variety of audience.

An amateur group will do well to work for a time with short plays before attempting the more sustained effort of the long play, which they can seldom maintain successfully until they have had some experience. We have prepared a list of collections of one-act plays that contains well over a hundred plays and gives one a choice of riotous comedy in "The Workhouse Ward" (Lady Gregory), grim tragedy in "Trifles" (Susan Glaspell), psychological subtlety in "Overtones" (Alice Gerstenberg), satire in "Wurzel-Flummery" (A. A. Milne), homely

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"Let's Give a Play," copyright, 1923, by Katharine Lord.

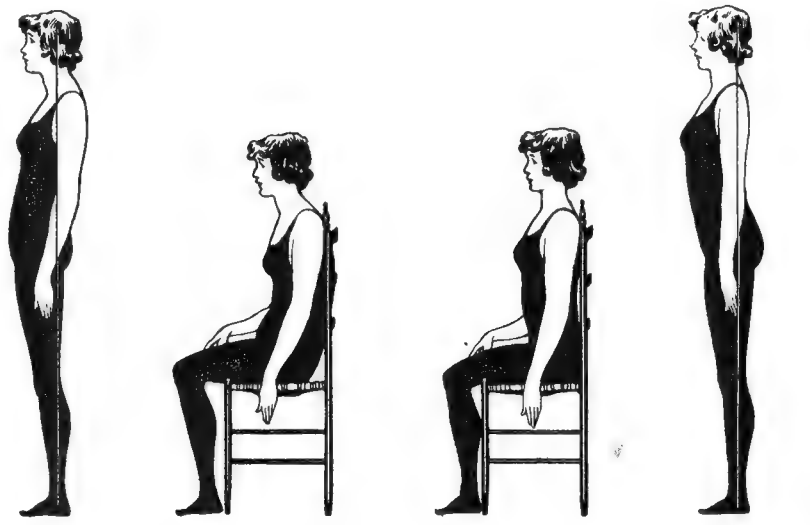
SITTING, STANDING AND WALKING

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

AT WEST POINT, visitors are invariably struck by the erect carriage and grace of the cadets. In every group of healthy young men will be found individuals who are well set up, straight and lithe; but at West Point this is true of every individual. In fact, so universal is correct posture at West Point that it might be assumed that the physical qualifications for admission to the academy are so rigid as to exclude all candidates not naturally free from faulty posture.

Such is not the case, however. The only physical qualifications the Army insists that every candidate should have for admission to West Point are perfect health in the organs, good eyesight, good teeth and freedom from flat feet. Thus the young man's body must be molded into the soldierly figure that is the academy standard, and the system of doing this is so perfect that there are practically no failures. Less than three months after a cadet is admitted to the military academy, he stands correctly, sits correctly and walks correctly. The writer, in fact, does not recall that any cadet ever was discharged for failing to reach the standard of correct posture.



Incorrect Standing Posture — *Incorrect Sitting Posture* — *Correct Sitting Posture* — *Correct Standing Posture*

Two things at West Point enter into the making of a straight, erect and graceful body: exercise and constant attention to the rules of posture. The Army's setting-up exercises serve to develop and control the muscles. These exercises are done entirely without apparatus in plebe camp, the first Summer the cadet is in the academy. They can be done by any one without special instruction and form an invaluable basis for acquiring the things that go into the making of a good figure.

The plebe can not devote all his time to formal exercise, however. Something more is necessary to get him into such condition that by the time the corps breaks camp and returns to barracks he will lose his stoop, straighten out his round shoulders and learn to stand, sit and walk properly. That "something" comes from the older cadets, who remind him, almost momentarily, to brace.

"Drag in that chin, mister," admonishes the upperclass man whenever he sees the plebe relaxing into his civilian slouchiness. "Thin out and let me see some wrinkles on the back of that blouse. Drag in that chin more; more yet."

So rings the warning from morning until night, until after a time the plebe has become so accustomed to bracing, as it is called, that he must almost do it in his sleep. The prescribed position for bracing is "little fingers on the seams of the trousers, palms to the front, head erect, eyes front." You will see that standing or walking with the little fingers on the seams of the trousers, palms to the front, throws the shoulders back and the head up. Keeping in that position for the greater part of every day for a few weeks is bound to result in a muscular development that will permanently cure a tendency to slouch.

Every now and then some visitor, after viewing the hundreds of correct backs, square shoulders and erect heads of the cadets, insists that they wear corsets. Of course that is absurd. They do not wear any harness of any kind, either when plebes or later, and their only "corsets" are well-developed muscles that hold the body as nature intended it to be held. The West Point figure will be permanent, too, unless one totally neglects exercise and allows himself to become fat after he receives his commission. And as the regulations now insist upon a certain amount of daily exercise for all officers, there should not be any reason for his putting on a "bay window" at any time in his life.

INCORRECT posture is one of the commonest faults standing between us and physical well-being. It is a more serious fault than might appear on the surface, for in addition to its unsightliness and its tendency to warp the body permanently, it affects general health to a very marked degree. It impairs the proper functioning of all the body organs by placing them in unnatural positions and cramping them. It breeds lassitude and slovenliness in the mind.

Statistics compiled by Dr. George A. May, Director of Waterman Gymnasium, University of Michigan, show that in the last twenty years only seven per cent. of the freshmen entering the university showed correct posture, thirteen per cent. showed only fairly good posture, sixty per cent. poor, and the remaining twenty per cent. very poor. The accompanying illustrations show the correct posture and the faults most common in those who failed to reach that grade according to Doctor May's standards.

In acquiring correct posture, the first essential is to find the causes of incorrect posture and remove these causes by proper exercise or such other means as may be necessary. Very frequently the fundamental trouble is in the feet, and I can not too strongly recommend correct footwear and the immediate correction by foot exercises of troubles that have arisen through the wearing of the utterly preposterous styles so generally in use nowadays. A famous man once said in writing to his son: "Select a good bed and good shoes; you are in one or the other twenty-four hours each day."

The average adult spends sixteen hours a day wearing shoes, and it is obvious that any footwear that is not correct inflicts discomfort or actual pain throughout that period. Bear in mind that improper shoes not only work injury to the feet, but to the entire body. They absolutely preclude proper posture and proper walking and impose strains on the body that are bound to be injurious. Headaches, irritability and nervousness can often be traced to one's slavish devotion to the shoes that are believed to be fashionable. Correct posture begins with correct shoes and is impossible without it.

THERE are four principal points to be remembered in choosing your footwear:

1. There should be a straight inside line so that the big toe is not bent toward the outside border of the feet. This prevents enlargement of the big-toe joint.

2. The curve on the inside borders of the toe of the shoe should be gradual, to prevent crowding of the smaller toes.

3. There should be a flexible shank (that part under the arch between the heel of the shoe and the ball of the foot). This allows the muscles of the foot to have freedom of movement, resulting in stronger muscles and therefore stronger arches.

4. Select a moderately low heel. The bottom of the heel should be as broad as the top, to give a broad basis for support, thereby preventing unsteadiness.

Miss Marion O. Wood, director of Barbour Gymnasium, University of Michigan, has kindly prepared a list of ten foot exercises, all of which are easily done without

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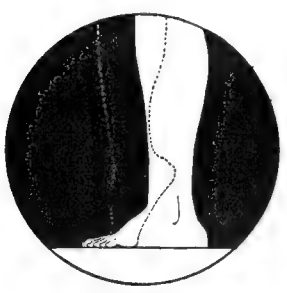
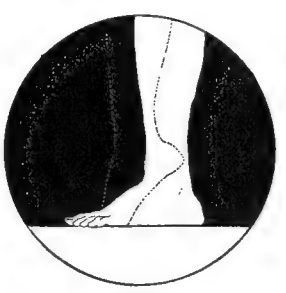


Exercise One



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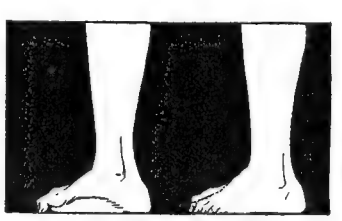

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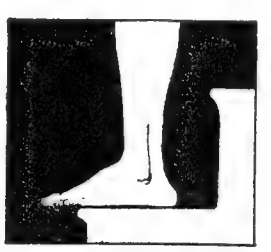
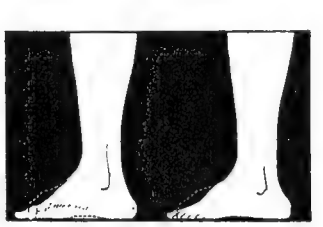


Exercise Seven

Exercise Nine

Exercise Two

Exercise Four



Exercise Six

Exercise Eight

Exercise Ten

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

The story of the 1923 campaign

THE second year of the Better Homes in America movement, launched by THE DELINEATOR in 1921, triumphed in every State last June.

President Coolidge wrote to one of the prize-winning Better Homes committees of 1923:

"There can be no nobler aim than the improvement of the American home. To have aided in any respect in this work is in itself a sufficient reward, and to have aided this work with conspicuous success is a high distinction."

More than ten thousand American women won this high distinction in 1923.

Better Homes Week was opened officially by the late President Warren G. Harding when he dedicated the "Home, Sweet Home" house in the park behind the White House at Washington—his last official function in the national capital.

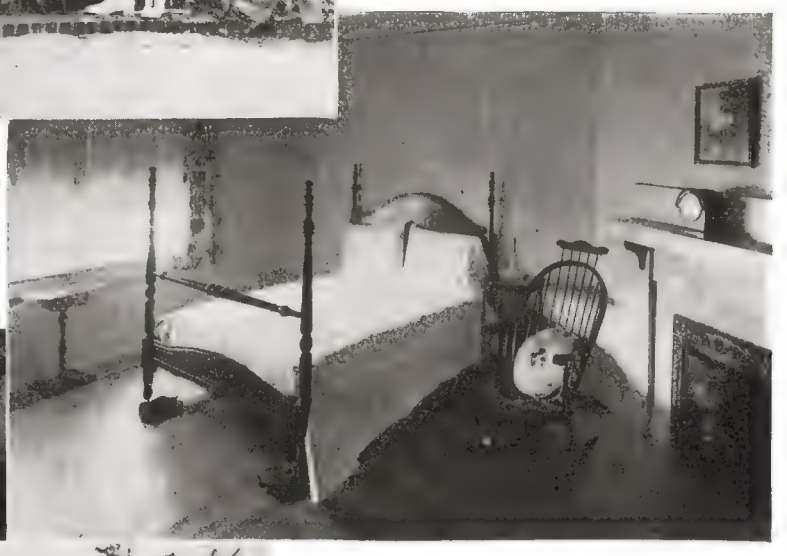
When President Harding, in 1921, promised the Editor of THE DELINEATOR to support a nation-wide Better Homes movement if THE DELINEATOR would finance it, we asked the country's foremost specialists in housing, home-making and economics to set up a standard for better homes in America.

President Coolidge, four members of the Cabinet, thirty-four Governors of States, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, the United States Chamber of Commerce and many other important organizations worked actively to raise the standard of living in America through the Better Homes movement.

Better Homes Week was observed in five hundred and twenty-one cities in 1922 and in more than one thousand in 1923. The work was chiefly done by women's clubs, departments of education and chambers of commerce.

On the editorial page of this issue we announce the 1923 winners of the prizes offered by THE DELINEATOR for Better Homes demonstrations in America. It has taken months for the hundreds of reports to be examined and rated and for the final decision of the prize-award committee to be reached. It was a very difficult task to select the seven most significant from among the remarkable reports of work coming in from every State. There were two sessions of the committee, one in New York and one in Washington, at which the Advisory Council was represented by Honorable Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Dr. John Gries, Director Division of Building and Housing, Department of Commerce; Mr. John Ihlder, Manager Civic Development Department, United States Chamber of Commerce; Dr. Hugh S. Cumming,

MISS LIDA HAFFORD, DIRECTOR GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, HEADED THE COMMITTEE ON THE NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION HOUSE, DEDICATED BY THE LATE PRESIDENT. LEFT TO RIGHT: THE EDITOR OF THE DELINEATOR, MISS HAFFORD, PRESIDENT AND MRS. HARDING, SECRETARY WEEKS



HEARTHSTONE OF THE CABIN AT ST. HELENA ISLAND, S. C., WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE

THREE PRIZE-WINNING ROOMS, DOORWAY OF THE UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J., HOUSE, AND THE $4,500 BUNGALOW AT GREENVILLE, S. C.

YOUNG AMERICA TRIUMPHANT. THE SIX JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS OF PORT HURON, MICH., WINNER OF THE DELINEATOR'S FIRST PRIZE IN THE 1923 BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA CAMPAIGN. THEY FINANCED THE CAMPAIGN WITH A VOTING CONTEST ON THE BEST MOTHER IN PORT HURON. READ PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S LETTER TO THEIR CHAIRMAN

Surgeon-General, United States Public Health Service; Dr. Louise Stanley, head of the Department of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture; Dr. Lee K. Frankel, Chairman National Health Council; Mr. Donn Barber, Fellow American Institute of Architects; Miss Lida Hafford, Director General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Charles Schuttler, Chairman Women's Division, Federation of Farm and Home Bureaus; Miss Sally Lucas Jean, Director of Health Education, American Child Health Association; Miss Eleanor Coonrad, Executive Secretary, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

President Coolidge was so impressed by the work done that he wrote to several of the committees personally commending them. Following is the President's letter to Miss Elizabeth Carlisle, in charge of the Better Homes demonstration house in Port Huron, Michigan, which won the first prize:

I have been very deeply interested in the Better Homes campaign, which has found such general support throughout the United States, because it seemed to me an especially useful and practical activity. The home is the foundation of society and of our institutions and is the pledge of contentment and satisfaction. It is the conclusive reply to every threat against the fundamental principles upon which our Government is based. To raise the standard of the American home is, therefore, to raise the standard of the American people, and I send to the Port Huron committee my sincere congratulations upon their efforts, which resulted in the award of the first prize in the recent nation-wide competition.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) CALVIN COOLIDGE.

INTERIORS OF DEMONSTRATION HOMES. UPPER LEFT, LIVING-ROOM AT ATLANTA, GA.; UPPER RIGHT, DINING-ROOM AT PORT HURON, MICH.; CENTER LEFT, BREAKFAST-NOOK AT SACRAMENTO, CALIF.; CENTER RIGHT, KITCHEN AT GREENVILLE, S. C.; CENTER, APARTMENT AT UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.; BOTTOM, NURSERY AT ATLANTA, GA.

Port Huron was a triumph and a justification of the American public-school system. The entire campaign was conducted by boy and girl students of the Washington Junior High School, under the supervision of Miss Carlisle, director of civics. Thirty per cent. of the residents of the town visited the demonstration. Seventy-nine local organizations cooperated in the movement. They had a voting contest on the best mother in Port Huron and in this way raised enough money to conduct their campaign.

The high-school students voted on "The Things I Want in My Own Home," and upon this basis the home was first planned. It would have cost thirty thousand dollars. By the process of eliminating the non-essentials, an attractive small house was finally designed. It was furnished and equipped with labor-saving devices, opened for one week and run as a demonstration home. The money necessary for building the home was underwritten by Mrs. Katherine B. Heanvenrich. The house cost fifty-five hundred dollars. At the close of the campaign it was sold at cost, plus five hundred dollars, with which to carry on the work for better homes in Port Huron.

Every street was placarded with posters, many of which were made by the high-school students. Every newspaper gave generous space to the movement. Local merchants

Concluded on page 63

CHRISTMAS AND THE POST-OFFICE

Points to keep in mind when mailing packages

By EDWARD M. MORGAN

Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

OF ALL the agencies of our Federal Government, none is closer to the great mass of the people of this country than the postal system, and the postal system comes closer to the hearts and homes of all at Christmas than at any other time.

Tons upon tons of packages are mailed at Christmas by those who seldom, if ever, mail packages at other times, and who, because of their lack of experience, fail to pack and wrap their gifts as they should, with the result that the postal employees, at the very season when they are hardest pressed, have to devote much of their time to patching and repairing badly wrapped packages and to matching up articles found loose in the mail-sacks with the wrappers from which the articles have escaped.

It is a wise precaution to write on a piece of paper the name and address of the person the gift is for and your name and address as sender and to attach this to the article itself before wrapping it. Then if by any mischance it gets loose in the mails, the postal employees will be able to effect its delivery.

In the New York Post-Office there is what is known as a "Hospital Table," and there is similar equipment in every large office. Here parcels that have succumbed to the strains of transmission are repaired. One such table I have in mind is presided over by a grizzled old employee, a veritable Santa Claus in appearance. He matches together the torn fragments of the addresses with the utmost care, possibly supplying a missing part from some clue on the cards or inscriptions on the articles themselves, and finally pasting all the parts of the address on a new wrapper.

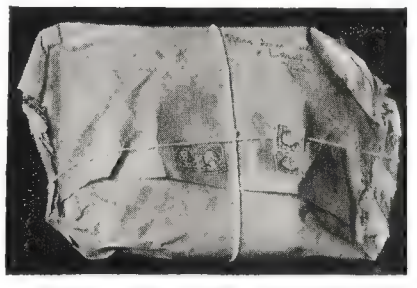
Many of the patients are too far gone for emergency treatment, vital parts of the addresses having been lost, and all these are sent to the dead-letter section, where they are retained pending possible inquiry by the owner. It should always be remembered that articles found loose in the mails are carefully preserved, and if it ever happens that some one you send a gift to fails to receive it, write to your postmaster about it and everything will be done that can be done to trace it.

ONE common cause of loss is the use of flimsy wrapping-paper. Generally speaking, the wrapping-paper used by department stores and other retail establishments nowadays is made only strong enough to protect the packages in transit between the stores and the customers' homes; but in a very large percentage of cases Christmas gifts mailed from our homes are rewrapped in this paper, which has already served its usefulness. Instead, strong, tough paper should be utilized. A piece of paper that is too small should never be used. In wrapping your Christmas gift it is not sufficient merely to bring the edges together: it is necessary to have them overlap well, and it is far better to use paper large enough to wrap round the package two or three times.

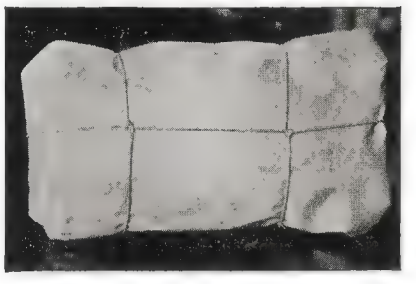
What has been said about paper is true also of string. If second-hand string must be used, it should be wrapped round repeatedly to distribute the strain. One common cause of loss in the mails is the faulty placing of the string around packages, and this applies particularly to packages containing gifts of dainty lingerie, knitted articles and every variety of fancy goods. Aunt Susan, in sending some dainty to Emma, naturally doesn't want to muss it by too tight pressure, and instead of drawing the string tight leaves it loose. When the package gets in the mails, the pressure compresses it, and if the string is not properly placed the chances are it will slip off a corner. This will so loosen the whole length that the string will in time slip off altogether. Dainty articles such as those mentioned should be placed in boxes; but whether in boxes or not, the wrapping should be tight enough to make a firm package and the string should be so tied that it can not slip off a corner.

It is generally best to pass the string round the package lengthwise, then round sidewise, far enough from the corners to prevent it slipping off, and every time the string crosses another winding it should be passed over and under and over and under before proceeding farther, so that it is safely bound in such a way that it can not slip.

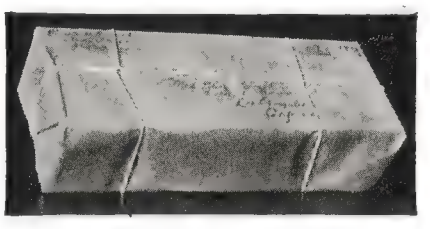
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN DAINTY NEGLIGÉES ARE MAILED IN A FLIMSY BOX AND TIED WITH INADEQUATE STRING



A JACKET THAT IS LOOSELY WRAPPED AND BADLY TIED



THE SAME GARMENT PROPERLY WRAPPED AND SECURELY TIED



AN EXAMPLE OF AN IDEAL PACKAGE, FIRM AND STRONG

The precaution as to strong paper and string and the method of wrapping and tying apply, of course, not only to such enclosures as have been mentioned, but to articles of every description. There are certain additional precautions that should be taken for articles of a fragile nature and those that are likely to be injured by pressure—for instance, women's hats. For their protection strong paper boxes should be used. If the box is not particularly strong, it should be reenforced with corrugated paper or extra cardboard so that it will be certain to withstand such pressure at it is likely to experience.

Articles liable to injure postal employees or to damage other mail matter, such as sharp-pointed instruments, glass, liquids, powders, etc., should not be posted unless packed in conformity with the special regulations that govern their admission. Advice as to the method of wrapping such things should always be sought of the post-office when their transmittal is contemplated.

All parcel-post packages, of any description whatever, should be brought to the post-office or to a post-office station for mailing. Such packages should never be deposited in the large street boxes intended for papers and circulars, nor should they be left on the top of these boxes or other street boxes. There are thieves who make a practise of stealing packages left thus exposed and who are so clever in their method of operation that they can ply their nefarious trade almost under the eyes of the police.

When several packages of approximately like appearance are to be mailed, each one should be addressed as it is wrapped to prevent mistakes. The sender should write his or her own address in the upper left corner of the package, so that in the event of misdirection or nondelivery the post-office will know to whom to return the package. The name and address of the sender are required by the post-office upon all parcel-post packages and they should never be omitted.

The address should never be guessed. The memory of most persons as to initials and the names of streets and numbers is tricky, and many packages fail of delivery as a result.

Where the package is intended for a town or city, the street and number, or box number, should invariably be given. If the package is for an occupant of an office-building, the room number should be included. If the package is for a person on a rural-delivery route, the number of the route and of the box should be given.

The name of the State should be written in full. Remember that many of the abbreviations of State names look alike when hastily written—as, for instance: N. Y., N. J. and N. C.; N. C. and S. C.; Md. and Ind.; Pa. and Va.; Penn. and Tenn.; N. Y. and Ky.; Col. and Cal.

After the package is addressed, the stamps should be affixed, and always in the upper right corner. Care should be taken to supply sufficient moisture to soften the mucilage, but not enough to remove it, and it is wise to press the stamp for a moment or so when affixing it to make certain its holds firmly. The correct amount of postage should be ascertained at a post-office and no chances taken in the way of guessing the value required.

IN DECEMBER the volume of mail is heavier than at any other time of the year, and notwithstanding every possible effort on the part of the regular force and the assistance of auxiliary clerks, it would be impossible to effect the delivery of all the Christmas gifts received if their mailing were postponed to the few days just prior to Christmas. It is necessary, therefore, that Christmas gifts be mailed early. It is permissible to write upon the wrappers of Christmas packages "Not to be opened before Christmas," or other like inscription, and this is now being done very extensively.

The liability around Christmas of severe storms, including heavy falls of snow and sleet, such as are likely to disrupt railroad schedules, render rural routes impassable and seriously retard the movement of motor-trucks and letter-carriers, should be taken into consideration. The clerks and carriers, moreover, like the rest of the community, want to spend their Christmas day at home with their families, and if they are to do so the gifts must be mailed early enough to permit them to effect delivery in advance of that time.

Such a very large percentage of all the gifts mailed at Christmas are posted by women that their cooperation in promoting the better wrapping of parcels, correct addressing and early mailing is of the utmost consequence, and if the readers of THE DELINEATOR will give their aid along the lines set forth it will be most helpful to the Government and to the hard-working postal employees.

USEFUL and BEAUTIFUL BOXES

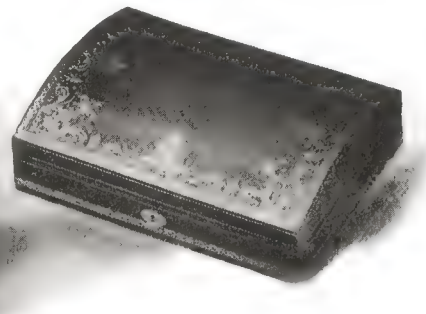
Closed or open, a pretty box not only delights the eye but makes a most appropriate holiday gift. Additional information and suggestions for the decorative use and making of unusual boxes may be obtained by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration.

© Milne

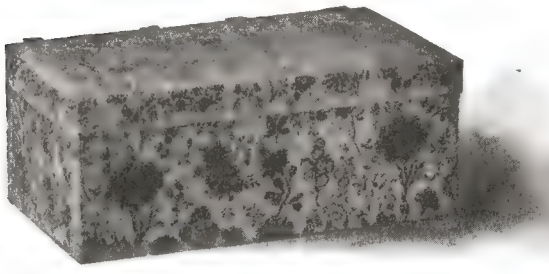
For the living-room, a carved silver cigaret-box would introduce a bright note against the dark wood of a table

A hand-carved wood humidor of the Italian Renaissance period, holding fifty cigars, makes a most pleasing gift

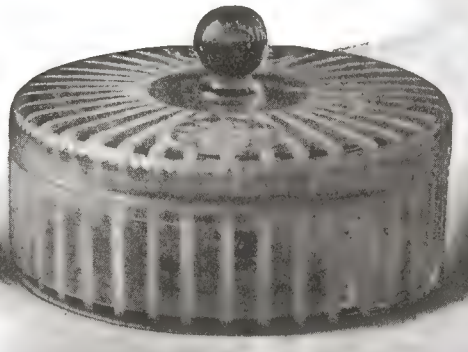
For one's jewels, a box of Italian hand-tooled leather would suggest the treasure caskets of other days



Photographs would find this French leather box a more interesting place than an ordinary photograph album



Just cardboard, but with a decorative paper cover, this box might hold lingerie, gloves, veils or handkerchiefs

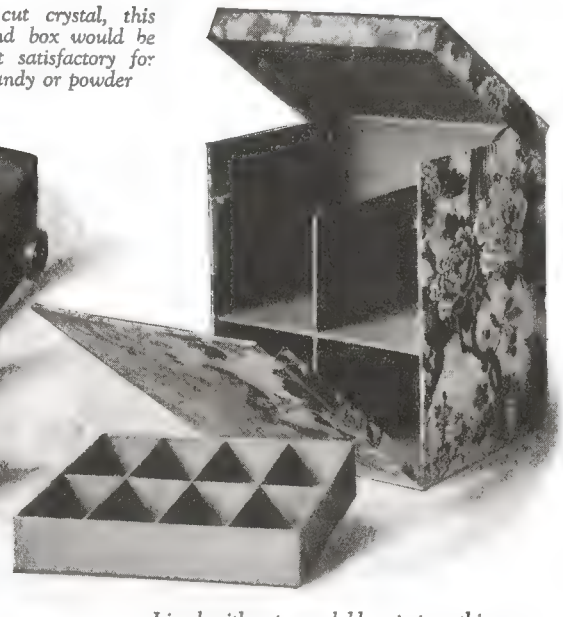


Most appropriate for matches, candy, etc., is this turquoise-blue Japanese enamel box

Of cut crystal, this round box would be most satisfactory for candy or powder

Covered with brilliant orange paper with motifs of birds and flowers, this spacious round hat-box would add convenience and color to any boudoir

Made of gumwood, this under-bed box, with an extra dust-proof board, makes a most satisfactory storage for Summer or Winter clothes



Lined with a peacock-blue paper, this compact and interesting box holds four pairs of shoes and, in the tray, eight pairs of stockings

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

THE DELINEATOR is placing at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, feeding after infancy, the place of sweets in the child's diet, care of the teeth and the health education and mental hygiene of the child of school age. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps in development and the completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, baby specialist, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," is chief editorial adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign

"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Articles available in pamphlets are: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; and "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, ex-Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene. Any one of this series of eight pamphlets will be mailed on receipt of ten cents to cover cost of printing and postage

THE HAPPY CHILD

New protective treatment robs diphtheria of its terrors

By DR. WILLIAM H. PARK

Expert in bacteriology, public health and hygiene; Director of the Bureau of Laboratories, Department of Health, City of New York

DIPHTHERIA is no longer the terrible scourge of infancy and childhood that it was before the discovery of antitoxin, but it still destroys more lives than any other of the contagious diseases. Last year fifteen thousand little children died from it in the United States and one hundred and forty thousand were sick. The tragedy is that this bodily suffering of the babies and little children and the agony of mind of the parents were entirely unnecessary, for we have a nearly certain cure and an absolute preventive.

Diphtheria is caused by a germ that lodges in the mucous membrane of the nose or throat or windpipe. Once located there, the germs increase in number rapidly and make a powerful poison, called toxin, which injures the lining of the throat and so produces the "gray membrane." Diphtheria is insidious in its onset. The child is not very ill at first. There is some sore throat and perhaps a little hoarseness. There is a slight fever and a few grayish spots are on the tonsils. If the disease continues unchecked and the case does badly, the gray membrane increases. If the membrane is in the windpipe, the child may strangle. At any time heart failure may occur. Now, suppose this were your child, what could you do to save it?

We will imagine that your child complains of a sore throat and little grayish spots are seen on the tonsils, or he becomes croupy. If there is any suspicion of diphtheria, no time should be lost in summoning a physician. If on examination the doctor suspects the case to be diphtheria, he will give the child a dose of an antidote called antitoxin. Antitoxin given early will check the disease and give the child a better chance to win the struggle.

I have seen a number of tragic cases where, because of delay in summoning a physician or a refusal to permit the prompt use of antitoxin, a child's death occurred.

No well-informed parent will blame a physician who gives a dose of antitoxin in a case which later proves not to have been diphtheria. No harm is done by an injection of antitoxin, but death may follow the withholding of it until the physician is certain of his diagnosis.

Antitoxin to be effective must be injected hypodermically—that is, into the tissues—by a hollow needle attached to a syringe. From the tissues, the antitoxin slowly penetrates into the blood, and from the blood it passes through the walls of the smallest blood-vessels to all parts of the body. In bad cases we inject antitoxin directly into the blood, thus avoiding the slowness of absorption. Once absorbed, antitoxin remains in the blood. The best practise now is to give a sufficient dose at the earliest possible moment and not to repeat it.

It has been found that of the infants and children who receive antitoxin on the first day of the disease, ninety-seven per cent. recover; of those to whom it is given on the second day of the disease, ninety per cent. recover, and of those who receive antitoxin on the third day only eighty-five per cent. recover.

Nearly thirty years ago, before antitoxin was accepted as a curative agent by physicians in general, I had the opportunity of watching two groups of children, one receiving antitoxin, the other not. It was heartrending to see some of the children who did not get the antitoxin grow worse day by day and die, while others who had been just as ill recovered after receiving the antitoxin.

PROTECTION IN CASE OF EXPOSURE

If children have been exposed to diphtheria, how can we protect them from developing it?

Wonderful as are the results of antitoxin when given early in a case of diphtheria, its value is even greater as a preventive. A small injection of antitoxin given before or after exposure will absolutely protect a child for a period of two weeks and probably three weeks.

Can a mother or nurse, in the absence of a physician, administer antitoxin?

Yes, it would be wise, if a physician can not be procured promptly, to have a nurse or the mother give the antitoxin. The nurse or mother should cleanse the skin over the back of the arm of the patient with soap and water and then, if possible, paint the spot with iodine; then inject the antitoxin under the skin. Antitoxin is now supplied in a syringe-container and is ready to inject. Directions accompany each package. *Parents who live far away from doctors and drug-stores should keep a supply of antitoxin.* It can be sent through the mail or by express and can be stored for two years. Many States supply free antitoxin to physicians.

The Schick Test—For many years it has been known that a certain proportion of children and adults in any community are immune to diphtheria because of the possession of natural antitoxin. Dr. Schick of Vienna discovered a *very simple* method of finding out which children are susceptible to diphtheria and which are not. This method is called the Schick test. He found that if a tiny amount of diphtheria toxin were inserted by means of a fine needle into the skin of a susceptible child, the toxin would meet no natural antitoxin and would act as an irritant, causing a red spot the size of a dime to appear. If no spot developed within three days, it was proof that the child was immune.

The Schick test is able to give us much interesting and valuable information about immunity at different ages and under different conditions. For instance, about fifty per cent. of adults living in the country are immune and about eighty-five per cent. of those living in the cities. If a mother is immune, her infant is immune at birth and for some six or twelve months after birth. The presence of this transferred antitoxin and the comparative isolation of babies are the reasons why so few of them develop diphtheria. Between the ages of one and three years nearly all babies are shown by the Schick test to have no antitoxin. That is the most dangerous period of their lives in regard to diphtheria. Year by year as they grow older a greater and greater percentage of them develop their own antitoxin and diphtheria becomes gradually less of a menace. Nevertheless, one-half at least of the children remain susceptible and need protection.

Lasting protection can now be given to children by toxin-antitoxin without subjecting them to danger or annoyance.

The wonderful thing about the addition of antitoxin to toxin is that, while it robs the toxin in the mixture of its poisonous and irritating qualities, it leaves the toxin the power to stimulate in human beings an antidote and so gives protection to those who receive an injection.

The first injections of the toxin-antitoxin in children were given by von Behring in 1913. They were begun by us in New York a few months later. The Great War prevented von Behring's continuing the investigation, but in New York the work has progressed steadily.

We knew from our animal experiments that the injections would protect the children, but we were ignorant of how long the protection would last. If it lasted only a year or two, it would hardly be practical to use the injections as a public-health measure. We planned at the beginning to settle this important point.

Our first observations were made on several thousand little children who we expected would remain in institutions for a number of years. We gave those who were susceptible three injections of this protective mixture. In none of these children did any harmful results develop. In some, indeed, a slight temporary soreness at the point of injection lasted for two or three days. We found that about eighty-five per cent. of the children injected became absolutely immune to diphtheria. The remainder responded to additional treatment. Year by year we have retested these children and we find that with very few exceptions they have remained completely immune. These results were so satisfactory that the school and health authorities decided to offer this protection against diphtheria to children attending school.

The school work in New York was begun in a small way six years ago and has so developed that about half a million of the million school children here have received the Schick test and those not immune the protective treatment also. Many thousands of the younger children have been treated in their homes by their family doctors or in baby health stations by the health-department physicians. The results have been so favorable that the health authorities of Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia and many other cities are now urging the use of this new method. When we began this work in 1917, the deaths from diphtheria among children in New York City numbered nearly twelve hundred a year. During the past year, there have been only a little over five hundred.

Now that we have at hand this comparatively simple yet adequate means of prevention, parents must choose whether or not their children are to run the risk of contracting diphtheria. We urge that you take your children who are over one year of age to your family physician at once and have them protected by means of the toxin-antitoxin treatment. If the test and treatment are being given at school and your children bring home a circular asking you to permit the health department to protect your children, we hope that, unless your own doctor has already done this, you will give your consent. You will protect your own children and will prevent them from being a source of contagion to others.

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EATING FOR HEALTH

WINTER VEGETABLES

ENTHUSIASM for vegetables, although well cultivated and highly developed during the Summer months, may wane with the coming of Winter and the passing of the garden and market supply of fresh lettuce, chard, tomatoes and other vegetable favorites. Lest this happen, one may well adopt the truck-growers' highly educational slogan, "Eat vegetables for vitamins," as a motto for the Winter's diet.

A safe rule to follow is to serve two vegetables other than potatoes daily. In laying the foundation menus for a month, canned tomatoes may be slipped in at least as often as twice a week without fear of wearying the family appetite.

Fortunately the supply of leafy vegetables does not stop with the passing of Summer. Such leafy vegetables as cabbage and celery and onions keep well in storage and afford valuable minerals as well as vitamins.

In order to preserve as much as possible of their valuable food elements, these vegetables should be cooked only enough to make them tender. Cabbage, for instance, requires only twelve to twenty minutes of cooking in uncovered salted water. Vegetables of any kind possess most value when eaten raw. Cabbage shredded or shaved is an excellent salad vegetable and may be eaten as cole-slaw or combined with other foods in salad mixtures. It adds bulk and crispness as well as minerals and vitamins to the diet, and a cabbage salad of some kind might well occupy a place on the menu as often as twice a week.

Carrots, beets, turnips and squash are other Winter vegetables, with carrots probably in the lead as far as food value goes. These vegetables may be used to fill in the odd days in the menu. Carrots are particularly healthful if eaten raw. They are easily digested if grated or finely ground and may be used in salad in combination with other vegetables or with pineapple or grated cheddar or American cheese or cottage-cheese.

One excellent way of serving Winter vegetables without great loss of value in cooking is to grind or chop finely the raw vegetables such as carrot, onion, cabbage or turnips and add them to a clear soup made of chicken or beef stock. When finely ground, the vegetables need only a few minutes' cooking, ten or fifteen being sufficient.

The knowledge of successful methods of food preservation has made a variety of commercial or home canned vegetables available for food throughout the year. It is especially important that the use of canned vegetables of the kind spoken of as "greens" be included in the diet. Although spinach, endive and lettuce are available in the market during the Winter months, their price forces many persons to rely largely on their canned supplies.

All vegetables contain many of the tonic and laxative properties included in that dosage that in former years was a harbinger of Spring. As a sign of the times and a better knowledge of nutrition and right eating for health, it is interesting to note that "You need a Spring tonic for that tired feeling" has changed to "Eat vegetables for vitamins."

FOOD CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

THIS is a good month to—

Use citrus fruits and cranberries plentifully.

Begin making or using whole-wheat bread.

Use canned vegetables to alternate with those from Winter storage.

Serve canned tomatoes twice a week.

Have stewed dried fruits often.

Use the fireless cooker for hot breakfast cereals.

Add a few chopped dates to the porridge just before serving

Think of all the hot desserts you know—rice pudding, bread pudding, apple betty, warm gingerbread, fresh pies—and get some fruit into them if possible.

Make puddings or muffins of left-over breakfast cereal, adding a few nuts, raisins or currants.

Keep up the salad habit. There are dozens of cabbage, carrot, celery, apple and other Winter salads.

Remember a hot dish for the children's school lunch.

Take time to measure ingredients accurately, follow directions carefully and improve the standard of the home made products.

Edited by

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WHEN I left America for Belgium, the American Better-Homes Week had reached a successful conclusion. The thought of better homes and what they meant in the life of a nation was uppermost in my mind.

In Belgium I found two things that are contributing in a wonderful way to improving the homes of that country: first, the program of reconstruction and improvements going on busily; second, the leadership of a queen who is first of all a wonderful woman.

What can be back of all this tremendous activity in a nation that has just had another of those terrible shocks from which Belgium, the cockpit of the world, has suffered from time to time throughout history? The answer is in the national policy of encouraging the ownership of property, no matter how small the parcel.

These people had something of their own to return to, to strive to recover and to hold. This has led to an all-absorbing program of industry and perseverance. Their cheerfulness is equally marvelous. It is, however, the result of a fundamental trait: the satisfaction of the natural instinct of possession.

When the war was over and even the house and home gone, there was the bit of land to hold their affections—a nucleus of interest, a center of possession about which once more to establish a home.

It is a saving grace that next to the instinct of self-preservation comes the desire for a home and an effort to protect it. There is a pleasure which comes even after destruction and devastation if a home can be rebuilt on the spot about which the associations of a lifetime cluster.

The second force at work in this nation is the queen, who has at once the qualities necessary to make her a rare queen and is a woman who would stand out at any time and in any nation as a remarkable woman. She is an illustration of the result of practical, scientific training for women. Her father, a noted oculist, trained her in his own laboratory and clinic. She brought to her duties as queen the interest and knowledge of a scientist. This she has used in directing the lives of her three children. She has followed the development of nutrition as a health factor and has applied it to their diet.

When the war broke out, the queen was ready and able to take her place as a nurse in a hospital, to help in the surgical ward, to give practical direction to the scientific care of the sick and wounded.

Her people recognize her as a friend, a rare woman, a mother, a home-maker of a kind to be emulated. Not infrequently her subjects seek her help, not as a queen, but as a woman who has had the training and experience which they have missed and who can advise them how to care for and feed their children and how to direct their homes.

It is her ideal to give to these women more of that knowledge which will enable them to feed and care for and to train their children well. She would have them freed somewhat from the routine of their daily lives so that they might have a broader view of life as a whole.

In sum and substance, are not these two things that are affecting so profoundly the life and welfare of little Belgians the same things that all nations must seek if they are to prosper? First, the responsibility, the industry, the stability which comes with the ownership of a house, in which centers the nucleus of civilization, the home. Second, the education of women to make them able to handle successfully and well the most important problems that any nation has to face—the bearing, rearing and training of efficient human beings.

Belgium, though not giving it the name of "Better-Homes Campaign," is certainly not to be found lacking in stirring activities for better homes. Such knowledge and such building are the greatest incentives to universal peace.

Martha Van Rensselaer

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Answers to questions that are asked by home-makers

QUESTION. How do you caramelize sugar?

A. Put one-half cup of sugar in an iron pan or a granite saucepan and place it over the flame. Stir constantly until the sugar melts, taking care to keep the sugar scraped from the sides of the pan. Then add very carefully one-half cup of boiling water and simmer ten minutes. (Never add cold water, as the sugar is very hot—about 350 degrees Fahrenheit—and if cold water is put in it will cause this intensely hot sirup to spatter almost with the force of an explosion.) The caramelized sugar may be used without adding the water, but in that case it must be used at once, as it will harden almost instantly.

If caramel for flavoring and coloring meat gravies is desired, continue heating the sugar after it is melted until it is quite brown and smoke begins to appear. Then carefully add an equal amount of boiling water and simmer until it is thick and sirupy. This may be bottled and kept for future use.

Q. What are the temperatures used for deep-fat frying?

A. For frying articles made of foods already cooked, such as croquettes or breaded vegetables, the temperature should be about 365 degrees Fahrenheit. For uncooked foods, such as smelts or other small fish or doughnuts, the best temperature is 350 degrees Fahrenheit. For foods that are very cold and contain considerable water, such as potatoes or oysters, use a temperature of 380 degrees Fahrenheit. Always reheat the fat to the desired temperature before putting in the next batch of food.

Q. How do you care for fat that has been used for frying?

A. In the first place, never heat the fat until it is too hot. This lowers the smoking-temperature and the life of the fat so that it can not be reused as often. Some people test the temperature for frying by watching for the blue smoke to appear. This is a mistake. When this point is reached, fat has begun to decompose and hence lost some of its usefulness. In the second place, always clarify a fat when you are through using it. Add two or three slices of raw potato or apple to the hot fat and let it cook until it ceases to bubble. Then strain it through cheese-cloth placed over a wire strainer. Allow the fat to cool and keep it in a cool, dark place. If desired, a bit of soda may be added. This tends to lighten the color and remove any disagreeable odors.

Q. How shall I care for my lettuce in order to prevent waste?

A. In the first place, select clean, crisp, heavy heads. As soon as the lettuce arrives, discard the outside leaves that are not fit for use, pull off all outside leaves that need washing and drop them into a pan of cold water. Usually the heart of the lettuce is clean and requires no washing. Do not wet this, but put it into a tin can with a tight-fitting cover; a tightly covered porcelain dish is even better. Thoroughly wash the leaves that need washing, removing all bad parts, and put these in the container with the heart. There will be sufficient moisture to keep the lettuce crisp. Cover the can to prevent evaporation and put it in the refrigerator. Lettuce cared for in this way will last for a week. The dark green outside leaves need not be wasted; they may be used either for garnishing or cut in shreds just before they are to be served and mixed with French dressing and capers or chopped onion and cucumber or chopped green and red peppers. Cress, parsley and celery may all be cared for in the same manner as the lettuce.

Q. How is "Thousand Island" salad-dressing made?

A. The basis of this dressing is the more familiar mayonnaise. The following proportions make an appetizing dressing:

1 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chives
3 tablespoons catchup
3 tablespoons chopped red pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
4 tablespoons chilli sauce
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar

Mix all together. The proportions may be varied to suit individual tastes.

COOKING ON A PLANK

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

WHEN we wish to impress our guests with our originality or strive to attain the *ne plus ultra* of service, "the something different," we offer food cooked and served on planks—a planked dinner.

A planked dinner is a de luxe edition of the so-called one-dish meal—in which the vegetables and meat or fish are all served in one dish—either cooked or reheated and served on a plank. The whole should form a conventionalized picture. The metal holder or edge of the plank forms the frame, the potatoes the border or background and the meat the foreground of the picture.

Planks for this purpose are usually made of oak. There are two kinds—the plain, oblong plank and the oval. If the plain plank is used, it is of one, two or three inches in thickness, according to the preference of the cook. The oval plank is like the chop or steak platter: it has the three converging grooves and the well at the end for collecting the gravy. It is also supplied with a metal frame, which holds the plank, and is placed on the table for service.

The plank may be used both as a cooking-utensil and as a platter for serving the food, but often the food is cooked in the oven or under the broiler until it is almost done and is then placed on a plank and reheated in the oven. The food is served from the plank, which is placed on the table.

In using planks for cooking, the first step is to heat the plank thoroughly. This heating requires about fifteen minutes in a hot oven. The plank is then sprinkled with salt and brushed with butter, the food placed upon it and cooked or reheated.

Only foods that cook in less than an hour are, as a rule, cooked entirely on planks. For this reason fish and chickens are usually split before planking. Steaks and chops are especially favored for plank service.

Among the foods that are cooked on planks are eggs, fish, steaks, chops and chickens. Whole shad, either with or without the roe, haddock, whitefish, split and filleted, slices of halibut, smelts and lobster, with or without oysters, are the fish most favored for planking. Rump steak, sirloin, club, porterhouse may all be cooked in this manner. Steaks should be cut from one and one-half to two inches thick. English mutton chops are adapted to this method of cooking.

One of the advantages of the planked dinner is that all the vegetables that accompany the meat are served on the plank. But much of the success of the dinner depends upon the combinations that are used, the attractiveness of the arrangement and the ease with which it can be served.

The combinations of vegetables that may be used in planked dinners are almost endless. On the outer edge of the planks there is usually a border of mashed sweet or white or duchesse potatoes. A pastry-bag with a star tube is used to pipe these on the plank. The potatoes may be arranged in a border or in nests. If a pastry-bag and tube are not at hand, the potatoes may be formed in balls with a spoon and then into nests by pressing with the bottom of a custard-cup. The nests may be filled with peas—buttered or creamed—or with peas and carrots combined. Potato croquettes, rice or samp croquettes, bread croustades, French-fried potatoes, potato-balls or potatoes Julienne may be used for a border.

Inside the border, when it is continuous, or alternating with the nests or croquettes or croustades when these are used, stuffed peppers or tomatoes, glazed whole onions, sliced or diced carrots and slices or halves of broiled tomatoes may be placed. Sometimes the places are filled in with cooked, seasoned string or Lima beans, or asparagus. Sliced raw tomatoes and cucumbers are sometimes used, in spite of the old rule of serving hot things hot and cold things cold.

Parsley and slices of lemon are used to garnish fish dishes; mushrooms and sometimes oysters are added to the steaks and chicken.

BREAD CROUSTADES

For croustades the bread should be stale. Cut it into slices two inches thick and then into the desired shape—circles, squares or diamonds. With a sharp pointed knife remove the centers, being careful to leave a thick layer on the bottom and sides. Fry the cases in deep fat or brush with melted butter and brown in the oven.

What could be more appetizing-looking than a thick steak with a border of potato nests containing fresh peas and a garnish of stuffed tomatoes?

STUFFED TOMATOES

Wash firm, medium-size tomatoes, cut a slice off the stem end and scoop out the pulp. Sprinkle the inside with salt and turn upside down to drain. Mix the pulp with an equal quantity of buttered bread-crums. Add a little chopped onion and green and red peppers. Add a little very finely chopped celery if desired. Refill the tomatoes. Place them in a buttered pan and sprinkle with buttered crums. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Place one-half cup of butter in a bowl, cover with cold water and mash or press with a spoon until the salt is removed. Drain off the water. Divide the butter in three parts. Put one part in the top of a double boiler over hot water, add one tablespoon of lemon-juice and the yolks of two eggs and beat with a wire whisk until the butter is melted. Add a second piece of butter and continue beating until the mixture begins to thicken. Add the third piece, beat until it melts, remove from hot water at once and season with one-fourth teaspoon of salt and a few grains of Cayenne.

PLANKED RUMP STEAK

Select a rump steak cut two inches thick. Trim and wipe with a damp cloth. Broil for ten minutes, searing first on one side and then on the other. While the steak is broiling, heat the plank. Sprinkle the hot plank with salt and brush it with melted butter. Place the steak in the center. Pipe a border of mashed sweet or white or duchesse potatoes around the edge and brush this with egg-white to which one teaspoon of water has been added. Inside of this place eight glazed or buttered onions, alternating with spoonfuls of green peas or diced buttered carrots. Put in the oven long enough to brown the potatoes. Sprinkle the steak with a little dry mustard, squeeze on about a teaspoon of lemon-juice, spread with a tablespoon of butter and a little Worcestershire sauce. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Turn and treat the other side in the same way. Garnish with sautéd mushroom caps or sprigs of parsley and lemon.

Variations

1. Use a club steak cut one and one-half inches thick. Cream one-half cup of butter from which the salt has been washed and add to it one-half tablespoon each of finely chopped red peppers, green peppers and parsley, also one onion and a little lemon-juice. Mix thoroughly. Put half this mixture on the hot plank. Add the broiled steak. Put the other half of the mixture on top of the steak. Add a border of duchesse potatoes brushed with egg-yolk diluted with milk or with egg-white diluted with water. Return to the oven to brown the potatoes. Remove from the oven, garnish with sautéd mushroom caps and serve.

2. Use one pound of lean beef chopped very fine and seasoned with salt, pepper and onion-juice. Make this into a cake. Broil it on both sides and lay it on the hot prepared plank. Add a border of mashed potatoes, brush with egg and put it in the oven to brown. Garnish with baked bananas and serve with a cup of cream sauce to which one-half cup of grated horseradish has been added.

A pastry-bag with a star tube is used to pipe on the border of the planked dinner. The border may be of mashed sweet, white or duchesse potatoes

PLANKED SHAD

Clean and split a three-pound shad. Place skin down on a hot salted and buttered plank. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and brush with melted butter and bake in the oven for twenty-five or thirty minutes. Cream three tablespoons of butter, add gradually the juice of one lemon and one tablespoon of finely chopped parsley. Spread this on the fish. Surround with a border of mashed potatoes brushed with egg-yolk diluted with milk. Brown in the oven. Remove, garnish with quarters of lemon and sprays of parsley and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

This fish may be cooked under the gas-flame instead of in the oven.

Variations

1. Use haddock or whitefish instead of shad and serve with potato-balls or French-fried potatoes and stuffed tomatoes.

2. Spread the baked shad with creamed roe and buttered crums and brown in the oven. Use any border desired.

PLANKED SMELTS

Clean smelts and arrange in the center of a hot buttered plank. Brush them with butter and bake twelve minutes. Garnish with a border of mashed-potato roses, brushed with egg-yolk and milk, and brown in the oven. Serve with sliced cucumber and tomato with French dressing.

PLANKED LOBSTER

Select a lobster weighing about one and one-half pounds. Cut in half. Arrange on a hot plank. Brush it with melted butter. Season with pepper and salt and bake twenty minutes. Arrange a border of mashed-potato cups or bread croustades filled with green peas or asparagus tips, or a border of French-fried potatoes. Serve with tomatoes and cucumbers sliced.

PLANKED CHICKEN

Select a young and tender chicken. Split it down the back so that it will lie flat. Put it in a pan, spread with butter, season with pepper and salt and bake about twenty-five minutes. Place it on a hot buttered plank and surround it with a border of potato or rice croquettes, alternating with asparagus tips on toast triangles. The latter may be omitted.

PLANKED EGGS

Mix three-fourths cup of cooked meat, chopped and well-seasoned, with three-fourths cup of soft bread-crums moistened with cream. Spread this mixture on the center of a hot plank, form the desired number of nests and finish with a border of duchesse potatoes brushed with egg and milk. Return to the oven to brown. Remove and put a poached egg in each nest and a row of broiled sliced tomatoes around the edge of the meat. Sprinkle a little paprika on top of the eggs.

DUCHESSE POTATOES

For duchesse potatoes, add one tablespoon of hot milk or cream, one tablespoon of melted butter and one egg-yolk to each cup of well-seasoned mashed potatoes and beat well. About one quart of potatoes is required to garnish an ordinary planked dinner.

THE FOUNDATION OF BETTER FURNITURE

The first of a series of articles on period furniture

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

Jacobean chair with spiral legs showing the Spanish influence

Photos by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

Early-Jacobean oak tables, with bulbous legs and long stretchers, were very long and rather narrow. To these were given the name of "refectory" tables

Jacobean chair showing carving on the bars between the uprights

NOTE—*The object of this and the following articles on period furniture is to give practical information to readers who want to know what constitutes good furniture and how to identify types with certainty and convenience. Requests for additional information regarding new or old period furniture should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope and be directed to the Editor of the Department of House Decoration.*

TO FURNISH a house successfully, one must have a knowledge of the history and characteristics of good period furniture. It not only enables one to choose wisely the certain pieces needed for convenience, but makes certain that their type is suitable and appropriate to the immediate surroundings.

Failing to recognize good lines, woods and workmanship in either antique or modern pieces, we are very apt to be influenced by what happens to be the fad at the time of purchase—only to find, if we indulge in such a fad, that in five or ten years our furniture has gone out of style and we are burdened with innumerable white elephants.

With very few exceptions, all our modern furniture has been designed from so-called period furniture, some of it being very accurately reproduced from authentic pieces and much of it being cheaply and badly done.

The Jacobean period is generally admitted to be the most complicated of all periods, but since its influence was so directly felt in the making of some of our early American furniture, I will endeavor to make its characteristics as simple as possible.

The name Jacobean is derived from the Latin for James and indicates furniture used during the seventeenth century. The period 1603 to 1649 is known as the early Jacobean; the period between 1649 and 1660 is generally known as the Cromwellian, while the period between 1660 and 1668 is called Carolean. These styles overlapped, and the best one can do is to give the approximate dates of their popularity. All, however, came under the general heading of Jacobean.

The early-Jacobean furniture, as well as all other furniture, reflects the people and customs of the times. This furniture was heavy and coarse, with square, crude feet and clumsiness of line. It was generally severe in line and matched the abrupt manners and coarseness of the people. The furniture of the Cromwellian era was much the same as the early Jacobean, except that Dutch influence was growing and the "bun" or ball foot became common. The Carolean influence developed sofas and seats, upholstered with gay fabrics. Footstools and chairs with carved tops and turned legs also became popular during this era.

The articles of furniture in common use during the Jacobean period were stools, chairs, settees, love-seats, tables, chests and cupboards. In the early-Jacobean periods, chairs were scarce, stools being in more general use. Stools were commonly used at the ends of long refectory tables, while at the sides were backless benches or long stools. Tables, stools and benches were made with turned and sometimes carved legs, with stout stretchers or rails at the bottom to rest the feet on. It was the custom to hang the heels on the stretchers to escape the drafts or dirt on the floor. The underframing was occasionally carved and the legs were given a slight outward spread.

As it became less the custom to hang the feet on stretchers, we find footstools and chairs becoming popular. Chair-seats were almost square, with high, straight backs and heavy stretchers between the legs of the chairs. The legs of the chair were usually knobbed and the uprights of the backs often ended in carved finials. Crosspieces between the uprights were usually carved and hooped, though some had vertical bars with slight carving between the uprights.

After 1665, spiral-turned legs came into favor. This was probably due to the fact that the wife of Charles II was a Portuguese and brought with her to England pieces of furniture which started the Spanish influence in the later-Jacobean period. Up to this time all furniture was made of oak, but now walnut was introduced.

Cupboards were favorite pieces of furniture during the Cromwellian era and invariably showed the Dutch influence by having "bun" or ball feet. Chests with combination of drawers or small cupboards set on side-tables were sometimes fitted with shelves, drawers and doors, but occasionally had spiral legs with stretchers close to the floor.

Tables came to be permanent pieces of furniture during the Jacobean period. Previous to this period, tables were movable boards set upon trestles. The early-Jacobean tables were of great length, but narrow in comparison to the length, and were given the name of "refectory" tables. Bulbous legs were characteristic of the early Jacobean, but during the Cromwellian and Carolean era small tables became popular for games and tea-drinking.

The popular modern Colonial house and the majority of apartments make inappropriate settings for much Jacobean furniture, though a few pieces of it can be successfully combined with a lighter and more delicate period of English furniture. I say English because it would be decidedly inappropriate to combine Jacobean with French or the popular light, painted furniture. But in libraries, dens or in spacious halls and in houses designed after the early English—a type which is generally of stucco, with casement windows and beamed ceilings—it is permissible to furnish throughout with Jacobean furniture, if so desired.

Oak Jacobean stools will often serve the purpose of small tables

A Jacobean cabinet, a favorite piece of furniture, showing the Dutch influence by its "bun" or ball feet

Stools were more generally used in the Jacobean period than chairs

TO THE YOUNG!

By Celia Caroline Cole

Youth has beauty problems of its own—chiefly in the direction of preserving natural gifts against the ravages of time. There are common-sense ways of doing it, too, and older women can profit by the same instruction. At all times Mrs. Cole is ready to supplement her articles with personal advice to any inquirer who encloses a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply

WE KNOW, of course, that "to the young" includes the entire world in these days, when our grandmothers, dancing at three A.M., protest bitterly at being dragged home to bed "in just the shank of the evening," and daily Our Own Particular Baby gives us, ourself, points in poise and self-respect. But in this article, which ought to have everything young and gay in it because of the new little year waiting on the threshold, we want to talk to those young-old people who have lived—well, say, seventeen or twenty long, full years.

"You have the look my cousin had,
When she was young as you.
But the look my cousin has to-day,
Is that to be your's, too?

What would you say if I stopped you now
And said what I have to say,
And told you a simple way to keep
The look you have to-day?"

And there's a third verse, but it isn't time for that yet.

"The look you have to-day." When the poet wrote that line, he undoubtedly saw the rose-petal, dewy, believing, *young* look which seventeen is supposed to have. But that isn't the seventeen we who live in cities see: thickly powdered face to give the colorless skin that has been so chic for the last six months, vermilion-hued mouth, not making the slightest effort to resemble the natural red of young lips, hair slicked tightly over the head whether it's becoming or not, restless eyes with little hard glints in them and mouths that *know!* That's the seventeen we who live in cities see.

Now and then, in spite of themselves, some of these faces have charm—that iridescent, leaping, strong-lived thing that in physical youth is hard to destroy—but most of them have only a grotesque kind of manikin chic in them. And now and then back of these whitened, vermilion-lipped faces one finds a perfect dear of a girl—breeding and lack of self-consciousness and simplicity of soul. But mostly one finds an unlovely sophistication, a bar-maid's sense of humor, and a back-stairs idea of what life is.

SOMEWHERE, of course, seventeen is still just seventeen—in the country, perhaps; in little towns; even in cities we find her quite often, and back of her always a beautifully balanced, strong parent, either father or mother or both—just as dewy and fine-fibered and natural as seventeen ever was; and everybody who is discriminating speaks delightedly of her, and although the hard little boys of seventeen and twenty may pass by to those young ladies who like to "pet" and who can slip them a cocktail stolen out of father's gin, still she's the kind of girl they intend to marry, these gay sad gods of twenty, and she's the kind they want their sisters to be: plenty of "pep" but not so "wise."

It's bad enough now to find youth so old, but some of these young things of seventeen look twenty-five or thirty now! Thirty is the age a woman should be for years and years and years—but those years should come after thirty and not before!

The physical side of it is this: When a young thing of seventeen or twenty begins to powder thickly, she's building a bad skin for that enchanting age of thirty. True, powder is protective against weather and dirt, but skin is built to stand all it has to stand up to twenty-five or thirty. You were built to live, you know—not just to exhibit in the factory show-room. You're sea-worthy!

Up to twenty-five, all you need to do is to keep sparklingly clean and healthy. If your skin is very delicate or very dry, use a greaseless cleansing cold-cream and a good, mild skin-tonic made mostly of wich-hazel, talcum powder for under your arms (don't cover your back and chest with it; they don't need powder, they have *youth*), a little very light powder for your face—pure, very fine-grained powder, and fluff it mostly over your nose and forehead, on state occasions, or very windy or cold weather, or as protection against sunburn. No rouge, no lip-stick, no mascaro.

JUST wash your face at night with lukewarm water and soap-suds made from a good, pure unperfumed or very delicately perfumed soap, then rinse well in cold water—heaps of it—and all the rest of the time wash only with cold water. Heaps of cold water inside and out. Drink two glasses every morning before breakfast, with a little lemon-juice in it if you like, and then not less than two quarts more during the day and evening. The little bran or oatmeal bags instead of a wash-cloth and soap are exceedingly good; they make the skin like velvet and have a delightful fragrance. You can buy them, twelve for two dollars, or make your own out of two-thirds bran or oatmeal and one-third orris-root. Make small cheese-cloth bags and fill them. Use them like wash-cloths in as hot water as your hands can stand and rinse off the face afterward in cold water.

Never fail to have a perfectly cleansed skin before you go to bed. And take some kind of a bath every single day of your blessed young life—sponge, or tub, or hot, or cold. If hot, don't lie in it idly for more than two minutes; splash around and begin to scrub just as you do in an awfully cold one. The healthiest bath is to get into a tub a bit warmer than lukewarm and then, while you're scrubbing, let the hot water run in until it's quite hot, then pop up and take a shower, or if you haven't that, dash cold water on chest and back and arms, and, of course, on the face.

If you have a shiny nose or forehead or both and the rest of your skin is all right, it means usually that you are not properly eliminating waste. Drink more water and eat a big dish of prepared bran every morning for breakfast; you'll begin to like it after a while. And eat fruit. And less sweets.

Or it may be only that your skin is naturally oily and it shows more there. In that case use the bran bags in the morning, always rinsing well in cold water, and wash with pure soap and water at night.

You're building all the time—unconsciously, without your volition—up to thirty, and very often up to forty and fifty. After that you have to build *consciously*. About thirty you must begin to do protective things—toning up, preventing laxness and coarsening of skin and tissues and muscles. At forty you have to watch your figure, and lines around your eyes, and encourage your tired top-knots to be haloes instead of just hair. One little half-hour's defiance a day to these things and you will stay *young* long after the age your great-grandmothers retired to the chimney-corners in lace caps and knitting-needles and memories.

But for the seventeen-to-twenty-five who is living the thirty-year-old life now, in regard to beauty, there won't be any future worth talking about. There'll be an indelible look of age, of disillusionment—no *beautiful* mystery, no romance (just excitement, and that's very far from romance), no real charm. They've dried up the sources of those things in those years when nobody wanted anything of them but just their adorable youth; and now, when the time of youth is gone and one wants fulfilment from them, *depth* of beauty and charm, it isn't there.

And there'll be no lovely, adventurous, thin-skinned mouth. Never forget for a moment that your life shapes your mouth—all the things you think and do—and in a youth lip-stick subtracts from it its sensitiveness, thickens the skin so that it is neither so soft nor so red nor so pliant. All powder and rouge thicken the skin a bit, and unless they are pure and fine in quality, they clog and sometimes poison. After thirty or thirty-five, one expects the skin to thicken and coarsen a bit. It needn't much if it's cared for properly; but if one begins these things at seventeen, no skin can hold out in delicacy and luminousness against that long onslaught.

IF YOU want darker eyebrows and lashes, get a jar of yellow petroleum jelly and put it on faithfully—just a little, being careful not to get the jelly in the eyes. And if you want your lashes longer and thicker, bathe them with an eye-cup of salt water three or four times a week; also clip them a bit every six or eight months. And have an eyebrow-brush and brush both brows and lashes *every* day, strong, smooth strokes, always brushing the eyelashes up. Then when you rub your eyes to relax them, rub them from the inner corners out and up. Eyes a bit uptilted have so much more charm than eyes that droop!

Brush your hair every day; nothing makes it so lustrous as brushing. Don't curl it with an iron, unless you absolutely have to. Hot irons are very hard on hair—weaken it and discourage it. So many of you who curl your hair are not at all the type for waves and curls. Straight hair, beautifully kept, is entrancing; one thinks of wood-nymphs making music on willow reeds, or a virgin priestess with wide-set, mystic eyes, a blue flame in her hands, a white flame for a soul. Look at yourself before you curl your hair and be sure you are the type for curls. Nature, you know, is the greatest artist of us all; she usually knows what she's about and sends you in a whole, not part of you this type and part of you that.

But if you *are* the kind of girl who ought to have curly hair and haven't, or the kind of girl who thinks she must have a permanent wave because almost everybody has, please be as fussy about who gives you your permanent wave as you'll be—we hope—about who gives you your wedding-ring! It *can* be done without harming the hair—much—or perhaps at all. We have a friend who has had it done six times and has never lost so much as one lock or one inch of its length or its silky look. But she has very strong, healthy hair, and she goes to a man who is skillful both in twisting and in protecting the hair. The beauty of a "permanent" is all in the twisting—that loose, soft, wide-apart, natural wave. But most "permanents," it seems to us, look artificial and hideous.

If your hair isn't strong and alive-looking, massage it. Massage it to loosen the scalp and get the blood up to the surface to feed it. Use the fat base of the palm, keeping the fingers on the scalp, and move the scalp first with the base of the palm, then with fingers until your whole scalp is loose and glowing. A scalp should feel sort of fat and rich, like the soil for a garden.

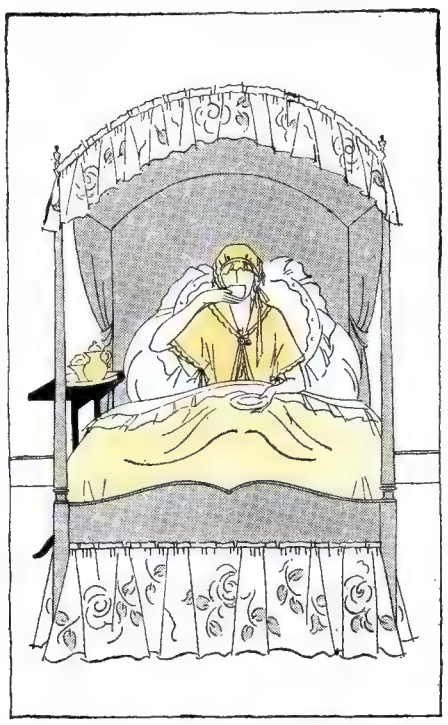
IF YOU have superfluous hair on arms or legs, get a bottle of peroxide, add about one-fifth ammonia to it and bleach the hair. Do it once a day with a bit of absorbent cotton. Peroxide bleaches and ammonia discourages and weakens. Then if you want to use depilatories now and then, use a good one. We can send you a list of the best.

"To believe that hate is always the lie
And that love is always the truth.
"To *believe* to the end, yes, even alone—
But who can talk to youth!"

Well, we can! At any rate, we do, and quite frequently. And often they listen. And sometimes believe.

We're building, building, building all the time—our bodies, our lives, our personalities. Everything you think, everything you do is building around you that mysterious, unseen, but powerfully felt temple—your personality. You are building it, you are furnishing it with every thought and act. And it's going to be felt! You can't escape it. That thing you just thought was a brick in your temple, a beautiful one—or was it a cheap, gawdy or nicked one? Are you putting into your temple trinkety chairs and pictures, or graceful, inviting ones—dull, uninspired rooms, or ones that take your breath a little, they're so lovely?

You up and build magnificently, you youth with everything before you!



THE NEW IN NEW YORK

The Eighteen-Hour Day of the Woman of Fashion

By EVELYN DODGE

THE dream of fair women has always been breakfast in bed at nine or thereabouts against lace-trimmed pillows and in the most exquisite of boudoir caps and negligées. The caps take themselves lightly in point d'esprit or net, ruffled with narrow lace and trimmed with ribbon and flowers. There is nothing more engaging than the pale-blue ribbon and rosebud formula, or orchid mauve with rose color, or rose with Nattier blue. Lingerie is becoming less conventional in color and one sees nightgowns as well as the vest and drawers sets in peach, apricot, lavender and water-green, as well as in white, shell pink and rose. A French set seen recently in a Fifth Avenue shop was made of water-green voile embroidered with white, deep-orange and lemon-yellow flowers.

FOR the business hours of the day the simplest dresses are the smartest. The French houses make them in either the one- or two-piece variety, usually of wool crêpe, kasha or gabardine, with smartly bound pockets, narrow belts and neat collars. Serge and plaids are extremely popular with American women, for they are smart, warm and practical.

FOR her morning walk, shopping expedition or for traveling, the smart woman wears a well-cut tailored suit of plain or plaid wool material, a small hat of the cloche or beret order (the cloche with a sectional crown is new), and a low shoe with a strap, a pump or an oxford. A few smart women wear very thin gun-metal colored silk stockings with their tailored costumes, but most women prefer the lighter nude or Indian skin shades. A flesh-colored wool stocking or merino spat worn under the silk stocking enables one to wear transparent silk hosiery with safety in cold weather. The blouse, which keeps very much to itself, is usually collarless, hip length and worn over the skirt.

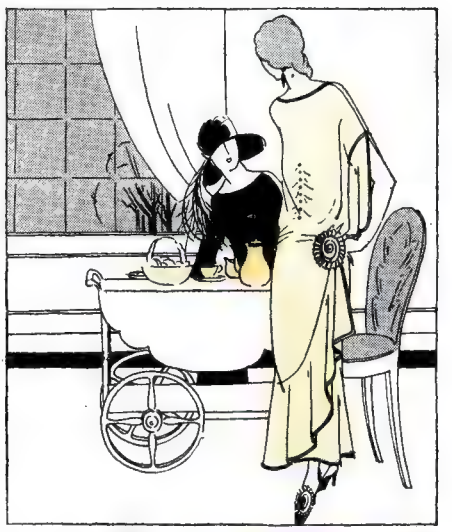
AT LUNCHEON at the Ritz or Pierre's one notices the greater elegance that is creeping into dress. One sees it in the metallic fabrics brilliantly beaded or embroidered that are used for the bodies of velvet dresses and for the new Russian blouses, in the fur bandings on straight Chinese blouses, in the cut of many of the smartest dresses, which, while retaining the slender silhouette, adds to it the flare of the minaret peplum, the plaited flounce at the bottom, the straight or circular tiers that break so many skirts. Velvet is used a great deal. Hats are very small, just the size of the head. Sleeves are usually long and frequently close-fitting though one also sees an excessively short sleeve.

AFTER luncheon the fashionable woman shops or window-shops along the Avenue, crowded with motors, thronged with smart women, brilliant with the wares it has to offer. The afternoon costume is almost invariably the dress and coat, which either belong together or are so carefully considered in relation to each other that they give a costume effect. The three-quarter-length coat is new—either the type that wraps around the figure or falls in straight, rather full Chinese lines. Daytime colors remain extremely quiet. Black and dark brown are the first choice of the best-dressed women. One also sees a rather pale beige with sealskin or beaver, cocoa color with brown astrakhan, bronze with tawny red furs. Many coats are embroidered, the long tube coat is frequently entirely covered with embroidery done in ivory or string color on black or in brown, self-color and tinsel gold on beige and cocoa brown. Slippers of suède or patent leather are excessively dainty and are worn with nude-colored stockings that match the gloves.

IN AFTERNOON dresses one sees the very short sleeve as well as the wrist-length, close-fitting sleeve. Both are correct for the more formal type of dress. Dresses of this character are worn slightly longer than street costumes, but even indoors eight inches from the floor is long enough. Except for coat dresses and the simple morning frock, the collarless bateau neck is used almost to the exclusion of any other style. Velvet is much worn this Winter, but the crêpe silks and crêpe satins accentuate the much-sought-after slender silhouette.

EVENING dress is extremely brilliant with beads, metallic fabrics, metallic, cirè and dyed laces, silver and gold slips under black lace, lacquer shades of green and vermillion, and white and flesh-colored dresses illuminated with crystal and rhinestone trimming. Dresses of black crêpe silk, so useful for dinner and the theater, are enlivened by girdles and hip ornaments sewn with rhinestones. Evening gowns are entirely sleeveless and are worn almost to the ankle, with slippers or sandals of silver or gold brocade, bronze satin, silver cloth, etc. The slipper varies, but the stocking is always nude, peach or banana color and extremely thin.

THE evening wrap may be a coat or cape, but if a color is used for it the color should be brilliant—ruby red, emerald green, deep rose, American Beauty or raspberry red, Chinese, royal or sapphire blue. Black is extremely elegant in velvet embroidered in silver and with a silver lining.



SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S GODETS, PRINCESS LINES AND

The Ladies' Book of 1924 is to show godets in skirts and capes according to an interesting coat of green wool duvetyn with a civet collar from Louise Boulanger

Also from Louise Boulanger comes a dress of bright blue silk matelassé flared at the foot, banded low on the hip and embroidered in gold on copper at the v neck

Gold braid underscored with rose-colored embroidery binds the slashed edges of an overdress and tunic of black crêpe marocain. The foundation is narrow, the sleeve short and the length about eight inches from the floor. From Agnès

A coat that has quite the cut of a suit is made by Patou of black kid lined throughout with persisky—a form of civet—and trimmed with straps

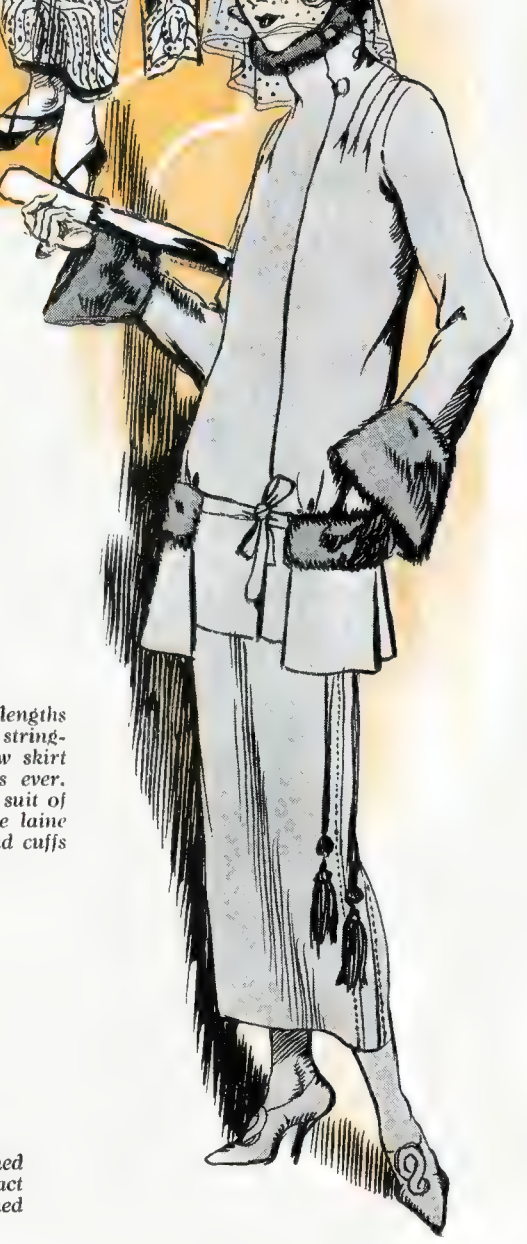
Flat frills begin where the straight coat ends in a suit of green fulgarante with a knee-length bodice of green and gold brocade with collar and cuffs of gray fox. From Jean Patou

PARIS ESTABLISHMENT DRAW ATTENTION TO FRILLS FLAT OR OTHERWISE

For the new note of gorgeousness that the French dressmakers are introducing, Poiret uses embroidery of silver and gold on a dress of blue poplacote moire

The new princess line, flat, beltless and narrow, shows itself to great advantage in a Doucet gown of black crêpe velours embroidered with blue and gold Chinese motifs

Doucet's characteristic elegance speaks for itself in an evening gown of steel lace over a blue-silk slip. A girdle of blue chenille fringe is clasped with a motif of diamonds and blue stras



Suit coats are of all lengths and many cuts, but the string-tied jacket and narrow skirt remain as popular as ever. Agnès uses them for a suit of beige zibella velours de laine with bearskin collar and cuffs

Poiret uses suède-colored sapho velvet trimmed with civet cat for a wrap that hides the fact that it is a coat under cape-like sides lined with black satin

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 72

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 72

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 73

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Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 74

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Dress 4938—Hat 4886
Embroidery design
10138

Dress 4936

Dress 4930

Blouse 4900—Skirt 4753
Turban 4748
Embroidery design 10970

Straight-line coat 4923
Dress 4633
Embroidered bag 10102

Dress 4954
Embroidery
design 10204

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 75

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Blouse 4933

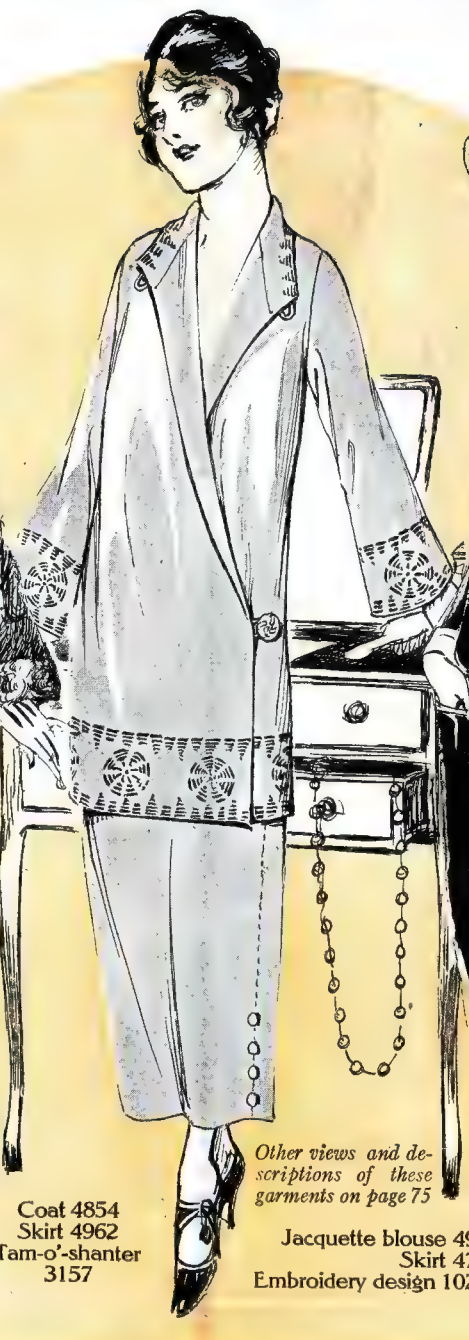
Blouse 4941
Embroidery design 10204

Blouse 4935
Embroidery design 10214

THE LONG BLOUSE AND GODET SKIRT ARE NEW ENTRIES IN MID-YEAR'S STYLES

Blouse 4967
Skirt 4753

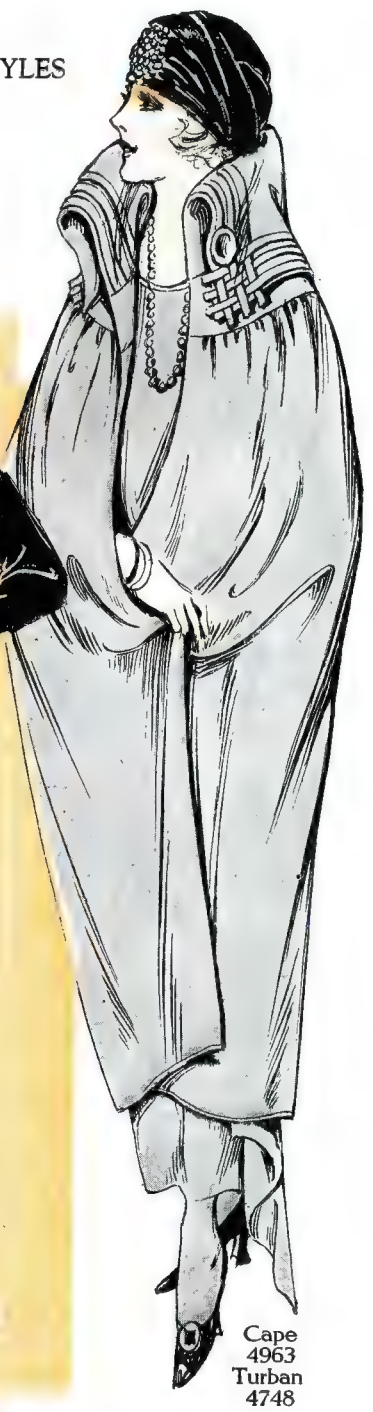
Coat 4854
Skirt 4962
Tam-o'-shanter 3157



Other views and descriptions of these garments on page 75

Jacquette blouse 4931
Skirt 4743
Embroidery design 10207

Dress 4946



Cape 4963
Turban 4748

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SMART WOMEN ACCEPT THE CAPETTE, TUCKS OR DRAPERY, A NEW SUIT BLOUSE AND GORED HAT

4984—10199—The long close-fitting sleeve and the new neckline make this a very smart one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and has an elastic and a casing across the sides of a low waistline. It may have a body lining. The embroidery gives a border effect. Work it in one-stitch. Use soft twills, gabardine, serge, wool rep or wool crêpe. Lower edge 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep.

This dress is becoming to ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4985—The capette is the newest adjunct to a coat dress of the one-piece type with the new front opening. The dress may omit the capette and a body lining. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge, velveteen or heavy silk crêpe for the dress either with or without a capette.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The coat dress is smart for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4986—This smart two-piece dress consists of a draped blouse and a straight lower part which is joined to a long underbody with a camisole top. The hand-made ornament adds a French touch. Make the dress of satin crêpe, silk crêpes, moire or chiffon velvet.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4988—Tucks come to the fore on this slip-over dress. At the lower edge of the skirt they make an effective trimming and on the blouse they give a becoming fulness. The dress has a straight skirt joined to the blouse and a casing and elastic at the low waistline. Use Georgette, silk voile or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 58 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4987—The French dressmakers employ this type of drapery for a wrap-around one-piece dress. The shirring gives a becoming effect around the waistline and the diagonal line of the front is smart. It may have a body lining. Make the dress of soft twills, wool rep, soft serge, heavy silk crêpe or velveteen.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is becoming to ladies 34 to 46 bust.

4965—4973—For wear with the two-piece suit this blouse with a one-button effect is very smart. It may be worn inside or outside the skirt. Make it of silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, wash silks or dimity. Her velvet hat has a gored crown.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for hat.

The blouse is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

4973—One of the newest-shaped hats has a gored crown and hand-made ornaments at the side. One usually sees them in velvet, satin, duvetyn or wool jersey. For later wear down South, use chintz or gingham for view C.

The hat for ladies or 22 inches head measure requires ½ yard 35-inch material for view A or B and ¾ yard 27 or 32 inch check gingham for view C.

The hat is attractive for ladies and misses.

YOUNG GIRLS SET THE EXAMPLE OF GRACEFUL STYLES FOR YOUNGER SISTERS

4940—The young girl can start the New Year right with a graceful draped frock of moire, crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe, drapey metallic fabrics or chiffon velvet. The sleeves are new and the bow at the side is very smart. This one-piece dress has the sleeves sewed into a body lining which has a camisole top.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge of the dress 45 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4961—4926—A side or accordion plaited straight flounce which lengthens the straight upper part and a plaited bertha are trimming enough for this slip-over dress. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, Georgette or chiffon. A printed material for the upper part and a plain flounce, etc., to match, is attractive. Her hat is described at length at the right below.

13 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for dress.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4951—A Peter Pan Collar and quaint tie are attractive points to this one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, tweeds, pongee; or for a wash frock use linen, linen-finished cotton, cotton ratine or gingham. It slips on over the head very easily.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4959—The trimming is very new on this one-piece dress for the younger girl. Make it of wool crêpe, wool jersey, soft twills or serge. For a frock which can be laundered use pongee, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine, gingham or chambray. It slips on over the head.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch or a wider serge for this dress.

The dress is adorable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4958—10208—Side drapery and a flower embroidery are appropriate trimming for this slip-over dress of chiffon velvet, satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin; or one may use printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or printed silks. A belt is placed between the draped straight skirt and the long body. There may be a long body lining. The embroidery is new. Work in outline, etc.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch velvet. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4955—10592—The very tiny girl may resolve to keep her new dress and separate bloomers clean all day! The dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, pongee, crêpe de Chine, dimity, pin-check gingham, chambray or cotton crêpe. Smocking trims the dress. Work it in self or a contrasting color for an attractive effect.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray for this new little dress.

The dress is a quaint and very good style for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4943—10978—The fulness from an inverted plait and a straight lower edge make this little dress a becoming one. One may use a gored underarm seam. Use nainsook, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, dotted swiss, mull, handkerchief linen or flouncing. The flower embroidery and scalloping is dainty. Work it in eyelets, satin-stitch, etc.

2 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch batiste.

The dress is for infants or a child of ½, 1, 2, 3 years.

4926—Even the youngest girl likes a hat which follows the lines of the cloche of her elders, but she adds more of a brim. This new hat has a gored crown. One may make it of velvet, velours, duvetyn, broadcloth or wool jersey. For the South, one may use piqué, chintz or gingham.

The hat for 8 years or 20¾ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 27-inch velvet.

The hat is smart for girls 2 to 12 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

FASHION ASSIGNS A TWO-PIECE DRESS, THE FROCK TO SIXTEEN AND BLOUSE AND SKIRT AND A BOUFFANT COSTUMES FOR JUVENILES

Dress 4981
Dress 4966
Embroidery design 10981
Dress 4979
Dress 4972
Blouse 4740
Skirt 4983
4981
Suit 4980
4972
Suit 4953
Suit 4969
Embroidery design 10125
4979
4966
4983
4980
4969
4953
4740

4981—The young girl can make her own buckle on this slip-over dress which has a straight skirt with clusters of plaits. It is joined to the blouse above the lower edge in a two-piece dress effect. Use wool jersey, wool voile, soft wool crêpe, soft twills, silk jersey or heavy silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge plaits out, 61 inches.

17 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4966—10981—The junior will like a new slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline of soft wool crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe, velveteen, pongee, etc. The embroidery is a gay trimming. Work it in colors. One may use gingham or chambray for a dress which can be laundered.

12 years requires 2 yards 39-inch soft wool crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4979—The handmade girdle and lace bertha are lovely on a slip-over dress of taffeta, radium, moire, silk crêpe, satin or velvet. The full skirt can have a straight or a scalloped lower edge, and is joined to a long body lining with a camisole top.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4980—A waist of dimity or piqué worn with straight trousers of chambray, poplin, linen, etc., make a quaint suit. Or use pongee with pongee in contrasting color, crêpe de Chine or pongee with velvet or serge, or all chambray, linen, linen-finished cotton, etc.

4 years requires 1 yard 35-inch linen (for waist) and 1 yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

4972—An adorable one-piece, slip-over dress for girls is entirely accordion or side plaited, has a straight lower edge and may omit the straight bertha. Use crêpe de Chine, lightweight silk crêpes, Georgette, point d'esprit, net or chiffon. One may use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or batiste for the dress.

8 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

4740—4983—A slip-over blouse with a cluster of plaits at each side of front and back, of silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., can be worn with this two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt, of twills, tricotine, serge, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅞ yard 54-inch soft twill for skirt on a camisole body. Lower edge 50 inches.

The blouse is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, the skirt for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4969—10125—For a suit with waist and straight trousers use linen, linen-finished cottons, Japanese crêpe, chambray, piqué, madras, gingham, pongee or silk-and-cotton jersey. The embroidery is an effective trimming. Work it in one-stitch, etc.

4 years requires 1⅝ yards 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

4953—For a suit that is a bit out of the ordinary, use chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, poplin, madras, galatea, pongee, silk-and-cotton jersey, wool jersey or soft serge. It has a middy blouse and straight trousers.

5 years requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch poplin.

The suit is for little boys 3 to 7 years.

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LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS IN BATHROBES, PAJAMAS, APRONS OR LINGERIE

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A CHARMING NEGLIGÉE AND NEW LINES IN USEFUL GARMENTS

Dress 4976

4976

4982

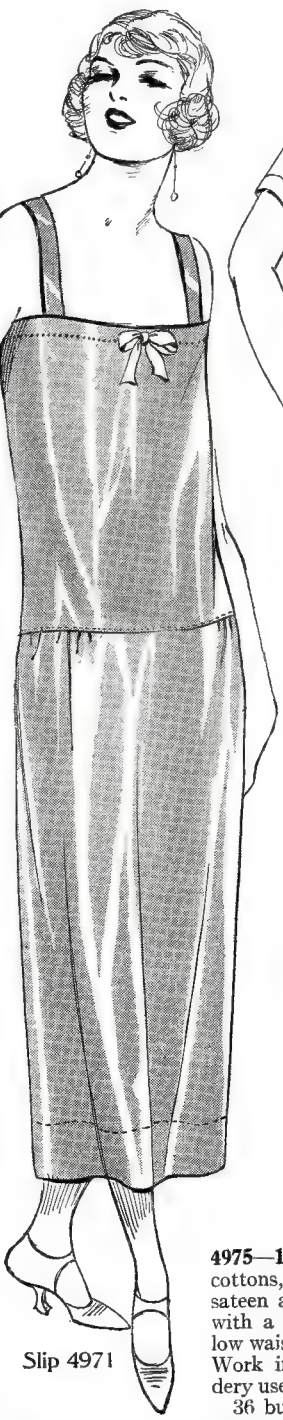
Negligée 4982

4957

View A
Camisole 4957

4957
View B
Camisole
4957
Embroidery
design
10149

4971



Slip 4971

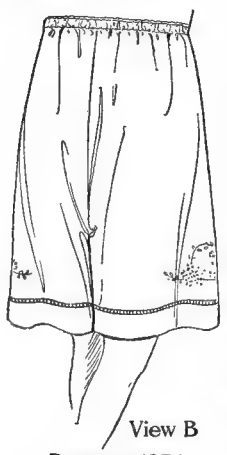
Apron 4975
Embroidery design
10131

4975

4977

4977

Outfit 4977
Embroidery design 10978

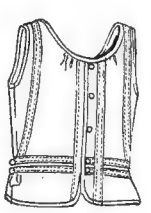


View B
Drawers 4974
Embroidery design
10978

View A
Drawers 4974

View A

View B



View A-1

View B-1

Underwaists 4929

4976—In gingham, chambray, percale, madras, colored cottons or seersucker this one-piece dress can be worn as a house dress; in nurses' linen, sheeting, Indian Head, oxford cloth, cambric, chambray or seersucker it is suitable for a nurse's dress.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4982—Hand-made flowers trim this negligée of crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, silk mull, silk-and-cotton crêpe; without flowers use French flannel or wool albatross.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The negligée is very lovely for ladies 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust.

4957 — 10149 — Those who wear over-the-skirt blouses will welcome a camisole which conceals the line of the skirt waistline. It may be made in a shorter length. Use crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, nainsook, long-cloth, cambric. The embroidery on view B is decorative. Work it in cross-stitch.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 36-inch nainsook for view A and ⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook (cut crosswise) for view B.

The camisoles are for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4974—10978—Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, nainsook, etc., make step-in drawers with a straight lower edge. There are clusters of tucks if desired. The embroidery on view B is decorative. It goes easily.

38 hip requires 1½ yard 36-inch nainsook for view A and 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for view B.

The drawers are for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

4977—10978—This outfit opens in back and is 25 inches long. Use nainsook, lawn, handkerchief linen or batiste for dress; cashmere, flannel, lightweight wool for kimono or sack; nainsook, lawn or batiste for gertrude petticoat; a flannel pinning-blanket or barriecoat with a cambric or muslin body; flannel for the band. The embroidery is dainty. Work in satin-stitch, etc.

The dress requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch batiste.

The outfit is dainty for infants.

4929—The set of underwaists is very practical for the growing girl. Make them of nainsook, cambric; or of muslin or twill if these garments are to be used for hard and very long wear.

4 years requires ¾ yard 36-inch nainsook for any view of the drawers.

The underwaists are very comfortable for girls 2 to 6 years of age.

4975—10131—Chambray, linen-finished cottons, unbleached muslin or black sateen are suitable for the slip-over apron with a straight lower part joined at a low waistline. The embroidery is bright. Work in outline, etc. Without embroidery use calico, percale, gingham, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 36-inch unbleached muslin for this apron.

It is for ladies 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust.

4971—This slip has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline and it may have a deep shadow-proof hem or a three-inch hem. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, radium, habutai silk, tub silks, nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge 55 inches.

The slip is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

These Campbell's blends, your daily friends
Will give you new ambition,
Good health, good cheer throughout the year,
The pink of fine condition!

Happy New Year Dishes!

Let 1924 be a year of health and sparkle and vigor. Keep in the pink of condition. Eat good soups—Campbell's Soups! They give keenness to your appetite. They refresh and nourish and invigorate you. Each day will find you more eager to enjoy your meals—the first secret of health.

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is a prime favorite with everybody who knows that good soup is one of the most delightful and valuable of all foods. Thirty-two different ingredients in one tempting dish. Fifteen fine vegetables. Cereals for strength. Appetizing broth of selected beef. People often make it their whole meal—it is so hearty!

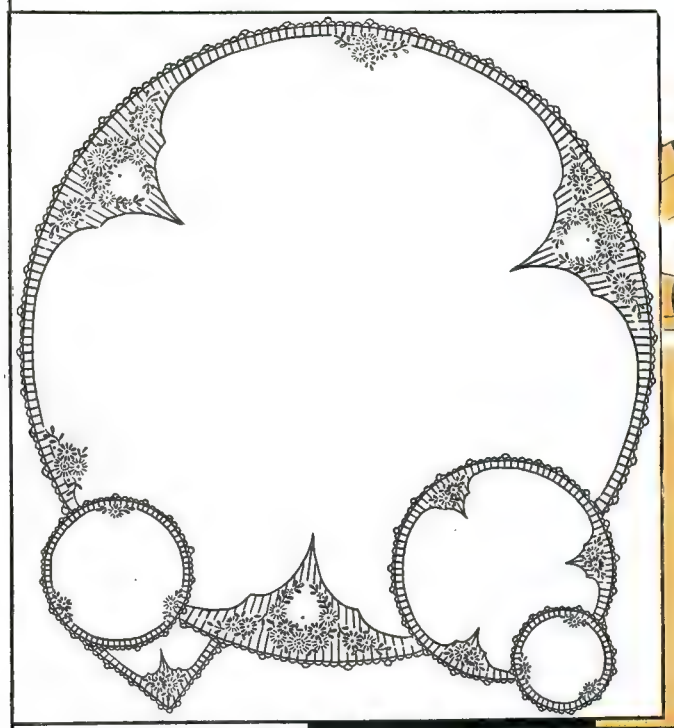
21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Luncheon **Dinner**
Supper

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERY RESTOCKS THE LINEN-CHEST AND PERSONAL BELONGINGS

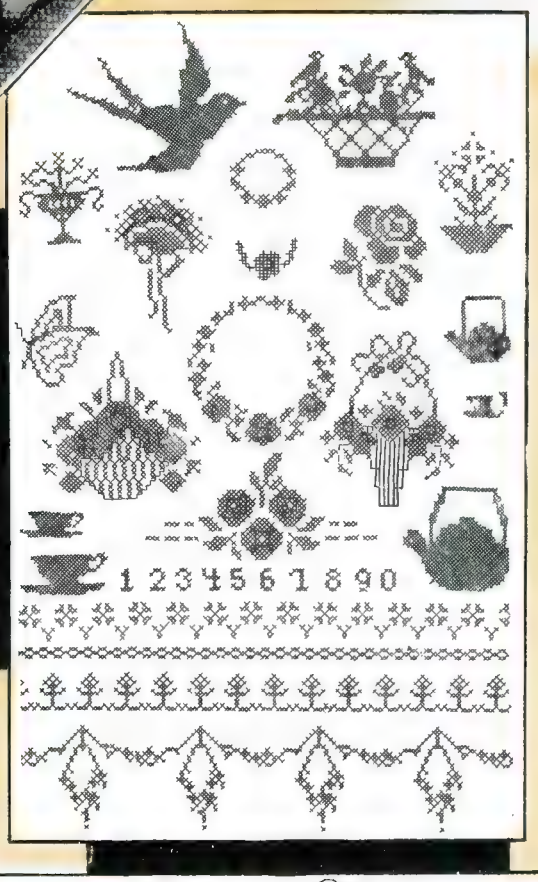


Embroidery design 10209

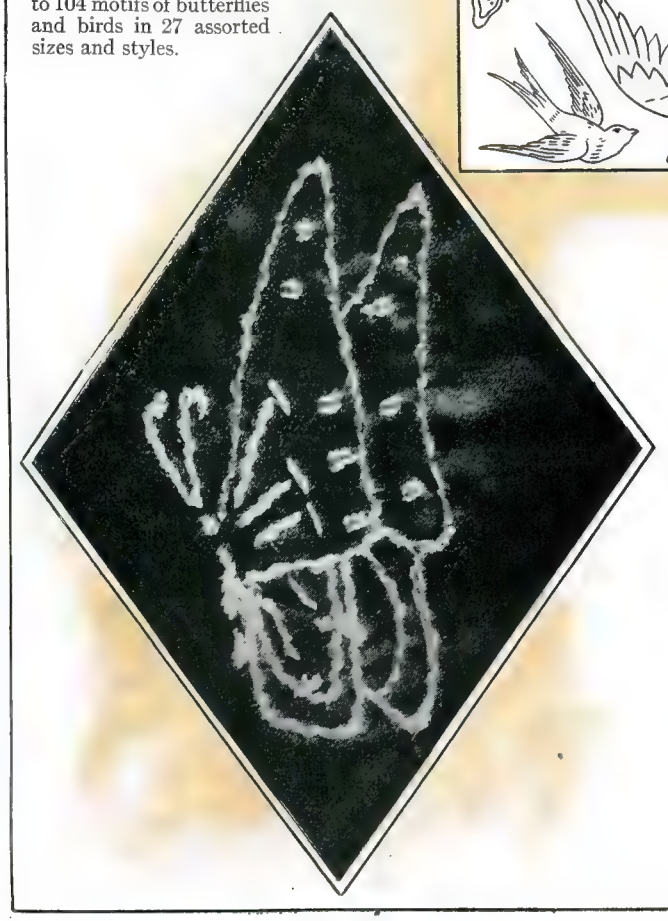
10209—This set of centerpiece, doilies and the corners for napkins should be worked in outline, one-stitch and lazy-daisy embroidery. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 26 inches in diameter, six plate doilies 9 inches in diameter, six bread-and-butter plate doilies 6 inches in diameter and six glass doilies 4 inches in diameter and six corners for napkins.

10210—Bright birds and fluttering butterflies are an attractive adornment to one's personal linens. These may also be used for household linens, dresser-scarfs, towels, etc. They should be done in outline, satin-stitch or French stemming and eyelets. The design can be adapted to 104 motifs of butterflies and birds in 27 assorted sizes and styles.

Embroidery design 10210



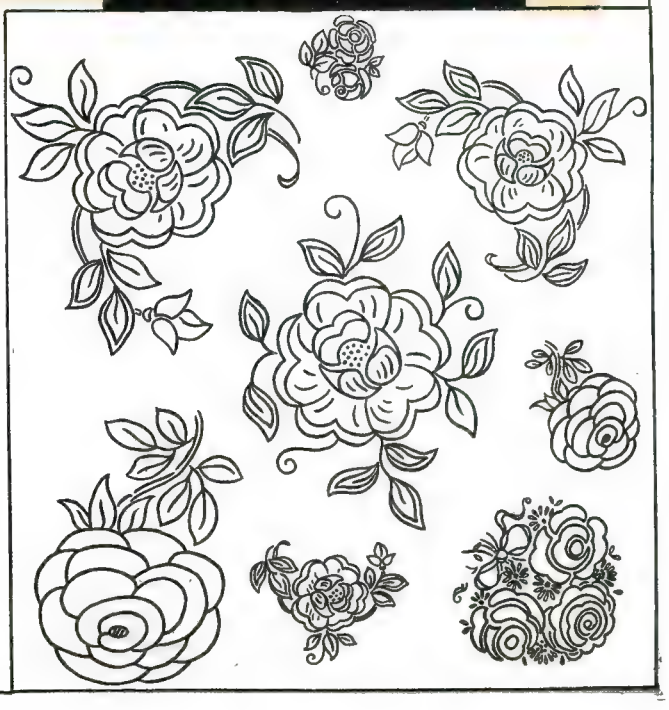
Embroidery design 10211



10211—Cross-stitch is a bright way of spelling decoration. Bandings and motifs of this design may be worked in lovely colors—blues, mauve, pink and yellow. Tea-cloths and napkins are gay if teapots and teacups are added, and towels, bureau covers, children's clothes, etc., may be trimmed with the motifs or bandings of this design. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 1 inch wide in two assorted styles, 3½ yards of banding ¼ inch wide, 1⅝ yard of banding 2¾ inches wide, two sets of numbers and 98 assorted motifs in 18 assorted styles.

10208—The renaissance of flowers for trimming has occurred right in the very dead of Winter! The flowers of this new embroidery design are suitable to use on dresses, blouses or hats. They may also be used on scarfs and household linens. Work them in outline stitch, Kensington stitch or blanket-stitch. The design can be adapted to 60 motifs in assorted styles.

Embroidery design 10208



Among those women who are recognized in their communities as arbiters in matters of taste, the Ford Four-door Sedan enjoys unusually high favor.

They have long recognized its practical efficiency. In the crowded engagements of their busy days, they have found it always ready, always an indispensable adjunct to work and pleasure.

Today their taste seconds their judgment in approving it. Their instinctive appreciation of style commends its body lines, its harmonious fittings, and its upholstery in soft shades of brown, as emphatically as their judgment has always approved its economy, convenience and reliability.

Ford
CLOSED CARS

BUY THE SIZE OF CAN TO FIT YOUR NEED!

Most DEL MONTE Fruits are packed in 3 sizes of cans to meet the needs of various sizes of families. No. 2½ (the large can) contains selected large fruit; No. 2 (the medium can) contains selected medium-sized fruit; and No. 1 (the small can) contains selected small fruit. But whatever the size, DEL MONTE flavor and quality are invariably the same. Ask your grocer for the size you need.

Have fruit the convenient economical way—
Just open a can and serve

Now? In the midst of cold weather?

Indeed, you may! Have it ripe—full-flavored—delicious.

Choicest fruit from the world's finest orchards—the very pick of the crop—summer's bounty gathered at the moment of perfection and preserved for your year-round enjoyment.

It's so easy—so simple! Just say DEL MONTE to your grocer and you may have peaches (either halved or sliced), pears, apricots, plums, cherries, berries, pineapple and many others. On each, the DEL MONTE label guarantees a quality made possible by over sixty years' experience in the packing of fine fruits. On each, this label insures that dependability so necessary to your complete satisfaction.

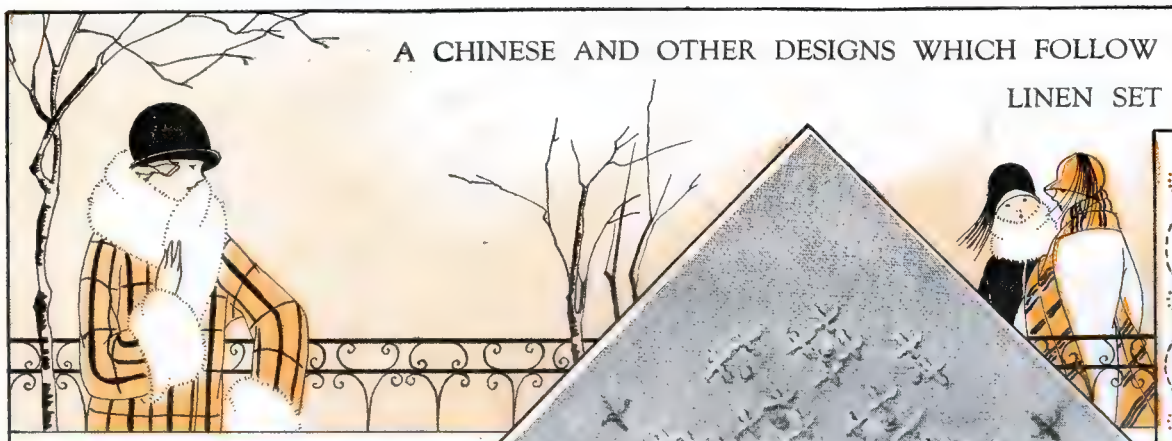
Why not serve them more often? Today? Well, why not!—there's no time better than right now.

Your grocer's ready. Just ask him for DEL MONTE. Order by the dozen cans—keep your pantry stocked. But be sure to *say* DEL MONTE.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK—"DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It contains hundreds of thrifty, appetizing suggestions for the year-round service of DEL MONTE Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties. A real addition to your kitchen! And free. Address Department 28, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

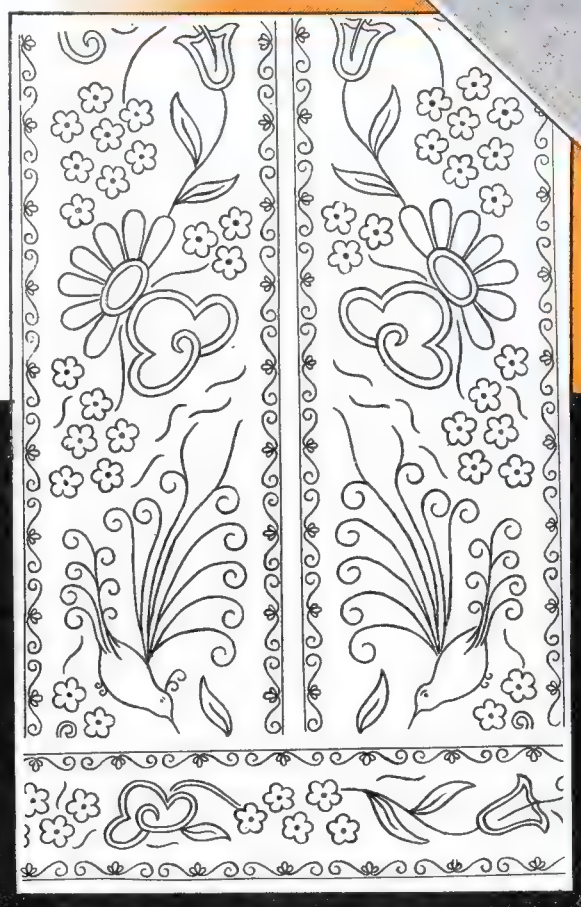
—and be SURE you say DEL MONTE

A CHINESE AND OTHER DESIGNS WHICH FOLLOW FASHION'S DEVELOPMENT AND A NEW LINEN SET

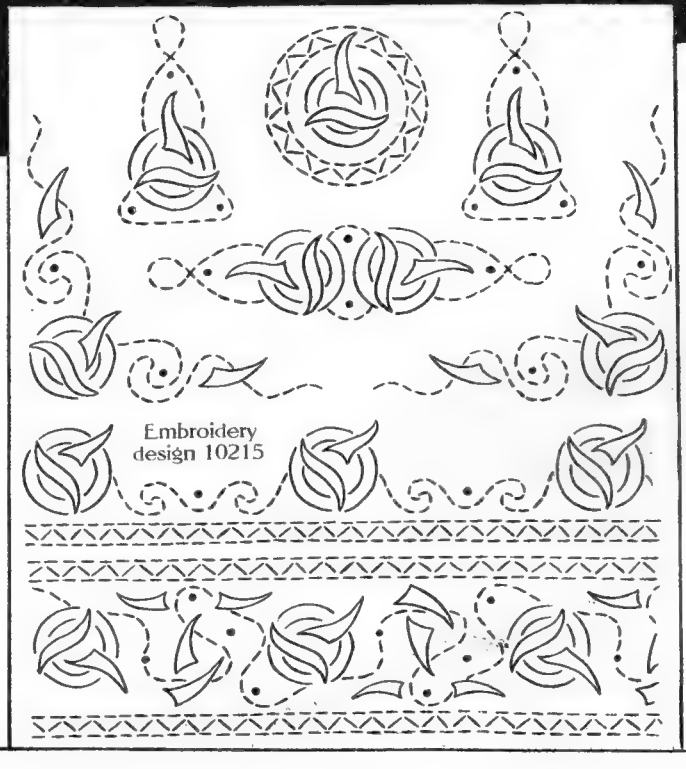


Embroidery design 10212

Embroidery design 10214



Embroidery design 10213



Embroidery design 10215

10214—Wide bandings form a new, smart and decorative trimming on coats, coat dresses and blouses, also on hats. There is also a narrow bandlng for those who want a more limited display of needlework. This new embroidery design is a Chinese embroidery which is so smart this season. By omitting the narrow border of the wide bandings, they may be combined to form an all-over embroidery. It goes very quickly because it is worked in outline, chain-stitch and satin-stitch. The design can be very easily adapted to 4¼ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide and 4¼ yards of banding 7 inches wide.

10215—Many of the new small hats or the *beret* hats will benefit from the addition of an embroidered motif. This design contains motifs suitable for such trimming, as well as bandings and motifs for use on dresses, coats, blouses, and even children's clothes. Work them in a combination of satin-stitch or outline embroidery and one-stitch. This embroidery design can be adapted to 3½ yards of banding 4 inches wide, 3¼ yards 2⅞ inches wide, four corners 2½ by 9 inches, four motifs 2⅛ by 9 inches, twelve motifs 2½ by 4¾ inches and six motifs 3⅝ inches in diameter.

10212—Beading is used a great deal this season, especially crystal beads or rhinestones. This new design can be worked either in a combination of beads or French knots and bugle beads or one-stitch embroidery. Both the bandings and motifs will serve as a smart trimming for dresses, blouses, skirts, hats, etc. It can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of banding 4⅛ inches wide, 3 yards of banding 2¼ inches wide, four motifs 3¾ by 10¼ inches, two motifs 3¾ by 9½ inches, two motifs 3¾ by 8¼ inches, four motifs 2¼ by 5¼ inches, four motifs 3¾ inches and four motifs 2⅛ inches in diameter.

10213—There are a lot of places where this set will be useful. To those who want some new suggestions for gifts for the new bride or for holiday gifts for sisters, cousins or aunts, this centerpiece and scarf will be most welcome as a solution to their problems. And those who want new linen for their own homes will find it useful too. The conventional flower-basket design should be worked in cross-stitch in floral colors of yellow, green, blue, pink and lavender. This design can be adapted to one centerpiece 30 inches in diameter and one scarf 16¾ by 61 inches.

FROM SEPTEMBER TO APRIL WITH THE OYSTER

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

ANY month whose spelling contained an r, so the old saying went, was a month in which oysters were at their best.

Whether those who made the calendar had the oyster in mind or not, it is certainly true that the oyster season extends over the eight months of the year from September to April. The oyster itself extends over all meals of the day and is a favorite at those of the night. Like its fishy brethren, its chief value is flesh and flavor. Its lack of fat and starch is made up by rich sauce and the complement of toast, crackers or patty shells with which oysters are usually served.

Oysters are too often overcooked. A high temperature or too long application of heat toughens them. Oysters should be cooked only until the edges curl or until they rise to the top of the liquid in which they are being cooked. Heat should be applied slowly enough to allow the oyster to plump.

Before cooking, oysters should be carefully examined for bits of shell. This can best be done by running them through the fingers.

Lemon-juice, mushrooms or tomato catchup, horseradish, Worcestershire or tabasco sauce go well with oysters.

Parsley, minced or in sprays, lemons cut in sections or quarters and rolled in paprika, and toast triangles are used to garnish oyster dishes.

OYSTER SOUP SUPRÊME

1 quart veal or chicken stock
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
⅔ cup minced chicken
1 pint oysters
1 teaspoon onion-juice
Salt, paprika
1 cup thin cream
Minced parsley

Make a sauce of the stock, flour and butter. Add the cream and seasoning. When the mixture is hot, add the oysters and the chicken and cook for five minutes. Serve with minced parsley sprinkled over the top.

The chicken may be omitted and milk may be substituted for the cream if a less rich soup is preferred.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

Select oysters of fine quality. Remove any shell and drain. If large, cut in pieces. Allow about six small oysters to a cocktail-glass, chill, and just before serving add the following dressing:

2 tablespoons tomato catchup
1 tablespoon mushroom catchup
1 tablespoon horseradish
3 drops tabasco sauce
2 tablespoons strained lemon-juice
1 tablespoon finely minced green pepper

This amount makes four servings. It should be served with brown-bread folds and crisp celery.

OYSTER DEVILS

Drain large oysters; make a sauce of the following ingredients mixed well together:

⅓ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon grated horseradish
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
4 drops tabasco sauce
⅔ cup salad-oil
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika

Place the oysters in this sauce and let them stand for one hour. Drain, roll in crums, in beaten egg and again in crums. Fry in deep fat. Drain on paper. Serve at once.

OYSTER CLUB SANDWICHES

Slice bread one-third inch in thickness. Toast a golden brown. Spread lightly with butter. Have ready oysters that have been marinated in French dressing, rolled in bread-crums, then in beaten egg and again in crums, fried in deep fat and drained on soft paper. Place a lettuce leaf on one slice of toast, cover with fried oysters and a layer of thinly sliced tomatoes, spread with mayonnaise dressing and cover with a lettuce leaf and another slice of toast. Press lightly together. Garnish top with crisp bacon. Serve hot.

OYSTER FRITTERS

Drain oysters on a clean soft towel. Dip in batter and fry in deep fat. Drain on absorbent paper, garnish with parsley and serve with King sauce.

Ordinary pie-crust, cut into squares, makes the case for the oyster tart, which is simple to make and excellent to eat

BATTER

1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
Paprika
¾ cup milk
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder

Beat the egg until light; add salt, paprika and milk. Sift the flour and baking-powder together and combine the two mixtures.

KING SAUCE

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
⅔ cup oyster liquor
2 tablespoons finely minced green pepper
1 teaspoon salt

Brown the butter, add the flour and stir until well browned. Add the milk, oyster liquor and seasonings. Cook until hot and thoroughly blended.

OYSTER TARTS

Roll plain pastry in a thin sheet. With a pastry-wheel or a sharp knife, cut in five-inch squares. On each square, place five fine uncooked oysters. Add salt, paprika, a little horseradish and a lump of butter. Bring the opposite corners of the squares together and fasten with toothpicks. Brush over with melted butter and place on a baking-sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until pastry is thoroughly cooked. Remove picks and serve at once with parsley garnish.

OYSTERS ITALIENNE

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon finely minced onion
1 cup strained cooked tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup drained oysters
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 or 2 drops tabasco sauce
3 tablespoons grated cheese
Toast

Melt the butter and cook the onion in it until brown. Add the tomatoes and cook for five minutes. Add all the other ingredients except the cheese and cook until edges of oysters curl. Add the cheese and serve on slices of hot toast. Garnish with cress or parsley.

FRIED-OYSTER SANDWICH

Drain large oysters until dry. Season with salt and pepper. Beat an egg slightly and add two tablespoons of milk. Dip oysters in flour, then in egg mixture and in cracker-crums. Fry in deep fat.

Butter one-fourth-inch slices of bread. Lay fried oysters on buttered slices, add a few drops of lemon-juice and bits of minced parsley. Cover with a second slice. Garnish with thin slices of dill pickles.

OYSTER SCRAMBLE

3 eggs
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup oysters

Melt the butter in the top of the double boiler. Beat the eggs until light. Add the eggs, milk, salt and paprika and turn the mixture into the melted butter. Cook until mixture begins to thicken. Parboil the oysters, cut them in fine pieces and have them ready to add to the egg mixture when it begins to thicken. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until mixture is thick. Serve at once on strips of hot toast or hot wafers.

OYSTER À LA KING

4 tablespoons butter
½ cup mushrooms
1 small green pepper, chopped
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
2 cups oysters
1 pimiento
Salt
2 egg-yolks
1 teaspoon lemon-juice
½ teaspoon onion-juice
Paprika

Melt two tablespoons of the butter and cook in it for four minutes the mushrooms, cut in small pieces, and the chopped green pepper. Add the flour and cook until frothy but not brown. Add the milk and stir until the sauce boils. Place over hot water. Add the oysters, chopped pimiento and salt. Heat thoroughly. Beat the egg-yolks, cream the remaining butter, combine, and add lemon-juice, onion-juice and paprika. Stir these into the hot mixture. Continue stirring until the egg is cooked. Serve on toast, in patty shells or in timbale cases.

The oyster and the chafing-dish are old-time companions and are safe stand-bys for the Sunday-night supper or any other spread

OYSTER CROQUETTES WITH CUCUMBER SAUCE

1 cup veal or chicken stock
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
Salt
Paprika
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon lemon-juice
1 teaspoon onion-juice
1 pint cooked oysters
2 hard-cooked eggs

Heat the stock. Blend the flour and butter together and add the hot stock, stirring constantly. Add seasonings and eggs put through a sieve or chopped fine. Scald the oysters in their own liquor for five minutes, drain, cut in pieces and add to the mixture. Mix well, chill, then shape. Dip in egg and crums and fry in deep fat. Serve with cucumber or tartare sauce.

CUCUMBER SAUCE

½ cup heavy cream
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 tablespoon minced onion or chives
1 tablespoon minced green pepper
1 cup fresh cucumber, chopped and drained

Whip the cream until thick. Mix the seasonings with the vinegar and add it gradually to the cream. Add the cucumber thoroughly drained, the parsley, pepper and onion and fold into the cream mixture. Serve at once after mixing.

OYSTER NOVELTY

1 egg
1 cup milk
1 cup cooked rice
Salt, paprika
1 cup oysters cut in pieces
1 teaspoon onion-juice

Beat the egg, add the other ingredients and mix well together. Turn into buttered ramikins. Place them in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until the mixture is firm. Turn from the molds on to a hot platter and serve with cheese sauce.

OYSTER MOLDS

1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 pint oysters, cooked, chilled and cut in pieces
⅔ cup boiled salad-dressing
⅓ cup minced celery
1 small green pepper minced

Soak the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve over heat. Combine all the ingredients, mix well and turn into individual molds. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf with cream-mayonnaise dressing.

OYSTER BOXES

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
Salt, paprika
1 pint oysters drained
1 egg-yolk
1 tablespoon minced parsley

Melt the butter, add the flour, stir until smooth, then gradually add the milk. Cook until the mixture thickens. Add salt, paprika and oysters. Heat until the oysters curl, and then add the beaten egg-yolk and minced parsley. Serve in bread boxes.

BREAD BOXES

Cut a long loaf of bread in slices two and one-half inches thick. Trim off the crust and cut the slices in square, oblong or diamond shapes. With a sharp knife make an incision around the shapes one-quarter inch from the edge and down to one-quarter inch from the bottom. With a fork remove the crum from the center, leaving sides and bottom like a box. Brush each box over with melted butter, fill with oysters, garnish with parsley and serve at once.

NOTE—*Readers who would like directions for making Tartare Sauce, Cheese Sauce, Cream Mayonnaise Dressing, Patty Shells and Timbale Cases may secure them by writing and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Home-Makers' Department,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*

A Change Has Come

Mark how teeth now glisten—Millions are fighting film

Watch any crowd of dainty people. Note how teeth show when they smile. Mark how those teeth glisten.

Not long ago teeth were not so pretty. They were more or less clouded by film. The difference today is conspicuous.

It is so the world over. Millions of people of some 50 nations now brush their teeth in a new way. This is to urge those who have not changed, to learn what this new way means. And to offer a ten-day test.

How dingy coats occur

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it, so old-way brushing left much film intact.

Food stains, etc., discolor the film, then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Tooth troubles, under old methods, became almost universal.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Remedies now found

Dental science started search for ways to fight that film, and eventually two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere have long urged its adoption, and its use is now world-wide.

A new dental era has come now for your children and for you

Other essential helps

Research also proved that other helps were necessary, and Pepsodent was made to supply them.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth protecting agents in the mouth. Pepsodent, with every use, gives them manifold effect.

New conditions now

Pepsodent has brought to millions of homes new conditions in dental hygiene. Not only prettier teeth, but cleaner, safer teeth. Night and day, the teeth's chief enemies are more effectively combated.

You see the whiter teeth, the added beauty. But Pepsodent does more than that.

Learn what it does. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

A book we send tells how those benefits occur. You will always want them when you know them. Cut out the coupon, lest you forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Ten-Day Tube Free 1178

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Dept. 518, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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Only one tube to a family.

CHRISTMAS DESSERTS AND CONFECTIONS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

THE responsibility for the decorative and festive features of the Christmas menu must be largely borne by the desserts and confections prepared for the occasion. There are many possibilities for introducing in these dishes the holly, poinsettia or evergreens which have become the conventional floral symbols of Christmas. Tiny candles, cut cherries, fruit pastes angelica or citron, together with ornamental icing and a pastry-tube, assist in the performance.

Changes in the form in which time-honored dishes are served may add the touch that is desired. Even the rich, expensive plum pudding may be replaced by a carrot pudding of more humble beginnings. If this is served in carrot form, its novelty as well as its really good flavor will assure it a gracious welcome. Pumpkin pie baked in individual pie or muffin tins lends itself to a gay garnish of whipped cream and plum jelly better than the triangular cut of a large pie would. Baked apples plus dates, nuts, oranges and cream give an example of a rich fruity dessert that is not a pudding. Each apple may bear its individual decoration of cherry, citron or angelica in the form of tiny flowers or holly leaves and berries.

The individual cup-cakes that fill the Christmas basket may each carry tucked safely in its middle a different marmalade, conserve or jelly as distinctive in flavor as the decoration on the icing of each cake.

Even ice-cream, now almost the national American dessert, may take on the Christmas colors of red and green if green vegetable coloring and chopped candied cherries are added. Pistachio or almond flavors are best to select with this type of color scheme.

Cranberries are in abundance and offer many decorative possibilities, as well as the indispensable cranberry sauce. A lovely red-and-green bonbon may be made from individual candied cranberries dipped half-way in melted fondant tinted green. Another fruit sweet wholesome for children and easy to make is Turkish paste. This may be made from grape, cherry, plum or orange juice, or from green-tinted apple-juice. It has the advantage of being the simplest confection made.

PUMPKINETTES

- 1½ cups pumpkin (stewed and sifted)
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon allspice
- ¼ teaspoon ginger
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 1 cup milk

Mix well and turn the mixture into individual pie or muffin tins that have been covered with plain pastry. Set the pans on a baking-sheet and bake in a moderate oven until filling is firm. When cold, garnish with whipped cream and place a teaspoon of tart plum butter or jam on top.

CARROT PUDDING

- 1½ cups brown sugar
- 3 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking-powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon each allspice and nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 1 cup ground or chopped suet
- 1 cup ground or grated carrot
- 1 cup chopped figs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- Grated rind and juice ½ lemon

Sift and mix the dry ingredients, add the suet and fruit and mix until fruit is well floured. Add milk, beaten eggs and carrot. Mix thoroughly and steam in greased pans or molds for three hours. Serve with apricot sauce.

APRICOT SAUCE

- ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- ½ cup apricot-pulp
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup whipped cream

Cream the butter and sugar together. Drain canned apricots and force them through a wire sieve. Add the pulp to the sugar mixture. Mix well, add vanilla and fold in the stiffly whipped cream.

Carrot pudding may be cooked in carrot-shaped molds made from heavy wax-paper.

Turkish Paste, in which fruit-juice, a little sugar and a few nuts are the chief ingredients, is a healthful Christmas sweet for children

Covered with apricot sauce and tipped with cut angelica, they have a very carrotlike appearance.

CHRISTMAS PATTIES

- 1 cup canned crushed pineapple
- 1 cup diced tart apple
- ½ cup seeded raisins
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ¾ cup sugar

Combine all the ingredients and cook the mixture until thick and clear. Pour into pastry shells that have been baked a light straw color. Pile meringue lightly over the top and brown in a slow oven (250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes.

MERINGUE

- 1 egg-white
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- Salt

Beat the egg-white until stiff, add sugar, vanilla and salt and continue beating until the mixture has a shiny appearance.

CUP-CAKES FOR CHRISTMAS BASKETS

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- 5 egg-whites
- 1 cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking-powder

Boil the sugar and water until it threads. Pour the sirup slowly over the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat until cool. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and fold them lightly into the first mixture. Bake in small muffin-tins. When cold, split with a sharp knife. Place a layer of quince or any desired marmalade between halves and press lightly together. Cover with boiled icing. Sprinkle with chopped, slightly browned almonds and finely shredded citron.

TUTTI-FRUTTI APPLES

Select apples of uniform size. Scrub and remove the centers with a corer. Place in a baking-dish and add water to one-fourth the depth of the apples. Add one teaspoon of brown sugar to each center. Bake slowly until the apples are soft but not overcooked, or they will lose their shape. Remove from the oven and fill the centers with equal quantities of chopped English walnuts, dates, oranges and seeded white grapes. When the apples are cold, place a spoon of whipped cream on the top of each and a tiny red candy or bit of candied cherry and thin strips of citron or angelica.

HOLLY ICE-CREAM

- 1 pint milk
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 pint heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon almond extract
- Green coloring
- ¼ cup candied cherries

Heat the milk, mix the flour, sugar and salt together and add it gradually to the milk. Beat the egg, pour the hot custard over it and mix well. Cook over hot water for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly at first to insure a smooth mixture. When cold, add the whipped cream, the color and the flavoring and then freeze. Pack in brick-shape molds, sprinkling the finely cut cherries through the frozen cream while packing.

BAKED ALASKA ICE-CREAM

- Vanilla ice-cream
- Sponge-cake
- 4 egg-whites
- 4 tablespoons powdered sugar

Fill a round mold with vanilla ice-cream; pack and freeze. At serving-time, beat the whites of the eggs until light, add the powdered sugar and whip until light and dry. Turn the ice-cream on to a sheet of sponge-cake placed on a board and cover it thoroughly with the meringue, dust well with powdered sugar and set the whole in a hot oven for a moment to brown. Place on a serving-platter and serve at once.

The Christmas cake, glorified with candied cherries and citron and surrounded with holly, is decorative enough to be the center of attraction

CHRISTMAS FRUIT-CAKE

- ½ pound butter
- 1 pound brown sugar
- ⅔ cup molasses
- 1 pound currants
- 1 pound raisins
- 1 cup currant, plum or any tart jelly
- 2 pounds flour
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- ½ pound citron
- 1 pound dates, washed stoned and cut in small pieces
- ½ cup cold strong coffee
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 4 teaspoons baking-powder
- 5 eggs

Cream the butter, add the sugar and blend well together. Add the molasses, coffee and jelly. Divide the flour in two portions; in one-half sift and mix the spices, soda and baking-powder. Add this to the first mixture and mix well, then add the beaten eggs. Dredge the fruit thoroughly in the remaining flour. Combine the mixtures, beat thoroughly and turn into well-greased tins. Cover with wax-paper, steam for two hours and bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

Just before using, the cake may be covered with plain white icing and color added by using red candles in green holders; or a holly decoration may be used, making the holly berries of the tiny cinnamon drop candies and shaping the leaves from angelica or with green-colored fondant, outlining them on the white icing. Other forms of decorations may be made from candied citron or fruit pastes.

TURKISH DELIGHT

- 3 tablespoons gelatin
- 2 cups sugar
- Grated rind and juice of 1 orange
- Red or green coloring
- Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
- ½ cup cold water
- ½ cup hot water

Soak the gelatin in cold water. Put the sugar and hot water in a saucepan. When it reaches the boiling-point, add the gelatin and simmer twenty minutes. Add color and the flavorings; strain into a bread-pan which has been rinsed with cold water. The mixture should be from one-half to one inch in depth. When it is cold, turn it on to a board. Cut into cubes or other shapes and roll in confectioner's sugar.

GRAPE-ALMOND PASTE

- ½ cup grape-pulp
- 1 cup grape-juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- ½ cup chopped blanched almonds

Soak the gelatin in cold water. Cook the grape pulp, juice and sugar, stirring to prevent burning, until mixture is thick and sheets like jelly from the spoon. Add the soaked gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add the nuts and pour the mixture in a layer from one-quarter to one-half inch thick into a pan that has been greased with unsalted fat. When stiff, turn from pan. Cut in fancy shapes or in cubes or strips. Roll in coarse sugar or dust with powdered sugar.

CRANBERRY BONBONS

- 1 pint cranberries
- Sugar
- 1 cup water
- Fondant

Place the berries and water in a kettle, cover and cook rapidly until the berries are soft. Force them through a sieve, measure the pulp and add two-thirds as much sugar as pulp. Cook rapidly until the mixture sheets from the spoon. Pour into a shallow granite pan. When perfectly firm, cut in small circles, cubes or strips. Melt plain white fondant. Dip the berry shapes in the melted fondant and place on wax-paper to dry. If desired, the fondant may be tinted a delicate green.

ALMOND DAINTIES

Shell large Jordan almonds and blanch them by covering with boiling water and letting them stand for two minutes. Drain, cover with cold water, drain and slip the brown skins off with the fingers. Dry the almonds on a towel and when thoroughly dry cover the bottom of a frying-pan with the nuts and brown lightly, carefully stirring to insure a uniform color.

Christmas Walnuts

—Diamond Brand—the very finest that 4,074 specialists can grow

Put them in the stockings and in the Walnut Bowl

Let nothing mar a Christmas. That's the year's best day, and it deserves the best that you or we can give to it in any way.

True holiday hospitality is best evidenced in a bowl of big, plump Diamond Walnuts.

We growers of California have done our part—4,074 of us. We've sent to *your grocer* the finest "English" Walnuts that the world produces—a Crop on which we specialize, as growers do nowhere else in the world.

Just try them. See what we grow—what we are so proud to offer, especially at Christmas time.

Note the *thin shells* that *crack without crushing the kernel.*

Taste these crisp, plump, luscious *whole* Walnuts. Can you recall any as good?

When you order just say, "Diamond Walnuts"—don't bother to select them, for that has been done *for* you by experts.

More than that, a patented machine eliminates from Diamond Walnuts those that even *experts* pass as good. 5,000,000 pounds a year are thus discarded.

Nowhere else that we know are nuts so graded or so good. Joined in a great Association we are enabled to standardize quality more easily than others are.

Let Diamond be your "Christmas Walnuts" and they'll be yours the year 'round, as they are the regular Walnuts of millions of women now.

As the price of Diamond Walnuts is usually about the same as for other Walnuts—surely it's worth your while insisting that the grocer take yours from the famous Diamond bag, illustrated below.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
A Purely Cooperative, Non-profit Organization of 4,074 Growers
Our Yearly Production 50,000,000 Pounds
DEPT. A-7. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Penoche

1 cup brown sugar; 1 cup white sugar; Pinch salt; 1 cup milk; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup DIAMOND Walnut meats.

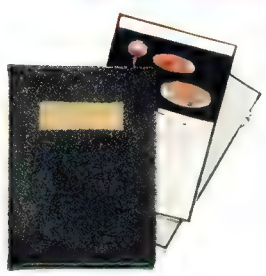
Mix sugar and milk, add butter, cook without stirring until mixture forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire, add vanilla and salt and set aside until cold. When cold beat mixture until it begins to keep its shape. Add DIAMOND Walnut meats, then knead or work in the hands until smooth. Mold or cut as desired.

Salted Walnuts

1 cup Diamond Walnut meats; ½ cup cooking oil; salt.

Heat oil in very small frying pan: when hot put in enough Diamond walnuts to cover bottom of pan, and stir until they begin to change color. Remove with spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little oil as possible. Drain on brown paper, and sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all are finished.

MOST DIAMOND Walnuts--about 50,000,000 pounds a year--are sold in shells. But you can also buy these same delicious Walnuts shelled--just the kernels alone. Selected halves for table use and fancy dishes in glass jars; halves for topping mixed with pieces for filler and salads in tins. Both "Vacuum Packed" so they come to you with the incomparable DIAMOND flavor and freshness intact.



SPECIAL OFFER (while they last): The handiest loose-leaf receipt book ever designed. Includes strong, flexible cover, complete set index cards, and 50 blank sheets for your favorite receipts. Size 6x8 inches. Lies flat, stays open. Would cost $2.00 in any retail store, but you send less than actual cost to us--only $1.00--to get one prepaid to your door. Includes a few of our choicest Walnut receipts but no advertising in or on the book. Act now if you want to be sure of a copy. Just enclose a $1.00 bill with your request.

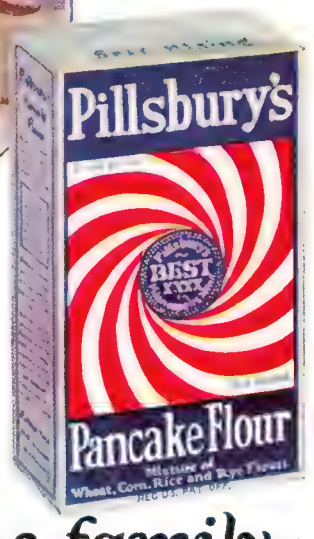
DIAMOND BRAND

DIAMOND *California's finest* WALNUTS

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color, due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect waffles and pancakes.



One of the family-

Delicious Waffles—quickly made

GOLDEN waffles . . . crisp, melting, delicious . . . so simply prepared you can have them any morning! Make a creamy batter by adding water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Add an egg and a tablespoon of melted butter and your batter's done. Pour it into your hot waffle iron. The heat crisps the waffles to a delicate brown and they're ready to serve. ¶ Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains flours of highest quality . . . every ingredient is selected with scrupulous care. Mixed and sifted to powder-fineness, a few minutes' heat cooks it thoroughly . . . digestibly. ¶ Have these tempting, delicately-crisped Pillsbury waffles for breakfast tomorrow.

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," which tells you how to make these delicious Pillsbury waffles

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods:

Pillsbury's Best Flour Pancake Flour Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran Wheat Cereal Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina

HOUSEHOLD HELPS FOR THE HOME-MAKER

The shops are constantly offering articles to make housework easier and more effective. Home-makers who like to keep their equipment up to date sometimes hesitate to buy untried articles because it is hard to tell how they will work out in the daily routine. The utensils illustrated below have been put to use and found effective by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics at Cornell University.

A set of garnish-cutters

SELECTION of household equipment is an ever-fascinating part of the home-maker's work, and a trip through a store that carries a variety of home devices might well be classified as recreation rather than labor. There is so interesting and varied an assortment that the difficulty is to keep within one's budget, particularly in the case of the small things.

When a large equipment purchase is contemplated, time is taken for consideration. Before buying a washing-machine or a vacuum cleaner, a woman investigates the field. She sees the different makes of the article she wants to buy; she talks to neighbors who already own the device and learns from them the good and bad points of the various types before placing her order; she considers not only the virtues of the article itself, but its adaptability to her house and to the other articles of equipment with which it is to be used.

In the matter of the small equipment, such care is not employed. As a result, a home-maker may form one of two habits in this connection: on the one hand, she may buy indiscriminately anything that looks interesting, without duly considering whether or not the article is really helpful, durable and

Opener for jars and bottles

suited to the requirements of the particular household for which it is bought; on the contrary, she may get into the way of passing by all the little things that are offered, on the ground that many of them are useless or hard to keep clean, and so cut herself off from the real help that comes from having a well-selected assortment of serviceable small equipment.

In showing these household helps, THE DELINEATOR stands in the position of the neighbor who has tried them and, knowing their weak points as well as their strong ones, can yet recommend them as being well made and useful for the designated purposes. Whether they are suited to the needs of the reader is of course a question that only she can answer.

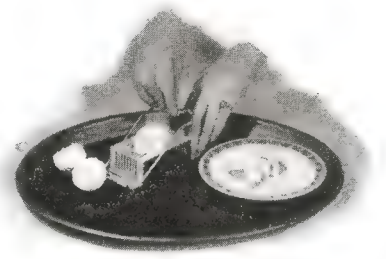
In the home where much attention is given to making dishes look attractive as well as taste delicious, the two helps shown at the top of the page would serve as time-savers. The set of tiny cutters has many advantages. In the first place it takes up little room in the drawer or closet. It consists of twelve cutters, each different in design from the others, with sharp cutting-edges and the upper edge flattened so that it does not hurt the fingers of the user. Where garnishes are used frequently in soups, salads, entrées and desserts, this set of cutters would be welcome. A few slices of beet or carrot cut up with one of these little implements will add color and an appetizing appearance to the plainest stew.

To drain off hot liquids

The egg and vegetable slicer is suited to a similar household. It is especially good for slicing eggs, either crosswise or lengthwise, but it can be used for vegetables that have been cooked tender. The cutting is done by fine wires attached to a frame. When the frame is pushed down, the wires go entirely through the object to be sliced, cutting it with one motion into slices of uniform thickness. In a home where the slicing of eggs and vegetables is only occasionally indulged in, the purchase of this slicer might not be justified, but when work of this kind is an almost daily occurrence it is a real saver of time.

How to drain boiling water from vegetables and handle hot pots and baking-dishes without burning the hands are two things that interest every housewife, and two of the articles shown here help to accomplish these results. A half-disk of metal with small holes is provided with two flanges that fit over the edge of the pot and hold the drainer from slipping up while the liquid is being poured off. This does away with all danger of the cloud of steam that often causes a burned hand when the cover of the pot is used to keep the contents of the pot from falling out during the draining.

To keep shoes off the floor



Egg and vegetable slicer

The pot-holder is simple but effective. It is made of strong wire, with no parts to fall off, and where the structure of the utensil is such that the lifter can get a grip on the edge, the grip is firm and sure. Even where the structure of the utensil does not make it safe to lift it entirely with the lifter, the little implement would be a help if used to steady one side. It is also useful in pulling hot dishes from the back of the oven or moving them around on top of the stove.

A small tool, but an effective one, is the little bottle and jar opener illustrated. Made in one-piece, it is so constructed that it can get under the tightest-fitting cover and pull it off with a minimum of effort. It is particularly useful to open the hermetically sealed jars in which many food products are sold.

The housewife who likes to keep a waste receptacle in her sink will find that the one shown here has various advantageous points. The first of these is that it has a cover that

A sure-grip pot-holder

can be lifted easily when anything is to be scraped in and lowered with a touch of the finger when the receptacle is to be closed. The entire drainer is made of a good quality of tin and is pierced with holes on the bottom only.

Keeping clothes picked up is one of the things that cause unending work, especially in a large family. Convenient equipment for holding various garments when not in use saves the home-maker the necessity of constant "picking up." The clothes one wears in the daytime are always a problem when removed at night. If hung in a closet, they are not properly aired. Draped over the furniture, they give the room an untidy look and are likely to become creased and out of shape. The rack shown on this page is

To hold your clothes at night

designed to provide a place for each article of daytime clothing—even the shoes—where they will be properly ventilated and kept in shape. Although intended for use at night, the rack is equally good to air clothing during the day. Being compact and easy to move, it

A covered strainer for the sink

may be put in a corner or shut up in a closet when it is desirable to get it out of the way.

The shoe-rack is one of those simple but effective devices that make us wonder why we did not think of it ourselves. It is designed to be attached to the inside of a closet door. Several can be put on one door, providing a place for even a large collection of shoes without decreasing the floor-space of the closet. The process of putting a shoe on the rack is simple: merely hooking the heel over the upper rod and resting the sole on the lower rod. The only requirement is, of course, that the shoe must have a heel.

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received has been withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.

A PRE-CHRISTMAS GIFT

No gift was ever more appreciated than one I received early last December, when I was living in the country and separated from stores by four miles of nearly impassable roads. The package bore on its outer surface the legend "Open at Once," and when the wrappings were removed I found a number of gay boxes of various sizes and shapes cunningly nested one within another; a quantity of tough wrapping-paper, with strong cord and plain shipping-tags; red, green and white tissue-paper; gold, silver, red and green cords; gummed tape in holly, mistletoe and "Merry Christmas" designs; Christmas tags and seals; silver paper for wrapping my plum puddings that were to go out as gifts; frilled paper cups for my home-made candies; several photo-mailing cases; a dozen hand-tinted Christmas post-cards and as many cards with envelopes; "Fragile," "Parcel Post" and "Do Not Fold" pasters; and a sufficient number of jolly place-cards and Christmassy nut-cases for my Christmas-dinner table. The box was such a joy! I warmly blessed the thoughtful giver so often during the month that I have since duplicated the gift many times for friends and find that such a pre-Christmas gift often means more than one that is marked "Not to be opened till December 25!"—J. G. HUTTON, Los Angeles, Calif.

SAVE ON EXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS DECORATION

White Christmas trees were the most attractive decorations used in our home last Christmas. I bought very small artificial trees and dipped them in thick starch to which a small box of powdered borax had been added. While the trees were still damp, I sprinkled them generously with artificial snow. Small snowballs were next made from balls of cotton which were dipped in the starch and sprinkled with the artificial snow. The snowballs were tied to branches of the trees. Little red candles were attached to other branches. The Christmas trees and candles were the decorations used on the dining-room table on Christmas day. The effect was exquisite and the cost practically nothing.—MRS. E. CAMPBELL FOX, Pine Bluff, Ark.

SAVE BUYING CHRISTMAS WREATHS

When I was a youngster, we never had enough wreaths at Christmas-time to satisfy us. Last year we had all we wanted by making them ourselves. We cut a supply of branches from the white pine, spruce and other evergreens. Next we made hoops of baling-wire and wrapped the greens around the wire, fastening them securely. With several people at work, one morning is sufficient time to make wreaths for all the windows and a few extra ones for the fireplace and doorways.—LOUISE MOSS SHOAFF, Weldon, Ill.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS

If instead of hanging Christmas wreaths inside the window you hang them outside, they will last twice as long and keep much fresher and prettier.—C. P. KELLY, Erie, Pa.

SAVE TIME IN HUNTING PATTERNS

A pattern-bag is a rather unusual and acceptable Christmas gift. It may be made of linen, with a double row of four pockets. These are labeled in turn: skirts, dresses, waists, underwear, men's clothes, children's clothes, embroidery, miscellaneous. The pockets of the bag are made a little longer and wider than the dimensions of the usual paper-pattern envelope and are bound with bias tape. The bag is hung on the inside of the closet door in the sewing-room. It is perhaps not necessary to add that it is desirable to allow a fold in each pocket, so that it will hold a number of patterns.—MRS. H. K. DICKSON, Bakersfield, Calif.

SAVE ON FRUIT CUPBOARDS

A very useful and economical series of cupboards for the storage of canned fruit and vegetables may be made from orange-crates. The crates may be fastened together and added to from time to time like sectional bookcases. The division in the crates makes it a very simple matter to organize and find easily the various kinds of fruits, jellies, jams and pickles.—MRS. F. A. WHITE, Newark, N. J.

A CHRISTMAS PIE

A Christmas pie may be a very acceptable gift to one's dearest friends. The most attractive one I have seen consisted of a large pan which would be suitable for a meat pie, holding a number of articles which one always needs, such as postage-stamps and pins. Each little parcel was wrapped in black paper such as a photographer gets from the plates and films which he buys. The top was manilla paper, with blackbirds cut from the same black paper thrusting their heads through the crust, their beaks wide open. Very expressive eyes had been drawn with white ink.—EFFIE M. HOWLETT, Oshkosh, Wis.

SAVE CHRISTMAS PLANTS

Now that it has become such a popular custom to give beautiful flowering and foliage as expressions of Christmas cheer and good will, no doubt there are many living in furnaced-heated homes and city apartments who find that after a few days such gifts wilt and droop, losing all their beauty and freshness. This is due not so much to the warm air as to the excessive dryness of the atmosphere, and it can be easily remedied in the following way: Place as nearly in the center of the plant as possible a small sponge saturated with water. Keep the sponge always wet and the plant will retain its thrifty condition and the newer leaves will be green and fresh-looking at all times.—MRS. JAMES N. REDUS, Shannon, Miss.

IF NOT A TREE, WHY NOT A CHRISTMAS BOAT?

Since conservation of trees has become a topic of interest, many people have been conspiring with old Santa to see if other ways can be devised for distributing his gifts. New ways are particularly desirable in churches and institutions where very large trees are necessary. One church in a Middle Western city used an old boat, which was placed in the center of one end of the room. Red canvas sails were stretched from a mast and the name "Merrie Christmas" was painted along the side. Colored electric lights and Christmas trimming were used and strings of pop-corn made the halyards. The gifts were piled high on an improvised deck. Old Santa wore a red sailor suit and cap, but otherwise he was the same old gentleman. The children walked up a wide board arranged gang-plank fashion over the side of the Christmas ship and they loved the new experience.—JANE GATES, Glenside, Pa.

TO CLEAN A STAINED TUB

The people who had occupied our present apartment had used the bathtub ill. It was roughened, hopelessly stained, always apparently dirty. I must confess that the water was, and is, hard beyond belief. I bought literally everything I heard spoken of or saw advertised, but nothing removed that stain, and for months I combined all sorts of bleaches, cleansers, soaps and acids. And at length I found it! I dipped a wet flannel into peroxid of hydrogen, then into the cream of tartar, scrubbed—and the spot disappeared. One-quarter pound of cream of tartar, one twenty-five-cent bottle of peroxid, and my tub looked as well as anybody's.—MARY LEEK, Williamsport, Pa.

SAVE THE SICK FRIEND WORRY

Sick friends may often be saved worry and trouble if delicacies are sent them in paper containers with paper napkins. If food is sent on expensive china with the owner's best silver and linen, the sick friend, particularly if it is a mother of the household, is bound to worry over the care and return of the china and linen. It is kinder to use paper.—MRS. S. W. STANFIELD, San Marcus, Tex.

SAVE HEATING THE OVEN

An omelet-pan, which is shaped somewhat like a frying-pan with one half forming the cover, is very satisfactory to use in heating cereal or crackers. They may be crisped in the omelet-pan over one burner or on the top of a coal-stove, making it unnecessary to heat the oven.—BEULAH E. BLACKMORE, Ithaca, N. Y.

SAVE BUYING FROGS FOR FLOWER-CONTAINERS

Home-made paraffin holders may be substituted for the rather expensive frogs that are made for vases and bowls to be used for flowers. The melted paraffin is poured into a container of the right size and, as soon as the wax has begun to harden over the top, glass rods, pencils, large nails or any other cylindrical object about three-eighths of an inch in diameter are inserted and left until the paraffin is cool. The articles are then removed and very satisfactory flower-holders are ready for use.—MRS. HELEN M. MARTIN, Lansing, Mich.

TO KEEP LEMONS

I have bought lemons a half-dozen at a time and used only one or two. Before I found use for the remainder they have become hard and dried. I have found a way to keep them that is very satisfactory:

Place the lemons in a preserving-jar. Pour boiling water over the lemons, filling the jar to the brim. Then seal the jar. I have kept lemons treated in this way for two months. MRS. CHARLES H. ADDIS, Camden, N. J.

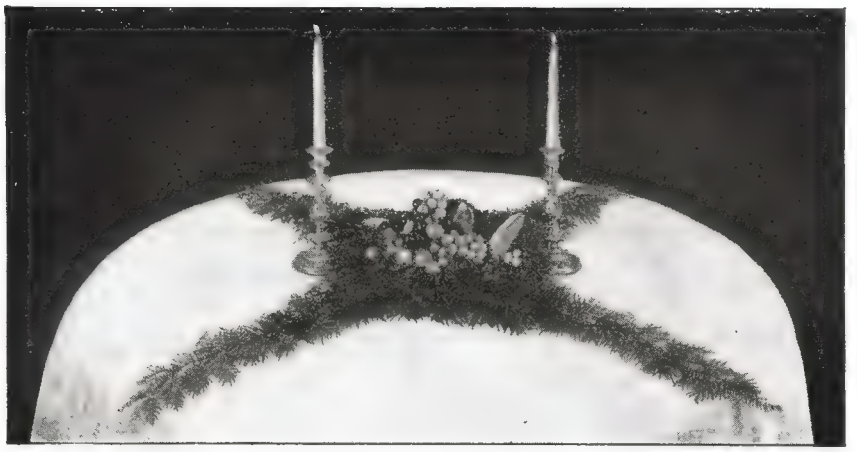
SAVE THE APPLE-PARINGS

When making fresh apple sauce, a glass or more of jelly may be made very easily from the parings. The jelly is made in the usual way by cooking the parings, straining the juice and adding sugar. Other flavors may be secured by adding the parings of peaches or other fruit.—MRS. GEORGE OSTERMEIER, Springfield, Ill.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared MARIE M. MELONEY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. Editor, MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, FRANK QUINN, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Business Manager, James F. Birmingham, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) *Owner:* THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders:* KATHERINE G. BRAKER, 2 East 56th Street, New York City; Estate of W. H. GELSHENEN, care of the Garfield National Bank, 190 Fifth Avenue, New York City; THOMPSON BROS., Milroy, Pa.; FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., stockholder of FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.; THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, stockholders of BUTTERICK COMPANY; GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill.; W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City; S. R. LATSHAW, Butterick Building, New York City; J. H. OLIPHANT & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City; LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 514 West 114th Street, New York City; MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 575 Riverside Drive, New York City; ABBY L. WILDER, 43 Fifth Avenue, New York City; B. F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City; C. D. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City; G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) WILDER, EWEN & PATTERSON, New York City; THE DIME SAVINGS BANK, Brooklyn, N. Y.; CORPORATION OF TRINITY CHURCH, New York City. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) (SIGNED) MARIE M. MELONEY, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1923. WM. DEWAR, JR., Notary Public, Kings Co. Certificate filed New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1924).

CHRISTMAS-TABLE DECORATIONS

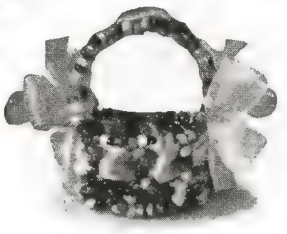
If you would like to have directions for making the Christmas-table decorations illustrated below, write for leaflet and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address, The Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City



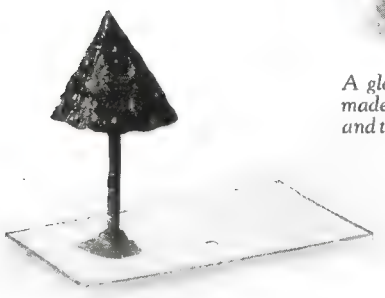
Fruit, chosen for its beauty as well as its flavor and surrounded by evergreens, makes a suitable centerpiece for the Christmas table

Peanuts are the basis of the knight and horse who top this box of bonbons

Here the Christmas colors lend the decorative note in a spray of holly



A gleaming little basket made of colored beads and tied with gauzy bows



The Christmas-tree on this place-card is made of red and green wax

This funny little figure, made of a peanut, is standing on a decorated lollypop

The sealing-wax tree may be made to lie flat on the card, if preferred

A number of small items, with a lollypop as a base, go to make this favor

This "beautiful" bird has a peanut body and head

Know them by their goodness

EACH person's taste may vary. Yet we all have one thing in common. We all like good things best.

This is one of the reasons why a constant supply of "Uneeda Bakers" products should be kept ready to serve.

Try NABISCO with its zephyr-like wafers enclosing delicious creamy fillings, and HARLEQUIN with its triple layers of golden wafers enclosing a creamy filling of rare delicacy. Then, too, there is FESTINO, the sugar wafer, which looks and tastes like an almond.

At your grocer's you will find a wide variety of sugar wafers all made by the bakers of Uneeda Biscuit, the most famous soda cracker ever known.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

The SECRET of her complexion is in the pantry

More and more women are learning this simple truth: Nature does not sell complexions at the cosmetic counter. For the skin merely mirrors the body within!

A well-nourished skin reflects not only a well-nourished body but a *well-regulated* body. It is here that prunes can be of great help to every woman—and especially the woman who leads an indoor life.

Prunes can do more toward an attractive complexion than all the mystic bottles that adorn your dressing table. Trust Nature to do that! Through their gentle laxative action, prunes help to rid the body of impurities that clog pores, bring blemishes and mar an otherwise lovely skin.

For a clear, faultless complexion—look to Sunsweet Prunes in your pantry! Give the "beauty recipe" below a fair test and let your mirror be the judge! Sunsweet Prunes—California's finest—are to be had at your grocer's either in bulk or in the 2-lb. Sunsweet sanitary carton. And send for the Sunsweet Recipe Packet—use the coupon.

Try this "beauty recipe" in your own kitchen:

Sunsweet Prunes properly prepared, will not only *do* you more good but will *taste* so much better! Why not try this tested method: Soak prunes over night, if possible; but, if not, several hours at least. Cook slowly until tender in water in which they were soaked. Use plenty of water so fruit will be "loose." Do not cook too long lest fruit becomes too soft. Flavor with inch stick of cinnamon or some lemon or orange juice. No sugar is needed.

SUNSWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
PRUNES

Mail this coupon for Recipe Packet—free!

California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, 251 Market Street, San Jose, California
A non-profit cooperative organization of 11,000 growers

Please send me, without cost, the Sunsweet Recipe Packet.

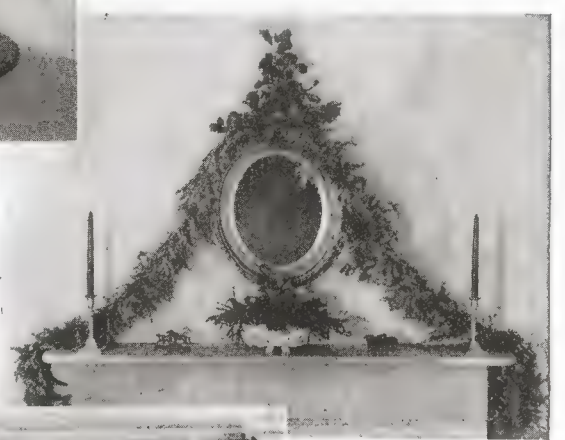
Name _____ Address _____

CHRISTMAS WREATHING

"Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly
Each room with ivy leaves be dressed
And every post with holly."

Window-boxes with branches of hemlock and barberry reflect the joy of Yule-tide

An artistic arrangement of long needle-pine boughs makes a most effective Winter bouquet



A rope of hemlock, topped with holly, draped over a mantel mirror or around a portrait lends a festive air to any room

For Christmas entertainments, garlands of laurel hung in festoons are most appropriate

Above—Vases filled with cotoneaster, juniper and barberry take the place of flowers and ferns

At the Left—What would be more delightfully appropriate than to welcome guests through a doorway of fragrant evergreens?

How these *1000* food experiments helped *2,000,000* wives

ALL of the foods shown below were cooked with this pure vegetable shortening from recipes taken from the private cook book of Miss L. A., whose picture you see above. Miss A. is an Eastern woman who has made a life-long hobby of cooking. Her recipe for "Love Knots" is given just below.

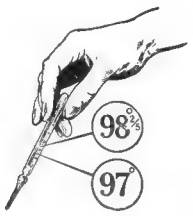
Miss A.'s "Love Knots"

1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
1 tablespoonful cream
2 eggs
⅓ cupful sugar
1 teaspoonful baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful mace

Enough flour to make a batter stiff enough to roll. Cut in strips about the size of a lead pencil. Tie in a loose knot. Cook in deep Crisco until a light brown. Dust with powdered sugar.

Low Melting Point!
Easy Digestibility!

For easy digestion, say doctors, a fat should have a melting point near body temperature of 98⅔ degrees. This pure vegetable shortening melts at 97 degrees—even below body temperature. Yes, it is very digestible.



WE little dreamed, years ago, that the strange little scientist who dropped into our office with his odd foreign clothes and accent would help us to add new relish to the meals in at least 2,000,000 homes.

He had crossed the Atlantic to tell us of a new scientific idea. It was a rather vague and wholly untried idea but we saw possibilities of developing it and employed him to experiment under our direction. And, at last, after completing over 1000 experiments, we announced a totally new food ingredient.

It was a revolutionary contribution to American cooking—a rich, creamy shortening made from the pure sweet oils of growing plants—a shortening which alone filled every shortening need; every cake making, baking and frying purpose.

Thousands quickly discovered its new convenience

Crisco was quickly adopted by chefs, by domestic science experts and by hundreds of thousands of home cooks, and soon comments and compliments began to pour in.

These alert cooks welcomed the convenience of a shortening which came in a clean, sanitary can and which kept sweet and fresh indefinitely without ice-box help.

They found, too, that by merely straining Crisco after each frying operation they could use it again and again—that they could fry fish, then onions, then potatoes in Crisco and the potatoes would have a delicate, delicious flavor without hint of fish or onion.

Thousands of homes in every state soon learned that Crisco was remarkably pleasant to "handle." In frying it never spattered, it made no smoke or unpleasant odor and it gave foods a quick, enticing brown crust. It creamed smoothly in cake making and in making pie crust it cut into the flour beautifully.

A few "bouquets" from its millions of friends

Friendly letters and comments come to us constantly; now from a woman who sends her favorite pie crust recipe and gives Crisco full credit for the flaky tenderness of the crust; now from the head of a private sanitarium who so appreciates Crisco's wholesome digestibility that no other shortening is allowed in his kitchen.

Often, too, we send out women to talk over home cooking matters. Whenever they enter a Crisco home they find a gratifying enthusiasm for Crisco's delicious results, for its purity and healthfulness.

Thoughtful housekeepers everywhere seem instinctively to prefer this pure, vegetable shortening to animal fats. And women who entertain delightfully tell us that Crisco's freedom from smoke and odors solves the troublesome problem of keeping kitchen news out of the living room.

With Crisco's help you can give your husband and your children the same delicious treats that have made Crisco the largest selling brand of shortening in America. So we suggest that you ask your grocer for a can today (they come in a number of convenient sizes) and try Crisco in any of your own favorite recipes, without any bothersome change of method, or use it in the recipe printed on this page.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin) we will send you a special sample can of Crisco (containing full half pound) together with Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book containing scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes. Address Section F-1, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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What some women travel 3300 miles to see—you find just around the corner

ON THE RIVIERA, IN PARIS, WHEREVER FASHIONABLE SOCIETY MEETS, BUTTERICK'S STYLE EXPERT IS NOTING WHAT IS WORN AND BY WHOM

THE LURE OF PARIS, where fashions are born!

Season after season that city of great dressmakers is thronged with women who have arrived to see what new fashions are being launched. Then on from Paris to some watering place where society wears the fashions it has favored!

That new costume coat, just introduced in Paris, the frocks that made a fairy-land of Monte Carlo's great casino, the fashions that have won success—immediately there is a Butterick Pattern for every one of them!

Open your Butterick Pattern — there in the Deltor are the secrets of that style's perfection.

With lightning speed the foreign staffs of Butterick send news of just how each vagary of the new mode is accomplished. The new fashions are simplicity itself for you with the Deltor.

The Deltor's individual cutting layout is for your size pattern laid on the very width material you are using! It saves you material as no general cutting chart can.

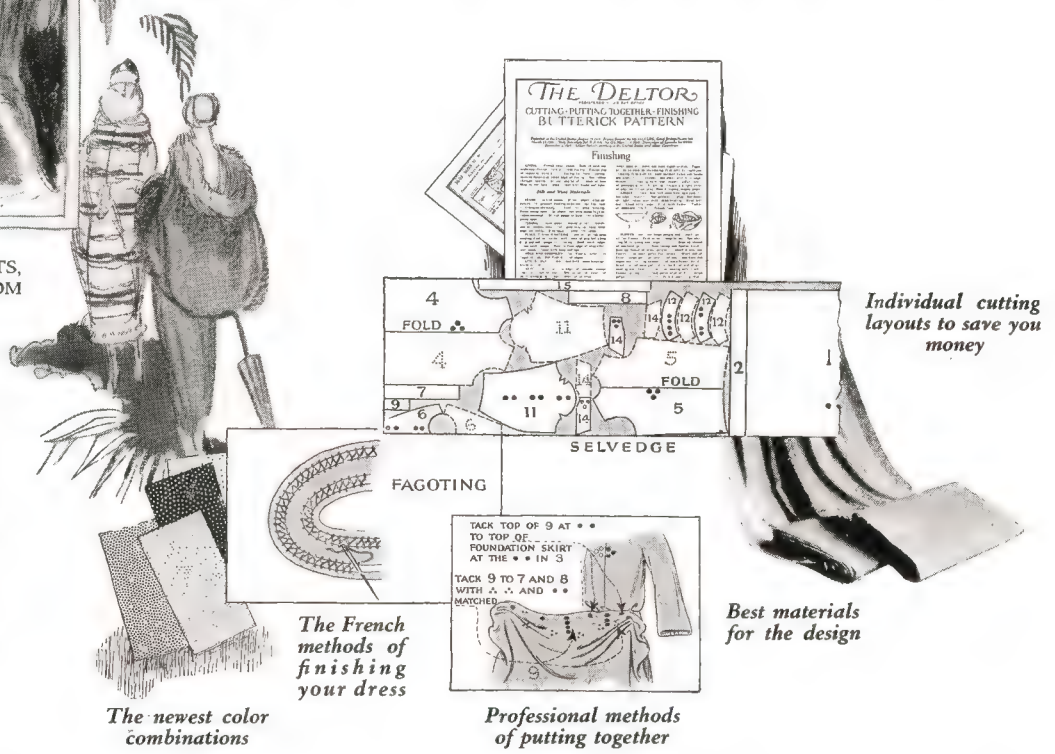
The new close hip effect you achieve with the utmost success because you have the Deltor. The Deltor shows you how a professional would make the new style.

You use fur, velvet, metal lace, the new large plaids to finish your dress just as the French do — the Deltor shows you.

The Deltor gives you the complete guidance the new styles demand if they are to look right when done. No other pattern gives you this service. Butterick, New York, Paris, London.

Eventually no woman will use a pattern at any price that does not give this service

The general cutting chart and general directions most patterns give you are not enough to-day. For women now know how much time and money the individual cutting layout saves them. They know the helpfulness of the combinations, and have seen the difference in the look of a dress when it is made with the complete putting-together and finishing directions the Deltor gives them. They will not tolerate the average pattern with its perfunctory general directions. They demand their money's worth when they buy a pattern—they ask for the Deltor.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR

Butterick Fashions featured each month in THE DELINEATOR

LET'S GIVE A PLAY!

Continued from page 18

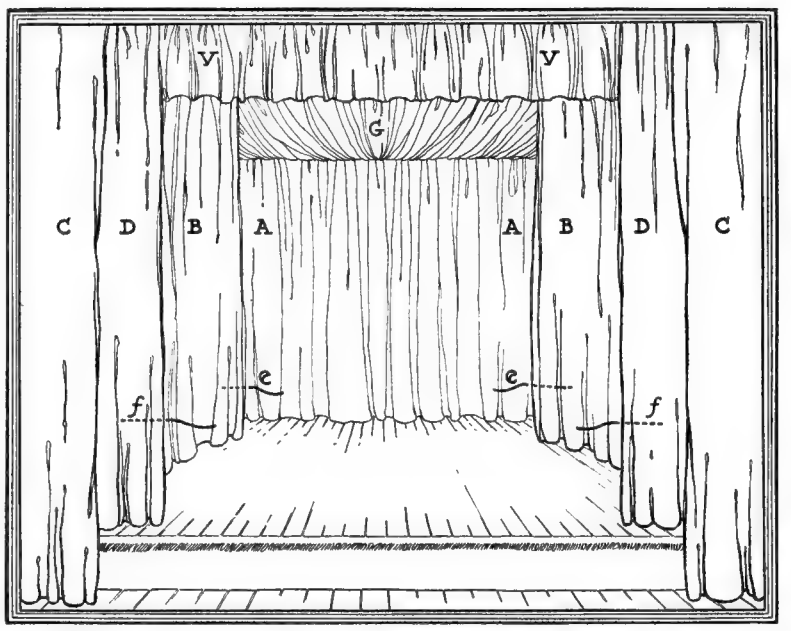
philosophy in "The Neighbors" (Zona Gale), or poetic fantasy in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" (Stuart Walker). Reference to a more complete list will be found in a footnote to this article.

The choice of a play will naturally depend largely on the personnel of the group. The studious reading of a variety of plays to determine the one best suited for your group will be an education in itself. Most libraries have all of the books of plays named in our list. For a group that looked to becoming permanent, the purchase of a library of plays would be an excellent investment. Most of the books named cost two dollars or less, and five or six of them would make a good beginning, to be added to from time to time.

While the play-reading is going forward, the organization should be effected. The finest play ever written, the best-equipped stage, the most extraordinary array of talent can not compass an adequate performance without organization.

The first task of the far-sighted director will be to sit down with paper and pencil, sketch out in his mind the entire course of events and assign every detail to some one: who gets the tickets printed; who sees to it that a telegraph blank and envelope are ready to be brought on to the stage; who has puff and powder and liners ready in the wings when some one has to make a quick change to a blood-stained wig and make up a face-wound after the off-stage accident. These and a dozen other questions occur to him at once.

Fortunately custom in the theater has developed a well-tried system of organization, and an amateur group can not do better than follow it—making, perhaps, some combinations when the problems are simple enough to permit. In the amateur organization there is this difference: All parts of the work are shared by the members—the rôle of call-boy is as honorable as that of star performer, and, indeed, he who plays the lead in one production may well be call-boy, scene-shifter or property-man in the next. It is of distinct value to the actor to know the mechanics of the stage and essential to the playwriter or producer, and amateur organizations, especially those composed of youths, have more than once been the training-ground of those who later contributed much to the professional stage.



A—Drapery for back drop. B—Curtains hung in broken arcs to give actors off stage, space.
C—Narrow curtains in front of stage to mask approaches.
D—Draw curtains. E and F—Lights from wings.
G—Sloping draped roof. V—Valance hung just back of draw curtains to complete draped effect.

THE typical amateur organization will have a director, and he must be the supreme head and court of final appeal. His first duties are to choose the cast and to rehearse the play or plays, though quite conceivably, in the case of several one-act plays, he may delegate the coaching of some or each of them to other people, keeping, however, a general oversight of all. In consultation with the scene-designer, he will decide upon the stage-setting and costumes for each play. He will consult with the stage-manager, property-man, light-man, business manager, etc., about the duties that belong to each.

The stage-manager's duties begin with rehearsals. It is he who notifies the actors of the hours and checks up on their attendance and promptness. At rehearsals he keeps close to the director and holds the book, marking any outs or changes of lines and writing in the "business" as soon as it is set; he must also see to it that the actors mark cuts or changes in their books. When the actors begin to dispense with their part-books, he must be ready to prompt. It is also the business of the stage-manager, usually in consultation with the director, to make out the scene plot, furniture plot, property plot and light plot, the word "plot" in this case meaning list or plan. Before the performance the stage-manager oversees the setting of the stage, which is done by scene-shifters and the property-man and his assistants. With the draped stage no scene-shifters are necessary. He gives the time to the call-boy, makes sure that the actors are ready for their cues, gives the signal for the curtain, frequently manipulates it himself, arranges for any bells, pistol-shots or other noises off-stage (usually delegated to the property-man or call-boy), holds the book and is ready to prompt for lighting cues and for lines. Very often in an amateur production it is deemed wise for the stage-manager to appoint a special prompter who shall have nothing else on his mind.

Directly responsible to the stage-manager are the property-man, light-man, curtain-man, scene-shifters, wardrobe-mistress, prompter and call-boy. In a small amateur production not all of these are necessary. Common sense will dictate what functions can be easily combined, but the duties should be clearly defined and responsibility assumed for each.

TO THE property-man belongs the task of buying (or borrowing) all objects used upon the stage, sometimes including the furniture, about which he naturally confers with the scene-designer. All the smaller objects, such as letters, telegrams, books, telephone, dishes, flowers, etc., are called properties and are kept by the property-man, who is also responsible for seeing that they are in place at the right time. Many stories are told of the quick-witted substitution made by professional actors when properties have been mislaid, but such situations usually spell disaster for the inexperienced.

The wardrobe-mistress may have much or little to do, according to whether the play is or is not a costume play—that is, in clothes of a bygone time or of the present day. In the latter case each actor usually attends to his own clothing, costuming himself from his own wardrobe or those of his friends. But in a costume play, where costumes must be made or rented, the wardrobe-mistress will have her hands full making sure that the director's and designer's ideas are properly carried out, that accessories are complete and that clothing fits and is freshly pressed. If there are quick changes in the wings, wraps to be added or discarded, make-up to be altered, it is the duty of the wardrobe-mistress to be on hand with the change of clothing and with puff, powder, rouge, etc.

Again, however, common sense must rule, and in a small production where room back-stage is limited, the property-man (or woman) can quite well hand a man his overcoat and umbrella or a lady the wherewithal to repair her make-up. Sometimes a special make-up man or woman is employed, but usually amateurs learn simple making up, or one of their number makes a fuller study of it and helps the rest. For ordinary make-up the rules are few and simple and there are several good books on the subject especially designed for nonprofessionals.

So far we have talked mainly of mechanics. Now comes the great moment of beginning rehearsals. We assume that the plays are already chosen and cast and the part-books have been typed or else copied out by each actor. Each part-book has only the lines of that character, each speech preceded by the cue—that is, the last three or four words of the preceding speech, and with the "business" put into the second person, like this (it is *Mark's* part from "The Hero," by Alice Brown):

MARK

Outer door opens and you come in.
"—— you enlisted?"
You toss down your cap and gaze at her an instant before answering:
"Yes."
"—— my oak leaves?"
"Yes. What did you want of them?"

And so on. Usually the director or some one else reads the play straight through, explaining any points he may desire. Sometimes this first reading is omitted and the actors read the parts around with no attempt at action. This gives the idea of the play and gives time for the actors to get into their parts a bit before being embarrassed by questions of action. It is very valuable to get the feel of a play as a whole before thinking of details. Stories you may have heard of actors who learned, rehearsed and even acted whole plays without an idea of the story are mostly buncombe. In any case, it is not the method of to-day, nor one productive of intelligent acting. Even two or three seated readings without action are advantageous with an inexperienced cast. Then comes "setting the business." The first reading with action must perforce be slow, for the director must tell each person where to enter or leave, whether to sit or stand, and all the broader outlines of the "business." He does not attempt to cover all the finer points this first time. If the play is a full-length one, an entire evening may be occupied with setting one act. In that case the cast will usually read through the first act at the next meeting before proceeding to the setting of the other acts.

It should be said here that the director must previously have spent many hours studying the book, deciding upon the action and noting it upon his script; and also that he must be flexible-minded and ready to make changes that seem desirable. It goes without saying that the players will accept the director's setting of the "business" and make suggestions only *outside* of rehearsal, if at all. Any one who has ever attended a rehearsal interrupted by constant suggestions—usually ill-considered—from various members of a cast will see the value of the more courteous method.

Notice that we are still *reading*—that is, no one has as yet tried to learn his part. Memorizing too early in rehearsal gives the actor much to unlearn, wrong emphasis, tempo, tone—all of the things that must depend upon the gradual building up of all the parts into a whole. And the actor who is "a quick study"—that is, who memorizes with ease—will save himself much labor thereby, for he will find out that he already knows most of his lines when he has rehearsed a

Concluded on page 62

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Whether the home you plan to build is to cost $3000 or $50,000, you need the help of this big, fine, 440-page Master Book, "Building With Assurance"—Second Edition. Within its covers has been placed, not extravagant generalities, but specific, practical home-building plans and methods which you can actually USE to help you reduce waste, cut costs, save time, eliminate experimenting, avoid mistakes and get more for your money. "Building With Assurance" often means the difference between a mere house and a *real* home—*at no additional cost.*

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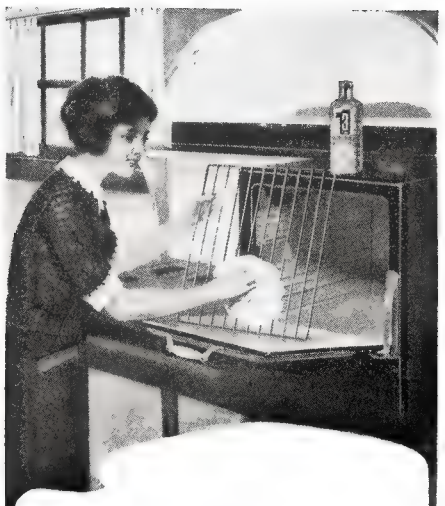

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LET'S GIVE A PLAY!

Concluded from page 61

half-dozen times from the book. Then comes the time when the director says, "Next time know your lines." *Next time* is often a rather ragged rehearsal and he who "holds the book" is kept busy. But that critical point is soon passed and then the director can begin the final polishing process. With lines coming without struggle, each actor can work upon diction, gesture, nuances of facial expression and the realization of thought and feeling that must underlie every true impersonation; the director can give attention to accelerating the tempo, building up to climaxes, holding down the less important parts and in general pointing up and working for spontaneity and ease.

Finally comes the performance. Another fallacy one sometimes hears is that poor rehearsals make good performances, and the reverse. *It is not so!* True, undue confidence might lead to carelessness in certain individuals, but there can be no mysterious influence that hoodoos good work. Any such belief is a hold-over from the ancient "jealousy of the gods" idea. If each one has done his work conscientiously and well, there can not but be a good performance. If any one depends on luck or the inspiration of the moment to counteract the lack of careful preparation, there will probably be a poor result.

THERE are certain rules that must be observed to insure smoothness; all are based upon consideration for others: No one except the actors in each scene as it comes on should be allowed back-stage; relatives and friends should be absolutely barred. Giggles and whispering have more than once spoiled a scene where this rule was not observed. Similarly, an eruption of costumed and made-up persons into the audience as soon as their parts are played does much to spoil the effect upon the stage. These two things should never be tolerated in an amateur production. It hardly seems necessary to mention promptness, yet who does not remember some wild scramble, irritation, confusion because a thoughtless one was late?

Every human activity has two sides, two results: the attainment of its announced goal and a by-product sometimes quite as valuable. The giving of a play is no exception. The flowering upon the stage may entertain an audience, it may instruct, it may really create a work of art. Its preparation by an amateur group is bound to have a reactive influence on the players. It leaves its imprint in lessons of cooperation, fair play, consideration for others. An effort of this kind that has not built up friendship, stimulated imagination, spurred to greater effort has missed half its mark.

NOTE—*A list of books of one-act plays, a list of longer plays and a list of plays for which no royalties need be paid—all suitable for amateur production—will be sent to any reader on request. Address, Entertainment Editor, care of* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage.*

STANDING, SITTING AND WALKING

Concluded from page 19

apparatus of any sort. By practising these faithfully with the help of the illustrations, and selecting sensible shoes, any person can accomplish wonders in the way of correcting foot deformities and strengthening the muscles and arches. The ten exercises follow:

1. Standing, raise heels.
2. Standing, raise heels and bend knees.
3. Standing, raise heels upward and forward without forcible turning, keeping ball of foot on floor without twisting.
4. Walk on straight line, "pigeon-toed," one foot in front of the other.
5. Walk on outer borders of feet, one foot in front of the other. Start with toes curled under and slowly straighten them as weight is brought down.
6. Standing or sitting, lift arches by curling toes under.
7. Stand on chair or on a step, with toes over edge. Curl toes downward and under.
8. Pick up pencil or marble with toes.
9. Sitting, circle foot downward, inward and upward (not outward). Try to see sole of foot as it is turned inward.
10. Sitting, same exercise as 9, assisting movement with hand, turning foot inward forcibly.

NOTE—These exercises are only for those who have NOT a severe case of weakened arches. Those who have a severe case should consult an orthopedic physician. Use judgment. Do not strain and tire feet. Do the exercises only a few minutes at first. Gradually work up to not more than fifteen minutes at any one time. These exercises should be done at least once a day. To gain results, foot exercises must always be accompanied by the wearing of correct shoes.

TO STAND correctly, place the feet about six inches apart, with their middle lines parallel, toes pointing straight ahead. A good way to get the proper vertical line is to stand with your back and heels against the side of the wall and then lean forward about three or four inches. The chest should be well out, as if pushing some object in front of it, the head erect, abdomen flat, neck well up and perpendicular, and arms hanging loosely on the middle line of the hips. You will now have the whole body in the proper position with relation to the natural center of gravity, placing the weight of the body on the balls of the feet and not the heels.

Keep your head up! "Heads up!" is a symbol for alertness in sports, for the person who carries his head in this manner usually is mentally and physically in better condition than the one who allows it to droop. It actually increases your self-respect and confidence to throw back your shoulders and straighten your neck so your chin will be in. Show me a person whose head is constantly allowed to sag and I will show you a person who isn't well. It is a sure sign that there is something the matter with the muscles or nerves.

In sitting, push the lower spine well back in the chair and lean back so that the body will be in the position given for correct posture in standing. Keep the chest out and the abdomen in. Do not permit the chest to sink and the abdomen to come up and meet it; they should be as far apart as possible. (See illustration on page 19.)

The feet should point straight ahead in walking—that is to say, their inner side should be parallel to and touch an imaginary line marking the direction of progress. It is better to be slightly pigeon-toed than to toe out. There was once a big-league baseball manager who always used to ask of a "scout" who had discovered a promising young player: "Does he toe in?" If the answer was in the affirmative, the manager would make further inquiries, but if the negative, he immediately lost interest. He probably got this idea from watching Napoleon Lajoie, who was then the star of the American league, walk. Lajoie was one of the most graceful men I have ever seen. His movements were so smooth and easy that he just seemed to flow from one place to another, instead of walking or running. And he distinctly toed in.

Primitive men who habitually go barefoot always have springy, easy gaits and are able to travel great distances without fatigue. Put a pair of stylish shoes on one of them, however, and he would soon be reduced to the untrained white man's low level of endurance in walking.

HABITS of good posture should be formed as early as eight years of age, for it is about this time that the most common causes of bad posture begin to manifest themselves. There are four causes to which most of the posture troubles can be traced:

1. General malnutrition, which prevents the proper growth of the organs and muscles.
2. General fatigue, which causes the muscles to be so tired habitually that they can not perform their proper functions in holding up the body.
3. Lack of proper muscular development. (This is due to inadequate exercise or other causes. It usually can be corrected by exercise and care in the diet.)
4. The habitual assumption of an improper position, which may be due to (*a*) carelessness on the part of parents or teachers in permitting incorrect posture in the home or school; (*b*) cramped attitudes assumed in occupation. There are many industries in which stooping or bending over a desk or bench becomes a habit unless very closely guarded against. In such cases it is extremely important that one take corrective exercises and limit the stooping and bending to the absolute minimum.

Incorrect posture usually starts in the lower back, for it is there that the body is most flexible. Unless the abdominal muscles are developed, they are pulled forward and lose their power to hold the body in its natural position. The weight of the internal organs, responding to the pull of gravity, will cause a sagging, unless the muscles exert a contrary force and the body is so balanced that the pull is in a straight line from the top of the head to the middle of the feet.

The way to strengthen the muscles so that they will be able to do their work of offsetting the influence of gravity is to develop them through constant exercise. The character of the exercise depends on the nature of the cause of poor posture. The following list of daily exercises will insure the continuance of good posture in those who already have it and will serve to correct troubles that have not gone too far in those who have faulty posture. These exercises are to be taken standing, unless otherwise mentioned:

1. Extend arms sidewise, shoulders high, and circle arms backward. (Fifteen to twenty times.)
2. Hands on hips, bend head backward slowly and raise head slowly with chin in. (Five to ten times.) (*Do not lift shoulders.*)
3. Bend arms sidewise, hands on shoulders, arms upward. Hold five seconds. (Three to five times.)
4. Bend trunk forward, with back straight and hands back of head with fingers interlaced. (Ten times.)
5. Bend trunk sidewise, hands on hips. (Ten times.)
6. Sitting with feet under some support, bend trunk backward to floor and return to sitting position. (Five to ten times.)
7. Standing with hands on hips, raise body on toes and half bend knees and extend. (Five to ten times.)
8. Raise arms from sides, palms down, in front of body and forward over head. Inhale while raising; exhale while lowering. (Three to five times.)

(EDITOR'S NOTE—*Special exercises for correcting round shoulders, hollow back, flat and narrow chests, lateral curvature and relaxed abdomen will be mailed to any reader who will send a two-cent stamp for return postage.*)

In all cases where postural trouble is of long standing and has become serious, I recommend that a physician be consulted, so that he may make a careful examination as to the condition of the organs and prescribe exercises accordingly. The simple exercises given here are meant for the average and not the extreme case of bad posture. It is obvious, of course, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in matters of this sort. Good posture is one of the easiest things in the world to acquire, because nature intended us to have it; only because we have, in our complex civilization, broken some of her fundamental rules do we have postural difficulties.

Every person, whatever the state of his health or whatever his occupation, can

indulge in spine-straightening and abdominal contractions at frequent intervals. Throw back your shoulders, straighten up, pull your abdomen back into its proper place and fill your lungs with a deep breath every few minutes. It will not interfere with anything you may be doing.

Parents and teachers should be very careful that children are not permitted to stoop over when reading or studying. Near-sightedness and astigmatism are frequent causes of round shoulders and lateral curvature. When the child is constantly stooping, an examination of the eyes should be made to determine whether glasses are needed. Standing constantly with the weight almost entirely on one foot is another bad habit. Teach the youngsters to stand firmly on both feet and their posture will greatly improve from this one thing alone. Furthermore, they will not run the risk of incurring curvatures and displaced organs.

In concluding this article, let me advise every one to stand "tall," sit "tall" and walk "tall." Imagine that your weight is being suspended from the top of your head and keep in as nearly a straight line as possible under the point of suspension.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

Concluded from page 21

advertised it. Churches, clubs, theaters, libraries and schools held meetings in the interest of the Better Homes movement. "A new life, a new soul has entered into Port Huron, Michigan," wrote one of the merchants of that city to Secretary Hoover.

The second prize was won by St. Helena's Island, South Carolina, which was also a prize-winner in the 1922 campaign. Here the work was carried on in the interests of the negroes of the State. In addition to the small house, costing $643.90 and attractively furnished for $469.94, a living-budget for a family with an income of one thousand dollars a year was worked out by the State College and furnished to all the negroes who visited the demonstration. Eighty per cent. of the population of St. Helena's Island went through that house. A special list of books which ought to be in the home of every negro who can read and write was prepared and the books shown on the shelves in the living-room.

This house has become a permanent Better Homes demonstration center. It has been taken over by the Penn Normal Industrial and Agricultural School and will be exhibited throughout the year to the parents of all students and to all visitors who can be interested in the work.

THE DELINEATOR awarded a special prize of two hundred dollars to the committee of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, for the successful handling of an unusual situation where extremes of income meet. The demonstration house was adjudged the most beautiful of any competing. The model flat in the foreign district proved so truly educational in its combination of beauty and economy that it, like the St. Helena's Island cottage, was taken over by the department of education and is now used as a training-school exhibit by the board of education. This little apartment was developed from three miserable rooms in a congested part of town. It was made into a most attractive little home which was completely furnished for four hundred and fifteen dollars. The story of the Upper Montclair Better Homes demonstration will be told in the March issue of THE DELINEATOR.

Mrs. Newton C. Wing, of Atlanta, Georgia, one of the best-known home-economics specialists in the South, won the third prize for the work she did in Atlanta, Georgia. She began the organization of her committee on the twelfth of May, and on the fourth of June opened to the public of Atlanta a charming seventy-five-hundred-dollar house, furnished and equipped with the greatest amount of taste and efficiency and the least amount of money. The living-room and the nursery in this house were deciding features in the final award of third prize to Atlanta.

Fourth prizes were awarded to Clarksburg, West Virginia; Greenville, South Carolina; New Haven, Connecticut and Sacramento, California.

In Greenville the women's bureau of the chamber of commerce assumed the leadership of the campaign and bought a forty-five-hundred-dollar bungalow, which was sold at auction after the campaign. The location of this house was kept a secret until the day before the demonstration, which proved to be a good publicity feature.

In addition to the attractive eight-room, nine-thousand-dollar house in New Haven, which won first prize in 1922, an inexpensive four-room tenement in a row of houses proved a valuable feature of the demonstration; also, an exceptionally fine program of lectures, demonstrations and musical selections was offered each afternoon and evening at the demonstration home.

Sacramento, which obtained honorable mention in 1922, equipped and furnished three demonstration houses, and also conducted an exhibition of building materials, home furnishings and equipment in the down-town district.

Clarksburg, West Virginia, had a demonstration which was a feature of the City and County Home-Coming and Historical Pageant and proved to be the most attractive feature.

EVERY community that enlisted in the Better Homes in America movement commanded the enthusiastic cooperation of the various civic, social, patriotic and commercial organizations. It proved to be a cause in which the different elements of the community found a common interest and a common basis of cooperation.

The effect of these demonstrations upon the communities and the spirit with which they were conducted are revealed by comments such as these:

Mayor of Montclair, New Jersey: "I know of no movement that has been of more general service to the people of this town." One of the largest business men of Clarksburg, West Virginia: "It was one of the best things that has been done in the history of this town." A chairman in making her report: "We all enjoyed doing it and feel proud of what we have accomplished." The spirit mobilized during the Better Homes campaign in many cities was repeatedly commented upon as the finest demonstration of community spirit since the work of the war.

The establishment of courses for better-homes leadership in several colleges and universities indicates the educational value of this work and the permanency of the results that may be expected from it as a national movement in the future.

Plans are now being made to bring about this year an even greater demonstration of America's interest in the home, and communities and citizens everywhere who want to do something really constructive for the good of the home community may write to the National Headquarters, Better Homes in America, 223 Spring Street, New York City, care of THE DELINEATOR.

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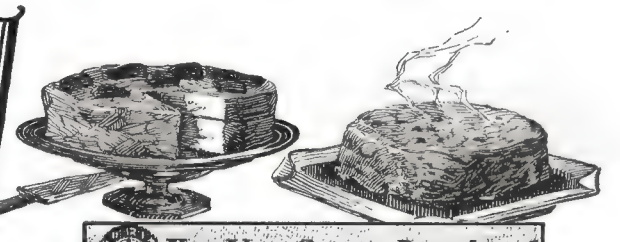

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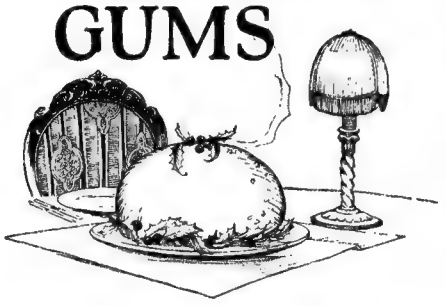

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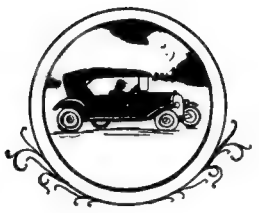

FRONT AXEL

Concluded from page 9

the boys we know have all gone into business and pushed ahead——"

Leaning against the little car, Axel laughed until it tinkled.

"That's what's going to make it good!" he chortled. "Rich! They think they're leading the world by a ring in its nose, and they all call me 'Rear Axel——' "

The way he relished the jest at his expense—no, at her expense—released her wrath a hundredfold.

"Here!" She jerked at the ring with the tiny diamond for which she had discarded the gifts of her father. "This doesn't belong to me!"

"You bet your life it belongs to you." Still mystified, Axel wiped the grease from his hands on his secretarial trousers and continued laughing as he came toward her. "I gave it to you——"

"It belongs to the thing you love best!" And flinging it into the flivver, she flew to her roadster and drove it out of the narrow alley.

LAUGHTER left Axel and pain drew a line across his eyes. Finding the ring, he slipped it onto his little finger and turned it around and around. Then, like one bewildered who hunts and hunts for a lost thing in the place it last was seen, he started after the disappearing roadster.

But suddenly he stopped and retreated behind the jog again. The back door of the Woodsman's National opened and three men came out. Two carried grips in their left hands and walked crabwise, peering back. Their right hands bulged over objects in their pockets. The man ahead opened the doors of the car and loosed the curtains. Then he slipped under the wheel and started, even as the other two leaped to the back seat. The car slid out of the alley.

Axel's mind and body had always worked together. He vaulted into his car. Alarms took time, posses were cumbersome—and the Canadian border was only twenty miles away. Somebody had better be on the job.

The little car got out of the alley and across Main Street. The big one had climbed the cross street and was turning into Mountain Road above. Axel could have overtaken it. Remembering his carburetor, he knew that. But he hadn't so much as a sling-shot along, and the pockets of the two men with the grips had bulged grimly. There was another way. It was to be hoped that Miss Grimes hadn't got the town marshal on the phone yet. Poor business, trying to talk to marshals. Too slow. They went in heavy for explanations. What the world needed at that crisis was something a little livelier than explanations.

Detouring into Town Hall Court, Axel shot up before the marshal's office and under full speed ahead slammed on his brake. His rear wheels stood dead, his front wheels slewed a half circle on the wet pavement.

"First step of 'The Skid Waltz,' or 'Constable's Horror,' " said Axel, as, headed the way he had come, he shoved on the accelerator.

Listening behind him, he heard the pop-pop of a motor-bike. The marshal had risen to the bait, then, and was after him! Bully old marshal! That made two in pursuit of the car with the blinkers on and the *soixante quinzes* pecking out of the cracks. In view of the *soixante quinzes*, it might be well to keep the pursuit a secret for a while. Passing Mountain Road, Axel climbed to the parallel street above. From there he ought to be able to keep tab on the other car by means of side streets. But it didn't show up. Side street after side street whizzed by. Its motor must be a humdinger. But what was a humdinger engine in a race with a new-fangled carburetor? Nothing! Still, there was no sign of the car. The pop of the motor-bike was drowned in distance. Side streets gave way to lanes. Lanes to a swamp. Ahead was the junction of the town streets and the beginning of the highway across mountains to British Columbia. The big car ought to show up pretty quick now——

It did. It came roaring out of Mountain Road, heading for the highway. Axel veered toward the point where their lines converged. It was not a choice spot for battle. Granite flung a sheer wall up at one side and a swamp dropped away at the other. But Axel wasn't contemplating battle. He had no weapons for it. He had only speed.

The noise of his engine mounted to a thin, shrill shriek. He gained a yard, a rod—twenty. He was out of the street onto the highway. His echo detonated against the granite, drifted across the swamp. He was ahead—far enough ahead. Reaching for the brakes, he jammed them on. His front wheels reared and slowed on the pivot of the back wheels. The flivver became a barricade across the road.

The big car was oncoming thunder, pierced by the yell of brakes, climaxed by a crash——

SUNLIGHT sifted through the bandages coming down from his forehead over his eyes and Axel stirred. Some one rose from the foot of the bed and knelt with a tear-dampened cheek against his hand.

"I see it's still raining," said Axel.

Sharly tried to pack all her information into a single breath.

"Dear," she began, "the flivver's wrecked, but you're only cut up a little, and father says you're a world-beater and as soon as you get around he's going to send you to Detroit with your carburetor!"

Axel turned his palm to the smooth soft cheek.

"And what do you think? The marshal says he was after the bandits all the time, though Miss Grimes didn't get to the phone for a full minute after he'd started chasing you. She got a posse out though, and they came up in time to get the men and the money out of the car, which toppled over into the swamp. The marshal struts all over the place. But *The Morning Eagle* got things straight. All across the front page it has just one big headline. Guess what it says. It says: "FRONT AXEL!"

REBELLION

Concluded from page 15

she was often going to leave the dishes to some one else.

"It doesn't need half an eye to see your vacation has done you good," he said, as she sat down beside him. "But I don't think much of that job idea. I thought you went away to rest."

"The job was a rest," she smiled. "I couldn't stand it, just sitting around. Mrs. Kent, the landlady, treated me like a friend, and it was better for me to be busy. I never knew before that I was worth so much real money!"

She went on to tell him about her job and her recreations outside of working-hours. He could see that an entirely new world had opened up to her. The one fact that she was worth a salary which seemed to her prodigal had given her a new angle from which to look at herself. And in those long evenings, watching the sea or going for walks with Hugh, she seemed to have come for the first time to a realization of herself as an individual. She got a long way off from her kitchen, even from her children and from Joe, and she looked at them clear-eyed.

"I came to see my mistake," she said.

"Very few of us ever get that far, Mary. What was yours?"

"Unselfishness," she returned simply. "I had wanted my children to be happy and care-free, and I had made them selfish and dependent. I wanted Joe always to be comfortable, to bolster him up. And it wasn't good for him—it freed him from responsibility, it kept him from developing, just as it did Lina and Martie. I suppose a mother must sacrifice a good deal to her children, but it seems to me that if she gives too much, she robs them of giving."

"Ah! The old question of whether to live for the individual or the race."

"But can't a person do both? It seems to me that it isn't too late, even now, for me to learn how to give to my children and at the same time teach them to give to me."

The early Autumnal twilight draped its blue veils over the two gardens. Across Mary's garden lamps were being lighted in her homely little house. In the new wing of the house one of Lina's babies could be heard fretting.

"I can't save them from life," said Mary, "but I can be wiser for them than I have been."

She gave a little laugh. "Lina and Martie say I have spoilt their father. *They* didn't spoil him, poor Joe! He was so glad to see me back that it almost made me cry. There's one thing I don't understand, though. Maybe you can help me——"

In the twilight old Doctor Will smiled. "Ah, this is what she really wanted to talk about!" he thought.

"Why has Joe stayed home all this time?" she asked.

"Because he was afraid to go away!"

"Afraid?"

"Mary, has it ever occured to you that the men who like to wander are almost always men with good homes? It's the good home that makes wandering delightful to them. It's the knowing they had a harbor to come back to that takes all the fear out of wandering and gives it its zest. Goes back to cave days, I suppose. Joe isn't as civilized as you are, Mary. He's a good deal of a boy. He bluffs, but inside him he's not so darned sure of himself—you mustn't mind what I say about Joe, Mary——"

"No," she returned quietly. "I know him pretty well."

"And when he came back and found you gone, it was as if a tidal-wave had swept his harbor. He clung to shore, as if he were afraid that if he ventured out again he'd find even the familiar landmarks gone when he came back. He thought he was taking a rest. Really he was suffering from a scare such as he never had in his life before."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I suspected it was that way. He's all right now, though." She smiled out of the corners of her eyes. "He's going on the road again Monday."

There was a moment's silence between them. Then the doctor said: "You're wise not to try to keep him here, Mary."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that. Joe needs noise and things happening outside himself. But this time it will be different. I understand him better. He's my boy, like Hugh, and I don't mind being a—a harbor, as you say, because I've found myself. I can be an individual, too, the same as Joe or Lina or Martie. And I intend to be," she added.

"Good! You've discovered resources you didn't know you had?"

"Yes. I can make a good living, for instance. The landlady I worked for in Maine wants me to go to Florida this Winter, where she has another hotel, and there are other things I know now that I could do. But it isn't so much that. It's that I've got up above them and taken a bird's-eye view of my family. And I've seen my own weaknesses, too. And my strength. After all, I'm only forty. I feel as if I've only just begun to live!"

The screen door on Mary's porch slammed and a tall figure came down the steps and stood surveying the garden.

"Joe's looking for me," said Mary, rising. She called: "I'm coming!" and moved a step along the path. But she turned back and added in a lowered voice, which did not conceal a hint of triumph: "Joe is going to take me with him to Chicago on Monday."

"No! Really?"

"Yes. And if I like it, we'll take a little apartment and put Hugh in school there. 'If I like it'—and doesn't that sound funny for me to be saying? But that's the way Joe put it himself."

"Humph! Bet you told him about Florida?"

But Mary only laughed and closed the little gate in the fence.

MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 17

question about the girl. She played "Ivanhoe" at school, and she was delightful—quite different from the other children. She was natural and at home and seemed aloof from the audience, as if she were a real actress. I didn't help her or know anything about it.

In the meantime they are just like other children. They fight like the dickens, make up again and are very happy and love each other very much.

THAT year I had an offer from the Metro Corporation to go into moving-pictures. They offered me very enticing terms to do eight pictures. Of course it meant giving up the regular theater for a time, as it is almost impossible to combine the two ways of acting. But I thought it was wise for me to do it as things were at the time.

I spent all that season in pictures. I didn't like them very much, and I was very glad when the year was over. The work was hard. and then there were the discomforts of walking in the snow for hours at a time and waiting and waiting around the studio. I never did a picture that I could bear to look at, except "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." It was really a lovely picture and I could actually look at myself without horror and dismay. I have been asked if I was worried by the lack of words, but it seemed such an entirely different thing I didn't think of it.

During my last picture, the Stage Women's War Relief was instrumental in getting Mr. Al Hayman to let them have the Empire Theater so as to produce three Barrie plays, "The New Word," "Old Friends" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." "Old Friends" was not successful but, of course, "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" were enormously so.

In spite of the beauty of these performances, the houses were not very good, and one night at Mamaroneck, after the moving-pictures were finished, it occurred to me that they might like to put "The Twelve-Pound Look" on the bill instead of the unsuccessful one-act piece. I was sure that it would draw the people in, and then they could enjoy the other plays after they got there. So I went straight to the telephone and called up Mr. Hayman at his house and suggested the plan to him. He didn't seem to understand at first that I wanted to play for nothing, but when he did he was delighted. We got four or five good weeks out of that and made some money for charity. That was the beginning of my war work. I was never able to do very much, but I did all that I could, as we all did.

The next year Mr. Hayman had promised that I could have a repertory season at the Empire, a thing that I had always longed to have. The first play was to be "Camille," which we called "The Lady of the Camellias," and we did a version by Edward Sheldon which I have always thought most beautiful. I can't imagine playing any other. We did it in the costumes of the period in which it was written, as I have always felt it should be done. One of the most amusing things about this play was the crying of the audience. After *Marguerite* had died and the stage became black in preparation for the last scene (it was supposed to go back into the prolog), the theater was dark and quiet for a minute. Everybody in the audience took that moment to blow their noses, which, in spite of themselves, made them sort of hysterical, and there was always a nervous giggle through the house. I don't think I have ever played a part that I really loved so much. We did it about three months and then produced a light modern comedy by R. C. Carton, called "The Off Chance." It was a great contrast and a most amusing play. This ran about two months, and we finished the season with a play by A. A. Milne called "Belinda." It was a fantastic, frothy, exquisite farce.

During this repertory season, there were many benefits and pageants given for various war charities. The first one was the big pageant of all the Allies at Madison Square Garden, in which I was Belgium, with sufficient effect to make me go on being Belgium more or less indefinitely until the end of the war.

I was called on constantly. It was very difficult for me to know what to do, as I had always had a horror of recitations and was firmly convinced no power under heaven could ever make me recite. For any charitable event, I always had appeared in one-act plays or in single scenes from long plays. Now that I was faced with my war work, I had to learn to recite. It is impossible to convey the abject terror I was in the first time I stepped upon the stage alone, as myself, to utter. It was on the occasion of a benefit for the Red Cross at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was almost entirely a musical program, orchestral and choruses, and above all, Caruso. I was the only other soloist, which naturally intensified my panic. The poem was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." I had always known it vaguely—in fact, that was the only way I did know it—very vaguely! I had studied it, but I had little confidence in my memory under the terrifying circumstances, so I asked my brother Lionel to go into the prompter's box, which is immediately in front of where I was to stand during this ordeal. My feelings when coming through the famous golden curtains of the Metropolitan and facing a mammoth audience are indescribable. I began with quite a dash, a little like going over the top, but keeping firmly in my mind at the time that if I should forget, there at my very feet was my brother Lionel with the poem in his hand ready for the worst. Just before the last verse, the worst happened: my mind suddenly became a hideous blank. There was a pause; I suppose it was really only an instant, but it seemed to me a million years. Suddenly a sound came to me from the prompter's box; it was Lionel trying to give me the lines. I heard nothing but what sounded like the muffled roar of a lion. He repeated it several times, but it never meant anything to me except the strange cry of some jungle beast. Suddenly it came to me and I finished the poem amidst thunderous applause.

After the performance, John McCormack came back to congratulate me. He spoke about how wonderful my voice had sounded and how particularly marvelous was the great change I made just before the last verse. He had thought that only a singer could produce such an amazing effect. Thus is bravery rewarded!

THE next thing I did in this line was at the stadium of the New York City College, a place holding forty thousand people. I was to recite Zoe Akin's "Ode to the Allies." A glorious thing, but it was very long, and this time I prudently had it largely and blackly inscribed on a scroll of parchment, which I held firmly grasped in my two hands. I was, of course, as nervous as ever, but got a certain amount of confidence holding tightly to the parchment before going on to the platform. It was at night, but the platform was well lighted, so I knew I could see to read. But what I didn't know or expect was that I was flooded with enormous spotlights that I had to look at while bowing. As they kindly applauded my entrance, it was a little like looking at the noonday sun. I was completely blinded, so, when I looked at the parchment to begin my ode, I saw nothing whatever for what seemed a space of eternity. I have always hoped that the largeness of the place and the vast numbers of people made that time seem shorter. At any rate it was all right, and I had again done a little of my "bit."

Concluded in the February DELINEATOR

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 12

She was on the arm of his chair, almost in his arms. Now she turned slightly surprised and somewhat curious brown eyes to his. "Yes, but that was before— I don't see what that has to do with it," she protested disapprovingly.

"Why, I was just thinking that we have seven years to wait before we have to tell each other all our secrets!"

"I think that is a silly way to talk!" Edith said coldly, getting up and walking proudly away. Jack laughed good-naturedly as he went after her. The burning hunger he was beginning to experience for that first talk with Rosalind was rapidly blotting everything else from his life.

Formally as it had been recognized, cordially as it had been received, he had not for his engagement to Edith anything of the feeling that had made the break with Rosalind so difficult. That had been tearing into the fibers of something that for all its impracticability had been sacred. This was—well, this was just what girls and men meant when they said casually: "He and Edith Rogers were engaged once, you know!"

He had been a fool. Confused and vague as was his plan at present, he saw that now. Everything sane and logical pointed to his marriage with Edith; nothing could be more frankly idiotic than, having broken with Rosalind, to break now with Edith and return to the first allegiance.

But then logic did not matter—expediency did not matter. What mattered was that he felt nettled and confused and hurried in all these new relationships that his mother and Edith were so charmingly cementing; that the mere thought of Rose made his heart sing and his blood run normally, cleared his brain and, paradox though it might seem, cleared the future again. He could be anywhere, do any work, face any difficulties—with Rose. He could not do anything fettered and cuddled in the cotton wool of the decorous and the expected things.

Well, whatever happened Monday night, there must come a change. Edith should break this engagement herself—make any explanation she pleased to the world—and go East again this Winter to visit those precious Davenports of whom she talked so much. And this queer little interlude of their engagement——

"Lord, it certainly puts me in a manly, resolute sort of light!" Jack mused. "But what do I care?"

He could not wait until Monday. He would go to find Rosalind on Sunday afternoon. Edith was going with her family to her Uncle George's house in Marysville on Sunday. She had prettily offered Jack his freedom for that afternoon.

"It's very stupid and you've been once. And your mother does like to have you drive her about on Sundays," Edith had said. But she had reverted to the subject of Monday. "Is that Monday engagement very important, Jack? Because I'm afraid I've very stupidly promised Sally that we'd come over and play bridge. I *could* break it, I suppose. But—is it business, Monday?"

Jack's heart had been dancing. He would see Rosalind late on Sunday—day after to-morrow.

"Nope. I can break the date on Monday," he had said good-naturedly.

Edith had been radiant. The secret, whatever it was, was made harmless, and Jack would be driving his mother about Gates Mill on Sunday afternoon and join the Rogers, of course, for the usual cold supper at seven.

THUS it happened that on the very October Sunday when Rose, the lunch-dishes washed after the midday dinner, was staring apathetically out into the side yard wondering whether to put two hours in on her French or to make the almost unthinkable effort of walking with mom and Audrey to the graveyard, Jack, half a mile away, was whistling as he dressed to come and see her.

"I think Sunday afternoon is the most horrible time of the whole week," Rose told Cecy somberly.

"Oh, I don't!" Cecy said quickly. She and another youthful pair and Dory Barker were going driving up on the Poorhouse road to Kirby's Dam presently in Dory's disreputable car. All Gates Mill would be driving in that direction in the mellow Autumn afternoon. And all Gates Mill would see little Cecy Kirby on the front seat of Dory Barker's car. They would have caramels to chew, and they would sing as the car rocked comfortably around the turns and past the flashing windows of the Poorhouse.

"Ned," Rosalind began, as her brother lounged into the clean kitchen, "want to walk with mom and me to the cemetery?"

"Aw, what's the use?" Ned asked amiably and idly.

"I was thinking we might hire old Clown and the surrey and drive," Mrs. Kirby—who was actually embarrassed by a sense of financial ease in these days—suggested mildly. She had come into the kitchen and was looking a little anxiously at her beautiful oldest child. "Ingles only charges a dollar an hour, and we could ask Miss Ellie—your grandfather wouldn't go, I know, but he went out after lunch, and I don't know where he is!"

Rose, who in her general metamorphosis had recently entered upon a patient, almost saintly phase, infinitely more comforting to her family than the recent mood of criticism and capability, agreed lifelessly. "That would be lovely," she said.

Audrey immediately departed for Ingle's Stables around the corner and presently came bouncing back in the surrey with Jim Ingles smoking a large black cigar on the front seat beside her and Clown, large and frisky, between the shafts.

"Come with us, Ned?" his sister asked.

No, thanks, he'd rather not, he said, hurting her vaguely and clouding his mother's eyes. What was the difference, Rosalind asked herself—let him go the way of all the town boys, if he would.

AS THEY drove, observant and admiring, through the beautiful district of Upper River Street twenty minutes later, with Miss Ellie estimating that it was 'most two years since she had been driving up this way and Mrs. Kirby pointing out every separate inch that the Kirby and Tallifer families had once owned, they passed Jack Talbot in his gray car.

Rosalind, whose eyes and thoughts were far away, did not see him, nor did Audrey, and if the others did they gave no sign.

But Jack saw them, and his heart turned to water. The world seemed cold and unfriendly as he slowed the gray car, irresolutely followed the course of River Street and turned back.

"Home again?" his mother's voice called pleasantly through the quiet of the Sunday afternoon.

"Yep. Where are you?"

"Out on the porch. Come out here with me. Your father thought something had disagreed with him and went up-stairs to lie down. He had that late, very heavy breakfast, and I think luncheon was pretty hearty. Missing Edith?"

Jack did not answer. He caught a section of the scattered Sunday newspaper from the floor and sank into a basket chair. It was just four o'clock.

They probably had hired the surrey from half-past three to half-past five. And he must be at the Rogers' at seven. He would go to the Kirby's at a little before six and have just the beginning of his talk with Rosalind—just an honest fifteen minutes that should start to loosen the flood gates——

He dozed off on that happy dream of himself in Old Mill Lane—Rosalind coming to the door——

His mother half-roused him gathering up papers. As she carried the rustling sheets away he heard her say to Gusta: "Is Mr. Talbot awake, do you know?"

Then silence and the drowsy sweetness of the October afternoon again. A hummingbird came and poised itself over a passion flower, jerked to another and poised throbbing yet motionless again. Jack's eyes followed it idly——

Suddenly and hideously the hour of peace was shattered by a scream. For a moment his senses could not place it or its direction. Then came the always frightening sound of running footsteps upon an upper floor and words in his mother's voice—although not a voice he had ever heard from her before.

"Oh, my God—Augusta! Oh, Wittinger—Wittinger! Oh, my God—quick—quick! Jack—Jack—*Jack!*"

He was flying, rushing—his breath gone, his heart hammering in his throat——

He was on the stairs—he had caught his half-fainting mother in his arms—he was in his father's bedroom.

"It was—it was a man, Jack!" his father was saying thickly. Jack lifted the big form from where it was half-sitting, half-lying on the floor. His father's eyes were bloodshot, his face had a dark, unwholesome color, he looked dazed.

"Get him into bed—call Newman!" Jack muttered between his teeth, his hands working madly over the prostrate form. "Call Newman, 'Gusta—don't stand there crying! He's all right, mother; he's just had a fall——"

"Man at the window!" old Talbot said distinctly and loudly over the murmuring and whimpering in the room.

"Help me get him into bed," Jack directed. "He must have had a fall——"

"My head—" his father said.

"Oh, Jack—he'll die before Newman gets here!" sobbed Mrs. Talbot. "Oh, my God, what can we do? Oh, Wittinger, Wittinger—Jack, do you want a hot-water bottle? 'Gusta fly—*fly* and get a hot-water bottle!"

"Ice-pack more like it," Jack said, not moving his eyes from his father's congested face.

Newman, coming hurriedly in, said that the ice-pack was right; everything had been quite right. It was just a touch of vertigo—nothing serious.

"But I think we will keep this young man where he is for a day or two," decided the doctor comfortably. "Little rest won't hurt you, Mr. Talbot."

"Damn nonsense!" growled J. Wittinger amiably.

"Oh, look here now," said the doctor. "I haven't gotten a real good fee out of you folks for years!"

But down-stairs he was not so cheerful. He said frankly that he did not like the look of J. Wittinger's eyes; there were aspects of a paralysis——

And that was the end of Jack Talbot's long boyhood. The week that followed was like a hideous dream of responsibility and care. His father had a long talk with Bainbridge on Monday, the beginning of the week.

Jack protested to the doctor against the advisability of this talk.

"I'd let him talk to Bainbridge, Jack, and see Purcell if he wants to," Newman said quietly.

"My Lord, can't the works run five minutes without Dad?" Jack demanded impatiently. But the second name arrested him suddenly. Purcell was his father's lawyer.

"What do you mean, Doc?" he asked in a lower tone, paling.

Newman shrugged. But old J. Wittinger had his long talk with Bainbridge and the next morning his wife and Jack were summoned in for a business conference. The invalid looked quiet and at peace, although there was a mottled heavy color in his face and his hands seemed curiously lifeless. Bainbridge did most of the talking.

MR. TALBOT wanted to take advantage of this scare to clear things up. He expected to be around again in a few days, but meanwhile this seemed a good time to decide upon the incorporation of the works, as he had always planned. He meant to take a good long holiday now and put Jack in his place.

"A heavy load for a boy, my son, but you'll grow to it," he said. He and his wife would travel—the boy must take the whole responsibility. "Be good to your mother, Jack," the old man said in a troubled, puzzled sort of tone.

Mrs. Talbot began to cry. Newman gave the invalid something to drink and said that he didn't propose to listen to any of that sort of talk.

Fifty-one per cent. of the stock to the boy, twenty-five to his mother. Old Leahy was to have two shares, and Paul Long, the oldest employee in the place, another two in recognition of faithful service. The remaining twenty shares went as a gift to Clyde Bainbridge, who was to remain as third stockholder, second vice-president and manager of the iron-works. Both wife and son looked amazed at this mention of the manager's name. Had Bainbridge made himself so valuable?

"Satisfactory to you, Lida?" asked the sick man.

"Wittinger, of *course* it is! I'm—I suppose I don't quite understand your *giving* Mr. Bainbridge so much stock! I—of course you know best. But—but why are we talking like this?"

"All right as far as you're concerned, my boy?"

"My God, dad," said Jack, his freckles showing up strongly upon his paling face, "you're—you're the one to run it and all of us!"

"Well, you draw that all up, Purcell, and bring it to me," said J. Wittinger wearily. He clasped his wife's hands and closed his eyes.

THE next day and the next he was brighter. But Newman made no promises, and a week to the hour after his first attack, the soul of his patient quietly left the big airy bedroom in Upper River Street and the tree-shaded neighborhood upon which a quiet Autumn rain was falling and the town where he had struggled and conquered for fifty of his sixty-eight years.

The news went about Gates Mill like a sobering wind. Old Talbot was dead. Funny to think of the town without Old Talbot.

Jack's mother had collapsed; there was an appalling amount of work to do, questions to settle on all sides. Even before his father's funeral, the boy had bitterly reproached himself for all the wasted years when he might have grasped the details of the business and had not done so.

And when the funeral was over and he had to spend day after day struggling with business matters made absolutely incomprehensible by his lack of experience and knowledge and had to return at night to the desolate and demoralized household, he felt as if not only his father's responsibilities, but his father's years, had descended upon his head.

Old Rogers, of the bank, was one of the trustees. Jack had to see him almost every day; sometimes he dined at the Rogers', and instead of laughing and murmuring over the piano with Edith, spent long hours in her father's library, talking, computing, making tentative decisions.

No more time for dreams. His dream of Old Mill Lane, of a romantic love and renunciation, came to him no more. He was always worried, always tired. Rosalind had gone out of his life with everything else that was young and irresponsible and joyous. His mother clung to him; Edith, her father, the entire personnel of the works—all, all looked to him now to be their unpaid, harassed slave. He was no longer free to go his own way, to live his own life.

"Does Mr. Bainbridge really try to make it easier for you?" Edith asked.

"Oh, he's awfully decent. He hasn't much magnetism, you know. But he's a marvel when it comes to business. It'll be Talbot and Bainbridge some day if I don't hustle."

"Never!" said Edith, her face flaming.

"God forbid!" said his mother, leaning back with shut eyes in her chair, her face pallid above the heavy black of her gown.

He must be his mother's comfort. He must take his father's position in the community. He was engaged to a lovely girl. He must marry and settle down and reestablish the Talbot family. They all—lawyer, judge, clergyman, doctor, banker—reminded him of it over and over.

"No more time for nonsense, Jack," said Judge Raymond. "You've had your days of dancing with the girls and running around town with this one and that one. Now you've got to make good!"

ONLY Jack knew how difficult of fulfilment this last clause promised to be. At the works he had to depend utterly upon Bainbridge and upon the general trust and friendliness that the various heads of the departments showed to Bainbridge. There was hardly a letter that Jack felt free to answer without consulting the manager, and his face would burn when Bainbridge quietly set right his errors and canceled his mistaken orders.

It was the more exhausting because Edith and his mother were totally unable to comprehend it, even in the slightest degree. His mother said that he was already a better business man than his father, and Edith praised him "for just walking in there and showing them all that you know more than the whole bunch of them!"

"Why don't you just fire Bainbridge, Jack?" both of them demanded calmly upon an occasion when an apologetic telephone from Bainbridge had revealed to them that he had usurped Jack's authority completely.

"Maybe he'll fire me first!" Jack answered wearily.

"Fire you?" his mother said quickly. "With fifty-one per cent. of the stock! You could laugh in his face——"

"Yes, dear, and he could sell his stock and walk out and laugh in mine!"

"But Jackie, dear, you're a Talbot—you're president of the works!" his mother persisted, anxious and puzzled.

"All right, mother. And it's all going to work out," Jack said, almost falling asleep with weariness as he lay upon the sitting-room couch.

Three weeks after his father's death, Edith delayed him a minute as he was following her own father into the library at the Rogers' house.

"Jack, dear, I've been talking to mama. Of course it'll all have to be very quiet now, because of the family being in mourning—but would December eleventh be right for you? That's three weeks from Thursday. Of course I've given up all my plans—I'll not have any bridesmaids or anything. We'll just have a very simple ceremony at noon and a breakfast here and ask only the members of the immediate family——"

"You mean our getting married?" he asked slowly, after a pause.

"You see, that gives us Friday, Saturday and Sunday for a little trip, and you're back in the works on Monday," Edith explained practically. "Your mother'll be much happier. It worries me to think of her alone in that big house; and every one says—Uncle George and papa, and the judge, and everybody—that we ought not to put it off!"

"You know, I've been thinking about every other darned little thing," Jack began apologetically.

"Of course you have, you poor overburdened boy!"

"The eleventh, did you say?"

"Yes. That's three weeks from Thursday."

"Sure, that suits me."

"That's fine, then," said Edith simply.

IT WAS not that Edith was at all insensitive, was in the least unwomanly or bold. Not Edith, Jack thought, as he brought his buzzing head to something like concentration upon assets and liabilities again. No, she was extremely young, extraordinarily practical, and, having once become engaged to her, he had accomplished all she asked of him in the matter of their marriage. The details were hers to arrange.

Evidently her entire family and circle were advising an early and quiet wedding—and why not? She was very attractive, always trim and beautifully dressed, always adequate. Their friends and ideals and standards were the same; the Rogers and the Talbots had had adjoining pews in St. Luke's since St. Luke's was built. A man was much wiser to select a woman who could never surprise him with her ignorance of his world, who would take her place at once in church, in club, in the town's social life and succeed, as Mrs. John Rossiter Talbot, to the place now filled by Mrs. J. Wittinger Talbot.

Jack, thinking of these things, felt old and quiet and sensible. It was all a web—he could not escape it. The bewildering hours at the iron-works, when he must see Clyde Bainbridge enjoying his birthright of authority and control; his mother's innocent arrogance, her confidence that there always had been plenty of money and always would be; Edith pleasantly, happily planning their marriage; the two big rooms at the back of the house being papered for their occupancy——"

"I've got the funniest feeling, Doc," Jack confided to the family physician a few days before the ceremony, when he delayed Newman's car in River Street outside of the bank for a few minutes. "I can't see myself with a wife. My God, I've got enough on my shoulders now! The steel castings we've been using since the middle of September are full of blow-holes, we're way behind on deliveries, and collections are rotten. And when I think of the whole thing going to smash, maybe, and myself with my mother and a wife—and Edith's a darned sweet little girl— I wouldn't want——"

"Everybody feels like that when they get married," the doctor, who had himself a young wife and a new baby, said with a fraternal grin. "I guess a hundred fellows have talked like that to me just before they were married! Get married, Jack, and

Continued on page 68

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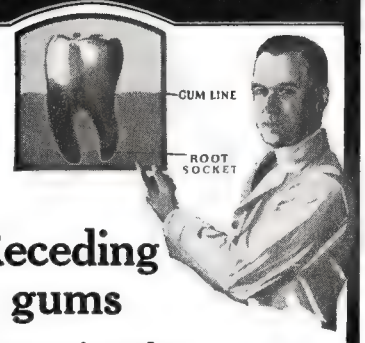

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G 532

ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 67

settle down and have a kid and you'll feel differently about everything!"

"You know, a couple of the fellows at college were sent for," Jack said youthfully. "Their fathers died, and there was business to settle up, and I used to think it would be a sort of exciting time—Prince of Wales stuff, you know: everybody looking at you and so on! But my God," he added, tears suddenly coming into his eyes, "if I could bring the old man back! Nowadays nothing seems normal. I don't know how to express it! I feel as if the twenty-a-week clerks in Bond's had a better show than I have!"

"That'll all wear off!" predicted the doctor comfortably. "Ever see Rose Kirby these days?"

Jack's face flushed. "I haven't seen her for months—except for a minute in old Terry's office."

"She was at the concert last night," Newman said. "She *is* beautiful! Lovely face—looks as if she had a lovely nature, too!"

"She has," Jack said briefly. But the mention of her name did not stir him as it had done in those dreaming, romantic days before his father's death. He felt now only a sort of reminiscent heartache, a shame that was mixed with quiet regret.

"Well, well, we all do it!" the doctor said cheerfully. "Buck up, Jack—you've got to grow up like the rest of us, you know."

"I was thinking maybe I'd go down and see Rose and just have a talk with her——"

"We-ll," Newman drawled doubtfully, "point is, when could you do it? The big hawk lights day after to-morrow, you know!"

Jack frowned, reflecting. It seemed incredible, now that he suddenly wanted to see Rose, that he was too tightly caught to plan even for an hour of freedom.

"I could go just before dinner to-night," he suggested after thought.

Newman gave him a speculative glance. "Here's the thing, Jack," he said. "Everybody in town knows you and your car. You park it outside Rose Kirby's house to-night and you'll have the whole town buzzing—and what *for?* It'll make Edith mad, and I won't blame her. You know, there's an awful lot of happiness in marriage, my boy, but there's responsibility, too. You've got Edith to think of now, and her feelings, and her mother and all her folks—that's part of it!"

"Oh, Lord, that's just what I'm telling you!" Jack said soberly, almost with a groan.

YOUNG Mr. and Mrs. John Rossiter Talbot returned from their brief honeymoon on the Tuesday afternoon following their wedding and took possession at once of the pretty suite of rooms that had been prepared for them in the old Talbot mansion. The groom's mother met them with smiles that quivered immediately into tears, and there was a large family dinner that night at the Rogers' house.

Jack and Edith had reached Del Monte on Saturday morning, but all that day and the next had been quiet, foggy, silent, and the bride had pleaded for just one bright sunshiny day. The bright sunshiny day had been Monday, and it was only by traveling hard all day that they managed to reach home on Tuesday. Jack, nervous and apologetic over the unexpected forty-eight hours' delay in his return, had planned to call up his manager that evening. But Mrs. Rogers had thoughtfully forestalled this by asking Mr. Bainbridge to dinner, and Bainbridge was reassuring and pleasant. "We didn't expect you back all this week," he told Jack good-naturedly.

This was on Tuesday, and it was on the following Sunday that Jack and Edith, sauntering toward the Talbot gates to cross the street and turn the corner and so find themselves at the Terry house, saw Clyde Bainbridge driving his car slowly along Upper River Street.

Winter was upon Gates Mill now and most of the trees were bare. The cool, windless, sunless day was silent, dreaming, brooding. Smoke rose from chimneys straight and lifeless into the lifeless air. All the life of the world was indoors to-day.

"That's Mr. Bainbridge's car, isn't it?" Edith asked. "Don't let him see us! He may be calling, and we'd have to go back!"

But the motor-car gave no sign of stopping, and as it approached it was to be seen that the occupants were deep in talk and paying small attention to their progress or their surroundings. Clyde Bainbridge was at the wheel; his companion was Rose Kirby.

She had a big soft brown coat on—given Ellie Connor years ago by old Mrs. Terry and borrowed to-day, but that mattered not. It had a brown fur collar which framed the glowing color of her exquisite face; her hat was small and brown and there was a single rose upon it that matched her cheeks. The blue eyes were fixed amusedly upon her companion; her burnt-gold hair spread itself in little tendrils against the upturned brim of the hat and its rich waves completely hid her ears. She was interested; she measured something small and square with her two gloved hands and Edith and Jack were actually near enough to hear her say eagerly: "Oh, Mr. Bainbridge, but how do they *know* that?"

"Isn't that—?" Edith asked, stopping short.

"Yes, that's Rose Kirby," Jack said briefly.

"Jack, isn't she *extremely* pretty!"

"She looked pretty, all right, to-day!"

"But how oddly you say that, dear!" Edith smiled.

"Come on, honey," Jack said, following the path into the Terry's side yard.

"No, but I think I have the right to ask for an explanation of that tone, Jack." Edith said lightly.

"What tone, dear?"

"Why the tone in which you said that she looked pretty *to-day*. Doesn't she always, or is it that you don't admire her type any more?"

"It's neither," Jack said good-naturedly. "I didn't know you were so interested, that's all. Bainbridge looked quite the Adonis, didn't he, in that new coat?"

"Interested?" Edith echoed patiently. "Why *shouldn't* I be interested? After all, Mr. Bainbridge is the junior partner in the works, since your father chose to make him so. My father says he never will understand why that stock should simply have been handed Bainbridge for nothing! But you don't like me to-day—I can see that!"

"If you can see that, you're a born reporter!" Jack assured her, laughing. A sudden interruption was welcome to him—some one calling his name.

"It's old Mr. Tallifer," said Edith, turning back to the street, where Rose's magnificent grandfather, scrupulously brushed and with his milky beard streaming over his big chest, was smiling and signaling to them. The old man often wandered harmlessly about the Upper River Street district on Sunday afternoons, getting a kindly greeting from everyone who met him and sometimes regaling children with long tales of the past grandeurs of the town.

"You're Talbot's boy, aren't you?" he asked Jack now, with a smile from bright frosty-blue eyes.

"Yes, sir," Jack answered respectfully.

"Heard your father was ill?" old Tallifer asked concernedly.

"Very ill," Edith answered, sweetly and gravely.

"Sorry to hear it—sorry to hear it! He hasn't got that extra volume of my encyclopedia Britannica, the fourth volume, has he, Si? No, you aren't Si—you're Si's boy," the old man muttered, distressed at his own mental confusion.

"I'm Jack. No, sir, he hasn't got it," Jack, who knew all about this lost volume, said. "You know it was burned in the big fire, years ago."

"Burned, everything burned!" said Nathaniel Tallifer, cheerfully nodding. "Well, you tell your father to sell that stallion. Once a fellow like that gets to bolting, he's good for nothing but crow's meat," he added, going upon his gentle way.

"I will," Jack assured him.

"YOU were sweet with that poor old fellow, Edith!"

"Well, I always feel so sorry for any one who is unfortunate like that," Edith admitted, moving along beside him, looking especially well in her pretty brown oxfords, her smart woolen stockings, her brief plaid skirt and the gay sweater that allowed a snowy frill of shirt-waist to escape. But she reverted, to his secret dismay, to the previous topic. "Jack, I do think one reason why we are so happy and our marriage is such a success is that when we have even the faintest cause for an explanation, we face it sensibly and clear it up *then*. And let's always do that, shall we? It's the only way. And when you turn on me, as you did, and say that you don't see why I should be interested in Rose Kirby—why, you make me feel that you *totally* misunderstand me! Really you do! In the first place, you admired her very much once, and that's enough to make me interested in her; and in the second place, if Clyde Bainbridge is paying attention to her— Well, I think it's perfectly ridiculous!"

He was trying to be merely neutral, to be amused. But when Edith got into this analytical mood, she did have the most extraordinary fashion of boring him almost to exasperation. Why should he get angry? What was it to him if she expressed herself positively and fully about the business and Bainbridge, and a lot of other things that she did not in the least understand? She was sweet and capable and a good sport, clean and straight, and she loved him and had been his wife for ten days.

"I don't see why *ridiculous*," he could not help saying mildly, and he added a honeymoon name that she had said she liked from him: "Pussy."

"Please don't spoil that name by using it when you are out of sympathy with me, Jack!"

"Are we out of sympathy?" he asked in a tone of mild surprise. What else was there to say? Was it *always* better just to keep still?

"Clyde Bainbridge would no more marry that girl than fly," Edith said irritably.

"*She* wouldn't marry *him!*" This at least came spontaneously from Jack.

"She? She'd jump at him!" Edith said, with a brief laugh, walking on.

Jack did not speak.

"And he'd find himself saddled with that entire family, and he's too ambitious for that!" Edith concluded the subject with satisfaction. Then she crossed the Terrys' porch and they were no longer alone.

EDITH before the others was her charming self again. She was full of little endearments for Jack, really amusing and delightful in her attitude as the bride.

"I'll have to ask my husband, Bozzy. We young married women can't be too careful, you know. Jack, may I be Bozzy's partner?"

"Not if I'm to pay your losses," said Jack.

"Oh, listen to him! How mercenary! Do you mean that you could possibly let me be any other man's partner even for bridge?"

"Not without cutting his throat, of course."

"Well, I should hope so! He's still loyal to me, Sally," said Edith, with a wise, droll little air of youthful pride. "I'm going to write an article: 'How to Keep Your Husband.'"

That was not mere acting, Jack realized. The truth was that Edith was really a child, spoiled, egotistical, self-centered, superficial. She liked her riding-habit better than actual riding, her picture at the piano better than music, her new name and estate better than her husband. He had discovered on their honeymoon that he could always restore her equilibrium, after the storm about the torn cuff or the lost hat was over, by recalling her attention to herself.

She questioned him like a curious child all during the trip. How much had he tipped the waiter? Why had he gone to the St. Francis? But if he liked the Fairmont just as well, why hadn't they gone to the Fairmont? What had kept him so long downstairs? Well, but if all those men were waiting to be shaved, why hadn't he come up to her again?

But these were trifles—only a revelation to him of how extremely young a girl could be at eighteen. What struck him seriously and forcefully in this very beginning of their life together was that Edith was absolutely devoid of affection.

Even in their hours alone she could show none of it because, Jack saw, she had none to show. She liked breakfast in their room because of her pretty robes, her blue slippers, her boudoir caps. She clung prettily to his arm as they crossed the big porches, but at the same time she would say delightedly: "Everybody is identifying us! Isn't this too funny?"

Happy, healthy, smothered in gifts and

with her trunks filled with pretty things, it was not astonishing that Edith was in constant high spirits and interested and sweet-tempered about everything. She gave Jack the full measure of her devotion, inasmuch as she could feel devotion at all. She would come and sit in his lap in her bridal fineries, a slim, boyish, undeveloped little person, with her dark hair hanging in a braid that ended with a somewhat reluctant curl and her face either framed by the beribboned caps or with a great bow of pink or yellow satin tied through her hair and flaring above one temple.

Her hands and voice and eyes were cool and youthful; sometimes golf or hard riding or walking brought an uncertain color to her also cool and youthful cheeks, but she was usually pale. Hands and neck, however, browned nicely; she showed none of the golden freckles that powdered the straight bridge of Rose's warm little nose, nor did her wide-open, bright brown eyes ever give off sapphire sparkles.

She liked Jack thoroughly and she had certain boyish little ways of showing it. She would say, "You adorable old ass!" when he ate hot-cakes for breakfast, or she would ask coaxingly for Indian slippers or chocolates in the curio shop. "Please, husband!" And occasionally she would say, "Tell Edith, John!" in a throaty little authoritative fashion that made him laugh.

But this was hardly marriage, even if this had not been Edith at her nicest. The slightest opposition would metamorphose her into quite a different being; criticism surprised her almost as much as it antagonized her. Jack could hardly believe she was not joking when she would sulkily reiterate childish phrases like: "Well, if you don't like the way I've done my hair, why *should* I go driving with you?" or "If you hate the book I happen to like, I certainly am not going to make a fuss over the candy you bring me!"

However, it was very agreeable to get into his gray car and tuck his little wife up snugly for the long run home, and they were both in high spirits and in a happily sentimental mood, well satisfied with each other, when he did so. Edith talked charmingly about future plans, and Jack was quite young enough to share with her the pride of being the young Talbots, returning from their honeymoon to the town that was almost like a possession of theirs. She did not get tired nor fussy, she ate ham and eggs in a little Sacramento restaurant as if they were all her heart or appetite desired, and she did not criticize her husband when the speedometer went up into the fifties as the Winter day drew to a close.

She was a good little sport, he thought, and she would learn. Edith was pretty young, and the beginnings of married life were notoriously difficult. It would all work out fine——

BUT he noticed things in the family conversation that night that struck him oddly; had he heard all this before? Perhaps he had, without fully noticing the significance of it.

For example, Carrie, little Lily Rogers's colored nurse, in talking about the wedding spoke of "one of Miss Ede's tantrums." Edith's mother, laughing comfortably, rejoiced openly that "Edie had been turned over to some one who could manage her. Nobody in the family could!" Old Rogers, kissing the bride affectionately, said to Jack in a fatherly aside: "Don't go too fast with her, my boy. She'll lead, but the devil himself couldn't drive her."

Then he was disturbed to hear Edith say to Clyde Bainbridge that they were "with Jack's mother—*for the present*."

"I don't know," she had said, "whether she'll turn the house over to us or we will build eventually. But no house is big enough for two families—my mother says!"

Finally came his own mother's kindly comment: "She has the making of a fine woman, Jack; but at the same time, Edith's headstrong, and she could be easily ruined. It'll depend on you, dear, whether she develops into the splendid wife she might be or whether that childish stubbornness grows on her."

"Has the making of a fine woman?" But his mother had always taken the tone that Edith was already a remarkable, a well-nigh perfect woman. Jack lay wakeful for a long time that first night at home.

But the next day was sweet and sunshiny and Edith was happy as a lark. They talked plans for next Summer at the Lake, and Jack got home early for some splendid tennis with her and decided that after all she was going to be a wife far above the average and that when they settled down and everything was a little bit straightened out he would begin to feel the solid earth under him again.

"'Gusta says she saw Mr. Bainbridge driving to-day in his car with your old friend Rose Kirby," Jack's mother said on that Sunday night.

"Yes, we saw them, too," Edith answered, shaking out her big fresh napkin.

"Well, don't you think that's very strange, Jackie?" asked his mother, surprised that it should be taken for granted.

"No," Edith said quickly and lightly deprecating. "It doesn't mean anything with him."

"My gracious, that would be a funny turn of affairs!" Mrs. Talbot pursued anxiously. "I'd be sorry——"

"Yes, so would I!" Edith quickly agreed. "Rose Kirby doesn't look as if she'd ever been sick!"

Jack looked from one to the other.

"Has she been sick?" he asked. He was amazed to see that they both flushed and that his mother tossed her head.

"I told you that, Jack," she said, with an air of casualness. "Or if I didn't, it was because there was so much confusion just before the wedding and after your poor father's going—it seemed to me we got a hundred messages a day!"

"Did she telephone?" Jack questioned quietly.

"No, oh—no. Her mother did, and said—well, Rose wasn't *sick*, but she wasn't very well! That was it. She was home a day or two, or something. I spoke to Edith about it, and why we didn't tell you or how it happened I can't remember! But I knew it wasn't important, for Rose could have telephoned you at the office at any time—she knew that. And then just before your wedding she would surely understand that you were terribly busy, with your poor father's affairs in such a confusion and all. You may clear, Lizzie," said Mrs. Talbot, who had during this speech pressed the service bell beneath her foot, "unless Miss Edith will have—oh, dear, there I go again, Edith! What *shall* I do to remember that I'm the dowager now! Have you finished, Jackie?"

"Quite!" Jack assured her briefly and pleasantly. When they spoke again, it was seriously and tenderly of J. Wittinger's monument, and Edith, with a charming little affectionate impulse not usual with her, stretched out her brown, thin hand and laid it upon Jack's.

"MOTHER, when Mrs. Kirby telephoned that day," Jack asked the next morning, "did she leave any message from Rose?"

His mother looked thoughtful, helpful, sympathetic.

"No, dear," she answered conscientiously. "And my *impression* was that Rose didn't know her mother was telephoning. But, Jackie, why don't you run up to the mills one of these days at noon and see her? Tell her you didn't get that message until last night, because in the general change and hurry and confusion your bad mother entirely forgot it!"

Very generous, now, he could not help thinking. Willing to be more than just to little Rose now.

"Perhaps I will. It's of no consequence!" he told his mother, kissing her punctiliously before he left for the office.

Unreal. Unreal. Unreal. Here was recently married Jack Talbot, rich, independent and popular, young, healthy and good-looking, going down in his handsome car to his office that had "President" on the door. But it was all so bafflingly unreal——

"Lord, to *wake up*, somehow!" he said out loud in the quiet of the frost-bound Winter day. "I don't know that I can keep this up indefinitely. I feel as if my brain were half-alive or something!" And suddenly on the quiet air he seemed to hear a girl's voice saying restlessly, feverishly, passionately:

"You'll pay for this, Jack! I don't know how or when—but some day when there is something *you* are hungering for——"

He laughed again aloud, turning his car in at the big blackened gate of the iron-works. "I must be tired," he thought. "I'm doing a good deal—it won't last. Why, I have everything in the world! And besides—" his thoughts ran uneasily—"she didn't mean it. Not Rose!"

Continued in the February DELINEATOR

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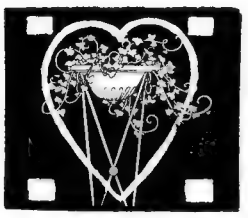

ROMANCE

Concluded from page 8

"Her name is Graziella di Orino, or Orinco," said Dolly, bearing down on him triumphantly. "She's Italian, of course; father's dead and her mother, the lady with the gray hair, is a countess. They're staying at Riddell's Harbor."

"How did you find out?" said Skippy, overwhelmed at this aristocratic revelation.

"Oh, what a blush!"

"I say, Dolly, don't rub it in and I'll tell you all, honestly I will."

"Humph, I've my opinion of what you'll tell me!"

"Don't, Dolly! Can't you see it's serious?" *La grande passion* always inspires respect in a woman and does not in the least detract from her estimate of the man.

"You, of all fellows, Jack Bedelle!" she said, but in the kindliest of tones. "To be bowled over like this!"

"Much *you* know. It's been going on for a year. I—I've seen her twice before. Once on the train the whole way down to New York, and last month at the Yale-Princeton football——"

"Football?"

"Baseball, of course," said Skippy hastily.

"Why, Jack, it's a real romance!"

"Gee, I'm hard hit!"

"But why don't you meet her?" asked Dolly, opening her eyes.

"How can I?"

"Easiest thing in the world. She's talking to Susie Brooker now. I'll meet her and introduce you later."

"Hold on! Wait a minute— I say, Dolly!"

"Stupid, you *are* in love," said Dolly, running off.

Skippy held out for a moment, but the thought was too appalling. What could he say to her? What excuse could he make? He hesitated. He wavered. He fled, forgetting his hat in the coat-room—fled bareheaded, shamelessly home.

LONG after midnight Snorky returned. Skippy was in bed, rolled up into a tight bundle, head sunk in the pillows, asleep. Snorky hesitated, came to the side of the bed and listened suspiciously; then, convinced, retired for the night.

But Skippy was not asleep. He had a story ready for Snorky, but to descend to trivialities this night of nights was unthinkable. He waited, then, twenty minutes, until Snorky joined the choruses of the night, and then slowly straightened out, turned on his back and put his hands under his head, preparing to seek her in his dreams according to the then popular formula of Peter Ibbetson.

But even the Peter Ibbetson method failed to quiet his senses. He could not sleep. He counted forty-two sheep jumping over a wall and then said:

"Graziella! What a peach of a name—and a countess, too!"

Suddenly she was before him, with her wide-eyed, questioning look.

"I thought you never would come," she was saying.

"I—I didn't dare before all those people," he said resolutely.

"Am I so terrible, then?"

He turned on his side, shifting the pillows, reconstructing the meeting as it should have been. He lived the moment, the unimaginable moment when he had asked her to dance, when she came close, fragrantly close to him, so close that his eyes closed and his breath seemed to stop. He put out his arm and at the thought of actually holding her he heaved a gigantic sigh and embraced the pillow in substituted rapture.

"My aunt's cat's pants," he said solemnly. "I guess I know now what love means!"

THE next morning, to explain his sudden flight, he stayed in bed on the pretext of a violent attack of indigestion, which he ascribed to the traditional antipathy of lobsters and ice-cream. By this subterfuge he not only satisfied Snorky's curiosity, but obtained a morning's freedom. While the family were still departing for the beach, he stole down the back stairs, jumped on his safety bicycle and streaked up the road that led to Riddell's Harbor, five miles away. Unless he could see her again, or at least learn where she lived, he felt he could not exist through the day.

There were three hotels in Riddell's Harbor, and a casino, to be explored, besides the possibility of the Summer cottages. He spent a fruitless hour circling before the verandas, searching the winding, leafy streets. He inquired of a grocer's boy, whose knowledge evidently did not venture beyond strict Anglo-Saxon. He tried the livery-stable, where a lank stableman called back: "Say, Al, ever hear tell of a countess hereabouts?"

"A what?" said a voice out of the fragrant interior.

"Countess—an Eye-talian countess."

"Naw."

"What she wanted for?" said the stableman, suddenly curious.

Skippy hastily cleared her name and departed.

At length an idea came to him. There was the post-office of course. Nothing simpler. He whirled up, left his safety and timidly approached the window. The postmistress was old and scrawny and decidedly forbidding. He could not at once pronounce the beloved name.

"I say, is there any one by the name of Snorky Greene staying here this Summer?" he asked incoherently.

"What Greene?"

"Snor—I mean Arthur Greene."

"There's an Alfred Greene and a Harold C. Greene," said the postmistress, looking at him suspiciously.

"No, that's not the one," he said hastily. "And please, is there a Countess di Orino, or Orinco? It's an Italian name."

"The Countess di Ornio is staying with the Wellivers."

"I say, would you mind telling me what house that is?"

"Beach Avenue and Topham Street, corner house."

He stammered out his thanks and turned. Horrors, there at the door was the countess in the flesh! In another second all would be discovered. He made a break for his safety, almost upsetting a large, plump lady, and fled down the avenue in a panic. Would the postmistress tell her? He felt chilly all over at the thought. Thank heavens, at least his name was unknown! It had been a hairbreadth escape. After this he would take no chances. The rest of the day was spent in lame excuses to Snorky and Dolly, but at least he knew one thing: the house under whose roof she slept.

THE week went like a fever. Three times he passed by her so close that he could have put out his hand and touched her. A dozen times at the beach, at the tennis-courts and again at the hotel hop he had opportunities to meet her. But each time he turned away in a panic. She knew now that he was afraid to meet her. He was sure of that, for each time their eyes met he felt something in hers, half-encouragement, half-astonishment. It was a mad, tragic passion, hopeless from the start—for counts marry rich Americans, but Americans never marry countesses. That much of worldly wisdom he knew. Real love, real romance was always tragic. It was cruel, but it was frightfully thrilling—this pretense to the world and the reality of the last waking hour at night! Why spoil all by making sport for an unregenerate public? Why parade sentiment before the mocking eyes of Snorky Greene and Dolly, before leering, jeering families, when with the dropping out of the lights, romance, *real* romance, began. The meeting would come some way, by some fortunate chance—not in the ordinary course, in stiff and formal introductions, as other persons met.

And then the awakening! Friday night he returned to find a note pinned on his cushion.

JACK: She left on the afternoon train. They sail to-morrow on the French line. Staying at the Waldorf. Tried to get you all afternoon. Sorry.
DOLLY.

Ten minutes later Snorky Greene beheld his chum enter the room in whirlwind style, seize a tooth-brush, a collar, three handkerchiefs and six neckties.

"For Mike's sake, what now?"

"Going to New York to-night," said Skippy incoherently, "if I have to ride on a freight-car. Mouth shut. Secret as the grave. If the governor rears up and snorts, tell him the truth. No one else. Back to-morrow. How much money you got?"

At the station, a little to his disappointment, he found he could get a late local that would get him to New York at daybreak. It would have been more romantic to have ridden underneath a freight-car with the tramps. But when he reflected that his appearance would profit by the more commonplace route, he felt reconciled.

He dozed through the bumpy, flickering night, consoling himself with the thought that as every cloud has a silver lining, he at least would escape the burden of a hotel bill. He breakfasted in the station and immediately set out in search of a florist—not an ordinary flower-monger, but a florist of importance, whose name would be stenciled on a pink box. At eight o'clock, having been waiting for an hour, he entered a shop on Fifth Avenue and after a long period of indecision allowed himself to be persuaded by a monster spray of orchids that had fascinated him from the first. It was frightfully expensive, but what of that? He had his return-trip ticket and he could lunch on "hot dogs" and peanuts, which give extraordinary nourishment for the price.

"Want to send a card?"

"Sure!" he said, to cover the shock of the suggestion.

He sat down at a desk and wrote her name and the address of the hotel on the envelope. That was easy. But the card? He dug his hands into his hair, he chewed at the penholder. This was a new experience. Of course he could not sign his own name—that could be precluded from the list of possibilities. What if he signed: "With love from Miss Bedelle."

That would deceive the stern Italian mother, while she, Graziella, would divine the subterfuge. But after long cogitation, he discarded this. It was undignified. He would sign no name, but he would send just one word—one word, at the wrench of parting, to carry into the long years. Only it must be the right word—one that she alone would understand. He considered several: "Eternally," "Faithfully," "Affectionately." But the bald, unromantic English revolted him. If he only had an Italian dictionary! It seemed to him that he had heard something like *sempriturna*, but he didn't dare trust his memory. Then suddenly he remembered that there was French to fall back on.

"The bouquet will come to twenty-five dollars," said the clerk, returning from a consultation.

"All right," he said gruffly and hurriedly. On the card he wrote: "*Toujours!*"

Then he underlined it, slipped it into the envelope and handed it to the florist.

"Got to be delivered right off!"

"Steamer?"

"No, hotel. Here's your money," he said, not daring to meet the eyes that surely must have read his secret.

"We're sending a number of boxes down to the steamer. Might miss the lady at the hotel."

"You're sure they'll get there?"

"We always send a special messenger."

"All right, then. Let's see the card."

He scrutinized it carefully. To avoid all errors, he had printed the address. He changed the envelope and inscribed the name of the steamer. Then in one corner he wrote: "Important. Deliver immediately."

"You're sure it'll get there?" he asked, with a lingering doubt.

The clerk smiled, and the smile drove him into flight.

FORTY minutes before the hour of sailing, Skippy, ensconced behind a pillar where for an hour he had waited miserably, suddenly felt every pulse quicken within him. She was there at last, walking toward him, a little in front of her mother and the same swarthy man with the mustaches in rat-tail—that dreadful ill-favored man for whom she was perhaps destined to be the unwilling bride. Now was the time for decision and daring! He stepped out and crossed into a little knot of bystanders, not daring to face her glance, and stood, desperately striving to appear at ease, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for him to be there. He waited a moment, took out his watch, frowned as though preoccupied and looked up. Oh, fortunate chance! She was standing by the hand-baggage, alone, while her mother, the maid and the ill-favored man were discussing volubly with a steward the labeling of the trunks. Her eyes were on him, gravely and without surprise. She knew—she understood. He went slowly

toward her, stopped and looked hurriedly away. Something dangerous was trembling in his eyes and a lump was in his throat. When he turned again, he saw at her feet a handkerchief. The great moment had come! He started forward to pick it up—and the great moment passed. Some one else had seen it; some one had stooped and offered it to her. When he caught her look again, he saw, distinctly saw, tears in her eyes. She had done it on purpose, then, just to give him the long-waited-for opportunity!

Then the rest returned and he stood careless of who might see, staring at her as she went up the gangway—forever.

Still he stood, without moving, waiting, his heart bursting within him, fighting against the unmanly thing that had him by the throat and attacked his eyes. He heard the brutal, raucous shrieking of the whistles. Some one bumped into him and shouted to him to move out of the way. Wharf-hands swarmed about and crowded him from his position. The hawsers slipped, the gangway drew in and before him the world began to move away.

He went out onto the pier's end, still waiting, still secure in his faith. Then, as the great ship drew clear, there on the top deck alone, by a life-boat, he saw her—and in her arms his flowers. Would she see him there, lost in the crowd? He took off his hat and waved it slowly, rhythmically in wide arcs until with a start she saw him. Their eyes met across the separation and the irrevocable fates. For a moment he saw clearly the solemn, wistful little face above his flowers and the eyes fixed steadfastly on him. He lifted his hat and she nodded. Then he could see her expression no more, only the little splash of white of the handkerchief she held up to him.

The crowd fell away from him and moved from the pier. He remained, alone, forgetting that he was bareheaded, watching the gray silhouette of the ship slipping down the bay. The bottom dropped out of the world and life was a blank. So he stood miserably, little knowing that the ship that bore her from his straining eyes bore her triumphantly into the Elysian regions of memory, where neither age nor disillusion could ever come to corrupt the memory.

PARENTS, who understand so little, are sometimes gifted with a strange tact. When Skippy returned, tired and solemn, the next night, they accepted his explanations without a question. Even Tootsie, his sister, forebore to comment. As for Dolly Travers, when she had drawn the whole story from him, she had sat on the beach with him for a long hour holding his hand, and to his surprise she treated him from thenceforth with expressions of the greatest favor. There was something about Dolly different from other girls, something enduring, permanent—real stuff!

Snorky, however, was different.

"Course you went down to see her off?" he asked, when they had disrobed for the night.

"Sure!"

"I don't get it."

"What worries you?"

"I'm not rubbing anything in," said Snorky, magnanimously discarding the *tu quoque* retort, "but I don't get this languishing over a girl you never even met."

"Who says we never met," said Skippy, looking him steadily in the eyes.

"You mean——"

"Chump!"

"Secret stuff, eh?" said Snorky, with a sudden enlightenment.

"Foreigners—strict as blazes," said Skippy, winking.

"You sly old devil!"

"We understand each other perfectly. She'll never consent to marry that old sausage," said Skippy, with conviction in his voice. "But not a word. That's between us, old pal!"

"Well, I'll be jiggswiggered!" said Snorky, who sat down, clasping his tooth-brush, while the figure of Skippy, momentarily in danger of eclipse, rose in new and heroic proportions in his imagination.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

When writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid, enclose stamps with your complete address and direct your inquiry to the proper department, Butterick Building, New York City. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered, nor will replies be made on a postcard. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

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The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR's campaign for healthier children. Any one of ten pamphlets may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, and "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar, including postage.

BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. A plan book, telling the scope of this work, how to organize a local campaign, conduct a demonstration week and outfit a demonstration house, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, some leaflets that the homemaker will find helpful in the management of her household. New subjects are added from time to time. If you are interested, send a self-addressed envelope for a list of subjects.

A booklet describing modern methods and devices for economically heating the house is now in preparation. The price will be twenty-five cents, including postage.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Four printed bulletins entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings" and "Furnishing the Home," price twenty-five cents each, fully cover decoration problems in their respective fields. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in forming good reading habits. Ask, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table," are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new Christmas party that will make old Santa feel young again. THE DELINEATORS containing the pageant "The Making of America" are available at twenty cents each in stamps. Directions for music and costumes are included. Teachers like this pageant for seventh and eighth grades. Tell us about the party or dinner or dance or shower or church entertainment you are planning and let us help you out.

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Buy patterns at the nearest Butterick agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, from the Main Office of The Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York, or the branch offices listed below, at the following prices:

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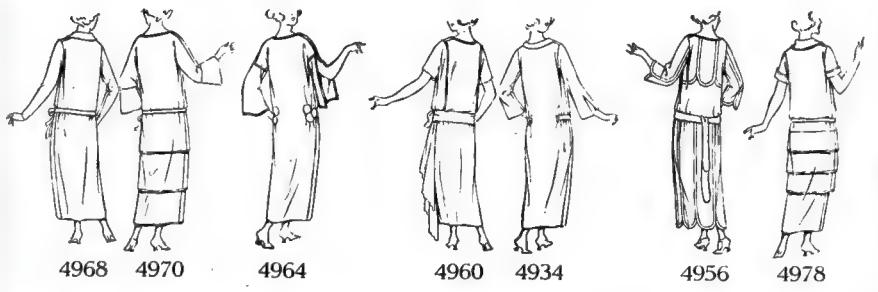
OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 34



4968 4970 4964 4960 4934 4956 4978

4968—The collar of this one-piece slip-over dress may be worn turned down. The dress has a straight lower edge and may have a body lining. Use plaids or jersey tubing, soft twills, wool crêpe, serge, gabardine, tricotine, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid (about a 2½-inch plaid).

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4964—The appliqué motifs on this one-piece dress with a Russian closing are easy to make. It has a straight lower edge and an elastic and a casing across the sides at the low waistline. Use satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, printed silk crêpe, printed silks or chiffon velvet, etc. For a brown dress, use rose, green, orange for each appliqué cluster.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch chiffon velvet. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4934—For this one-piece dress with a straight lower edge use soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge or wool jersey tubing, etc. It slips on over the head, has an elastic at the low waistline and may have a body lining. It may have a wide or a short sleeve. This is a simple dress to make and the neck outline is new.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4978—The tier arrangement is very French on this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It has a casing and elastic at a low waistline and may have a body lining. Use wool crêpe, wool voile or heavy silk crêpe, etc., for this dress.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch wool crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4960—10985—The kimono waist of this slip-over dress has a loose panel front and back. The dress has a straight skirt with a tiered front joined at a low waistline, and may have a long body lining. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or satin crêpe, etc., with lace. Motifs trim the sleeves. Work in colors.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is very smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4956—The braid trimming is applied to give weight to this one-piece dress of silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine just as embroidery or beading would do. It has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at a low waistline, slips over the head and may have a body lining. Without braid use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, chiffon velvet, printed silks, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4970—The tiered two-piece lower part is joined at a low waistline on this dress of the slip-over type. It may have a body lining. Use heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe, soft twills, soft wool crêpe or soft serge.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

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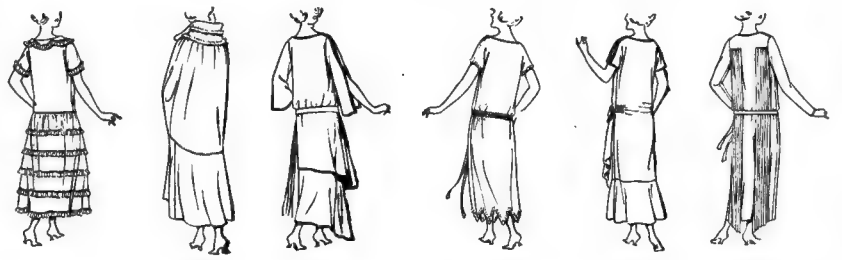

4921 4919 4952 4925 4942 4895

4921—A simple lace collar is effective on a slip-over dress which closes under the left arm and has a straight skirt joined to a basque at a low waistline. Make it of satin, silk crêpe, moire, taffeta, velvet, soft twills, soft serge or soft wool crêpe.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch velvet. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is new style for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4952—10996—Crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe are suitable for this slip-over dress which closes under the right arm and has a two-tiered draped skirt joined at a low waistline. It may have a body lining with a camisole top. The beading on the girdle is smart. Use crystal beads or rhinestones.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge foundation skirt 48 ins.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4942—The circular flounce of this slip-over dress lengthens the draped one-piece upper part and the dress may have a body lining. The hand-made ornament is smart. Use crêpe satin, silk crêpe, chiffon velvet or soft twills. A printed with a plain material, a beige with a brown or a light green with a dark green are attractive combinations.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

4919—The straight upper part is plaited to a small yoke on a new cape lengthened by a circular flounce. It may have a plain short interlining. Use velvet, fabric fur, broadcloth, duvetyn, and shades of American Beauty, etc. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch velvet (without front facing).

The cape is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

4925—The interlaced girdle and rosette are easy to make on this one-piece dress with a straight lower edge and a choice of body lining. It slips on over the head and one may have a pointed lower edge if desired. Use plain or printed Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 63 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4895—10971—A dress that is becoming to practically every type of figure is a one-piece slip-over dress with loose side-plaited panels, in satin crêpe, plain or broché silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, etc. It has a casing and elastic at a low waistline or a body lining. The beading is smart. Work it in harmonious colors.

40 bust requires 6⅜ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

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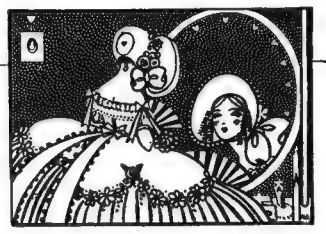

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which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Sunburns, Eczema, Acne, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. TB, 30 E. 20th St., New York

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 36

4888—Hand-made flowers are dainty on this slip-over one-piece dress of plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, printed silks or velveteen.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4945—The draped basque and full straight skirt of this slip-over dress are joined to an underbody at a slightly low waistline. Use taffeta or moire with lace edging for frills, a hand-made ribbon bow and flowers.

12 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4937—Circular flounces are smart on a one-piece slip-over dress. Use velvet, heavy silk crêpe, taffeta, soft twills, wool crêpe or serge.

11 years requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4924—For a party dress of the slip-over type with scalloped or straight lower edge use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, organdy, dotted voile with plain organdy, etc.

7 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

4947—Wool jersey, soft serge, silk-and-cotton jersey, pongee, chambray, linen-finished cotton, madras, poplin, etc., make a suit with slip-over blouse and straight trousers.

3 years requires 1 yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

4949—10146—Wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge make this two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a side or accordion plaited or gathered straight skirt joined to an underbody. The embroidery is gay. Work it in colors.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4913—10998—Crêpe de Chine for the slip-over dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers and velvet for the bands is an attractive combination. The bird is an original trimming. Work in outline.

5 years requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard 35-inch velvet.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4916—4898—With a wrap-around coat of velvet or duvetyn with a deep square armhole, she wears a tam-o'-shanter to match. Or use soft-pile fabrics, broadcloth, soft twills or wool rep for the coat.

11 years and 21 inches head measure require 3½ yards 36-inch velvet (including tam).

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for girls, misses, ladies.

4939—10142—This slip-over frock in raglan effect and with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers is quaint in wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, pongee, pin-check gingham, chambray, etc. The embroidery is easy to do. Work it in a contrasting color.

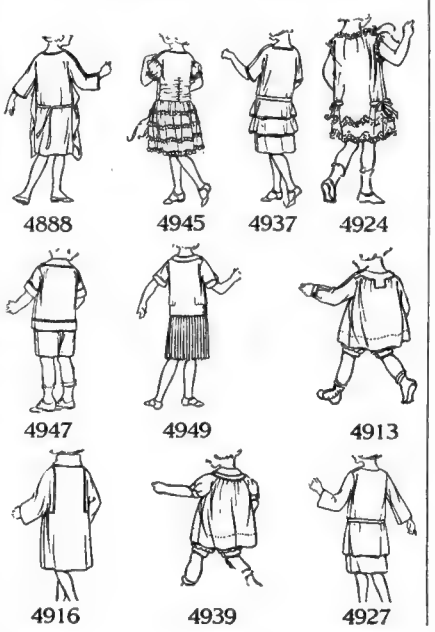
4 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch wool jersey and ¼ yard 54-inch contrasting wool jersey.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4927—3157—Check wool for the separate one-piece slip and as trimming for the slip-over long tunic blouse in Russian effect of plain wool is a smart alliance. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, soft twills, serge, velvet, etc. The tam-o'-shanter is smart.

11 years and 21 inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 36-inch velvet (including tam) and ⅝ yard 48-inch check wool.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam for children, girls, misses, ladies.



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Everybody's sore.
Toss some Steero in the stew
And hear 'em call for more!

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AFTER
Mrs. Horchler four months later, showing what Wallace reducing records did

From 234 lbs to 160

"I had about given up hope when I heard of Wallace" said the lady whose pictures appear above. "I had tried everything for reducing without success, but Wallace's records made me a normal woman."

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Mrs. Horchler will tell you she had tried everything from fasting and Turkish baths to drugs and mechanical devices, and could scarcely believe her eyes and feelings as Wallace's delightful method started her superfluous flesh to fairly melt away. You don't *starve;* you don't *study* tedious books or go through any irksome *rigmarole.* Just a natural, enjoyable method done to music—that works as surely as heat and cold works on the thermometer.

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309 N. Main Street Jamestown, N. Y.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 37

4907—10138—For this slip-over dress, which closes under the left arm and has a two-piece skirt joined at a low waistline, use soft twills, wool crêpe, satin, heavy silk crêpe or taffeta. The embroidery is smart. Work in color.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch twill. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4928—3157—For this two-piece slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined to an underbody use novelty wool jersey with plain, or wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, heavy silk crêpe or silk jersey. The tam-o'-shanter is becoming. Lower edge 47 inches.

16 years and 21¾ inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 54-inch novelty and ½ yard 54-inch plain wool jersey for dress and ½ yard 32-inch or wider material for tam.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; the tam-o'-shanter for misses, ladies or children and girls.

4932—4886—10197—With her two-piece dress of wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, etc., she wears a tam-o'-shanter hat. The accordion- or side-plaited or gathered straight skirt joins an underbody. The embroidery is new. Work in one-stitch, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¼ yards.

16 years and 21½ inches head measure require 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey and ⅝ yard 35-inch or 39-inch duvetyn for hat.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for misses and ladies.

4948—10961—The kimono waist of this slip-over dress has a loose panel front and back and the straight skirt has a tiered front joined at a low waistline. Use satin crêpe, crêpe satin, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in color. Lower edge 47 inches.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4950—10112—Drapery on a two-tier skirt which is joined at a low waistline is lovely on the slip-over dress which closes under the right arm. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, etc. The beading on the hand-made girdle is decorative. Crystal beads are new.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge foundation skirt 46 ins.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years.

4944—An interlaced girdle and rosette trim a one-piece slip-over dress with a pointed or a straight lower edge and which may have a body lining. Use plain or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette or silk voile, etc.

17 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 57½ inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4899—For the draped basque with an armhole of two depths and the hand-made bow use taffeta or satin with the full straight skirt which joins a slightly long underbody with a camisole top, of chiffon, Georgette, point d'esprit or net. The dress closes under the left arm and there may be a straight drop skirt. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards.

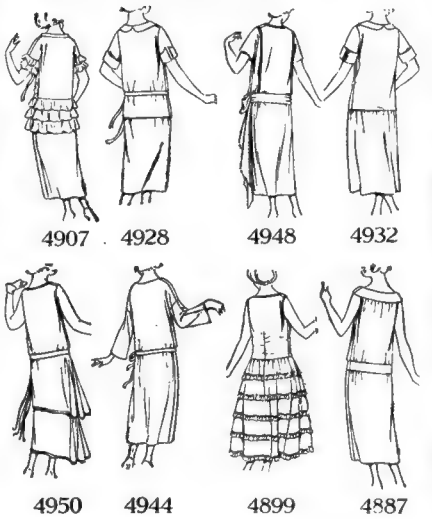
17 years requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta and 3 yards 39-inch chiffon.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4887—10108—One wears this one-piece slip-over dress with a scalloped lower edge over a separate one-piece slip. It has an elastic and a casing at a low waistline and may have a straight lower edge. The beading is smart. Crystal beads or rhinestones are used.

34 bust or 17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge dress 50 inches.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.



4907 4928 4948 4932

4950 4944 4899 4887

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CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE is just good old Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for the relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

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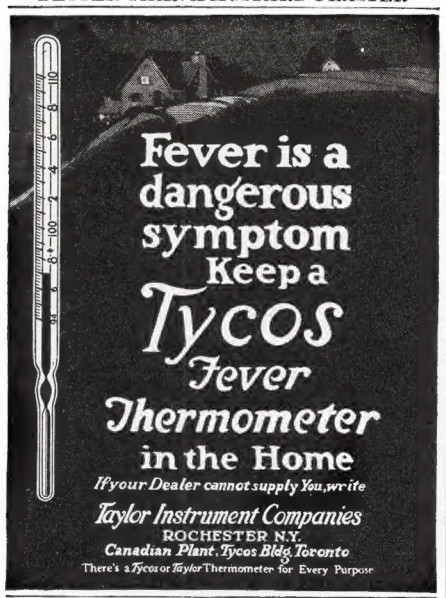

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 38

4930 4936 4938 4954 4900 4923

4930—The tiered front of this dress makes it an especially graceful style for crêpe satin, heavy silk crêpes or heavy crêpe de Chine. It slips on over the head, closes under the left arm and the straight skirt with tiered front is joined to a long underbody.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4938—4886—10138—For the straight skirt and circular peplum of this slip-over dress which join a long body of satin or heavy silk crêpe in self or contrasting color, use velvet, soft twills, wool rep or wool crêpe. The embroidery forms decorative bandings. Work it in harmonious colors. Her tam-o'-shanter hat is new. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 1⅜ yard 40-inch silk crêpe and 2¼ yards 40-inch velvet (including hat).

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

4900—4753—4748—10970—A slip-over blouse in the new three-quarter length of chiffon velvet, crêpe satin, silk crêpes, etc., can be worn over a two-piece skirt of wool velours, etc., joined to a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt. The turban is smart. Motifs decorate the blouse. Work in color.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 yards 39-inch velvet, 1 yard 54-inch wool velours for skirt joined to a camisole body. The turban requires 1 yard 36-inch metallic cloth.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 52 inches hip and the turban for ladies and misses.

4936—For a new one-piece slip-over dress with loose accordion or side-plaited side panels, use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, novelty crêpe de Chine, etc. It has a straight lower edge, a casing and elastic at a low waistline.

36 bust requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4954—10204—Chiffon velvet is smart for the draped straight skirt which joins at a low waistline, a body of crêpe Roma, heavier silk crêpe, satin crêpe or lace in a contrasting color, metallic fabrics or metallic laces. It is a slip-over dress and closes under the left arm. The beading is effective. Work it in an attractive color scheme. One may use plain or printed silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch silk crêpe and 2½ yards 36-inch velvet. Lower edge 44 inches.

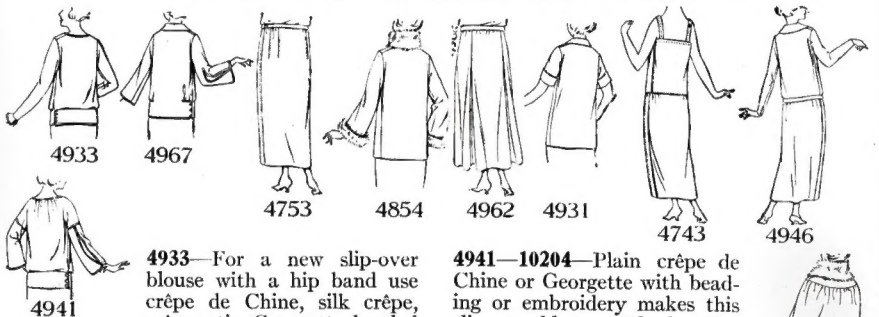
The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4923—4633—10102—With a three-quarter length coat of the straight-line variety, one may wear this one-piece slip-over dress. The dress has an elastic and a casing at the low waistline, and it may omit the circular flounce or a body lining. The embroidered bag she carries is attractive. It may be done in beads or French knots.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 54-inch wool, and 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe for upper part of the dress. Lower edge of dress 1¾ yard.

The coat and dress are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 39



4933 4967 4753 4854 4962 4931 4743 4946

4941

4935

4933—For a new slip-over blouse with a hip band use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe satin, Georgette, beaded or embroidered or use printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, novelty crêpes, silk jersey, chiffon velvet or wool jersey.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 36-inch velvet.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4935—10214—For this slip-over blouse use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe satin or Georgette beaded or embroidered, printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, novelty crêpes, silk jersey, chiffon velvet or wool jersey. The embroidery on this blouse is effective. Work it in outline, chain stitch or satin stitch.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4854—4962—3157—For Winter wear a coat of fabric fur, etc., is smart for sports over a four-piece skirt with a godet flare at each side of the front and back, set-in pockets and a 1¼-inch inside belt. Her tam-o'-shanter is becoming.

36 bust, 38 hip and 22 inches head measure requires 2½ yards 50-inch fur fabric, 2⅛ yards 42-inch gabardine, and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for tam. Lower edge 2⅜ yards.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip, and the tam-o'shanter for ladies, misses, girls, children.

4946—This one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge is attractive in jersey tubing, soft twills, wool crêpe, serge, gabardine, tricotine, plaids, heavy silk crêpe or silk jersey. It may have a body lining.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4941—10204—Plain crêpe de Chine or Georgette with beading or embroidery makes this slip-over blouse. The beading is effective. Work it in self or contrasting color. Or use crêpe satin with metallic embroidery, printed silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4963

4967—4753—A slip-over blouse of beaded or embroidered crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin, printed silk crêpe, etc., and with a choice of inside pocket is worn with a two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or an inside belt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 yard 54-inch wool velours for skirt joined to camisole body. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 52 inches hip.

4931—4743—10207—A jacquette blouse in the new length may be worn either as a jacquette or a blouse over a two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt. The embroidery is attractive. Work in one-stitch. Use silk crêpe, satin crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with embroidery, etc., and cut the blouse shorter if you like.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 56-inch wool rep. Lower edge 51 inches.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

4963—4748—A straight cape with a yoke is graceful in wool pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, wool rep, soft twills, or for evening in velvet, etc. The wrap-around turban is new.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch soft twill (cut crosswise) and the turban requires 1 yard 36-inch velvet. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses, the turban for ladies and misses.

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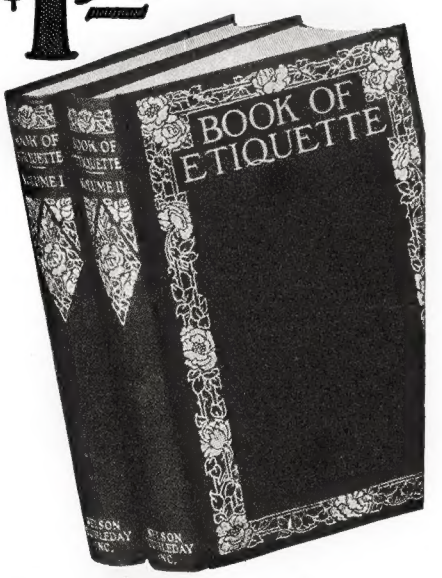

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Globe-Wernicke SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

We Become Linked Up with History On September twenty-fifth a bronze tablet was placed on the Butterick Building at Spring and Macdougal Streets in New York City by the Greenwich Village Historical Society to mark the site of the old Richmond Hill mansion, famous in Revolutionary days, when Greenwich Village was a separate community from New York City. The dedicatory inscription was drafted by President Coolidge and appears over his facsimile signature. It reads: "This tablet is raised in reverence for great deeds of the past that it may be an altar to the faith of the future." From the mansion that formerly stood on the present site of the Butterick Building, Washington directed his Long Island campaign in 1776. Subsequently it was the residence of John Adams and afterward of Aaron Burr. Many prominent Americans and visiting celebrities from Europe were guests at one time or another. Much of the early history of New York had its beginnings at Richmond Hill mansion. A companion tablet bearing the names of two hundred and twenty-one employees of the Butterick Company who served in the World War was dedicated at the same time. The two tablets are the work of Gutzon Borglum, American sculptor, who will design a bronze relief frieze of both Revolutionary and modern soldiers to be installed above the companion tablets.

Inspiration from City Streets The other day at a writers' club some one asked Grace Sartwell Mason, author of "Rebellion," in this issue, whether she picked her stories bodily from the air or whether they were written about some character she knew in the flesh. Her reply was that the sources of stories were amusingly varied and often fascinating to trace. And when asked whether she writes the year around, she replied that Summer in Manhattan is ideal for writing. She works in her office high up in a great building in the very heart of New York, although she has a home on the Pacific Coast, and she says that the ceaseless daylight roar of New York when heard from the seventeenth story of an office building is not unlike the surge and beat of the Pacific. The island of Manhattan she knows in its length and breadth, and Summer-time New York has no terrors for her. For no one has really seen Fifth Avenue who has not seen it on a Saturday afternoon in Summer, its beautiful gray length empty, the eyes of all the shops closed tight. Then it is that stories walk abroad, human beings lean in doorways, wilt across counters and bare their secrets.

Opportunity for Dressmakers Two facts of interest to women, whether they make their own clothing, buy it ready to wear, or have it made for them, have been brought to light as the result of a recent investigation into Butterick Pattern sales. One is that the demand for professional dressmakers is greater than the supply; the other is that dressmaking, as distinguished from the use of factory-made clothing, is on the increase. Our investigation covered the sales of Butterick Patterns in ninety representative cities in thirty widely scattered States. Our reports from merchants in these cities show that their sales of patterns in 1923 represent an increase over their sales in 1922, and also that there was an increase every month. In the month of June, 1923, the lowest increase reported in these ninety cities was 21.1 per cent. and the highest 146.7 per cent. The average increase was 40.9 per cent. In other words, in these ninety cities there were seven patterns sold in this period to every five in the same period the year before. Figures from our own pattern salesrooms in Paris, France, where there are more patterns and fashion publications sold than in any other store in the world, also show constant increases. There can be only one reason for this general tendency: more clothing is being made for the individual wearer, either by herself or by a seamstress. The ease with which even inexperienced needleworkers can make garments when guided by the Deltor has tempted many women away from ready-mades to become habitual buyers of paper patterns. As for the dearth of professional dressmakers, we have no positive knowledge based on statistics, but the known increase in dressmaking has disclosed an unmistakable shortage in their number, a fact that should be significant and encouraging to the woman who contemplates dressmaking as a business.

To Help Reduce Coal Bills Attention is called to the service to readers offered in connection with Mr. Watson Davis's article, "How to Keep Warm," in this issue. Because climate and the nature and abundance of the fuel supply vary greatly in this country, the problem of the householder who depends on anthracite coal for warmth is much different from that of a resident, let us say, in one of the States where there is plenty of cheap natural gas or fuel-oil. Of necessity, Mr. Davis had to write his article for the benefit of as many kinds of readers as he could possibly reach, omitting a really imposing amount of new technical information about fuels and heating devices. All of it that is of any use to the home-owner has been assembled by our home-economics investigators and is at the disposal of any reader who wants help in purchasing new heating equipment, in improving or extending her present plant or in experimenting with unfamiliar fuels.

Another Tribute to Women's Work No one can read the reports from the cities where THE DELINEATOR'S Better Homes campaigns have been conducted without being impressed by the amount of permanent good accomplished as the result of raising the living standards of the communities in which they were held. When club women, merchants, architects, builders, public-service corporations, public officials and school children work together under intelligent direction, their efforts are bound to be effective. There is a personal satisfaction in taking part in a campaign that is so immediately and permanently beneficial to the town supporting it and so free from any suspicion of commercial advantage or profit on the part of its directors. One of the marked results of two successful years of the Better Homes movement is the number of energetic and capable people—women more often than not—who found an outlet for unsuspected ability in organizing their local communities, supplying ideas, enthusiasm and whole-hearted effort that insured the success of their Demonstration Week and brought it to the attention of the national directors. It is not too early to start thinking about next Spring's campaign now. If you live in a town where there has been no Better Homes Week, or if you see the opportunity for community service and satisfying use of your leisure time or know some woman to whom such things appeal, write to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

For the Entertainment Season Another article in this month's issue is backed up with an abundance of supplementary information that is at the disposal of interested readers. "Let's Give a Play!" will give you some valuable pointers about organizing and conducting an amateur theatrical performance. Miss Lord's suggestions and advice are the results of years of experience in staging such productions for amateur groups with varying degrees of talent, financial resources and equipment. Within its scope, her article is about as thorough and helpful as it could be made, but when it comes to a question of the selection of a play for a given occasion or one adapted to the limitations imposed by some local conditions, or the planning of some less pretentious form of entertainment suitable for home, church, school or club production, THE DELINEATOR'S Entertainment Editor is always ready to help with programs and recommendations.

Last-Minute Christmas Gifts Your Butterick Pattern dealer's counter catalog is full of Christmas suggestions that will help the home gift-maker with holiday needlework problems. With one pattern, for instance, directions for making four dolls and their clothes are shown step by step in fifty-four accompanying Deltor illustrations. Another, a rag doll, has embroidered features and hair, and an envelope of toy animal designs contains an elephant, a puppy, a duck, two kinds of bunnies and a kitten. There is a great variety of transfer designs for animals and Mother Goose subjects, a profusion of initials, banding designs for every conceivable purpose and some especially appropriate subjects for infants' shawls, hoods, bibs, carriage and crib covers.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

THE subject of equal rights, which is always close to the hearts of the fair pew-holders who read our favorite woman's magazine, is treated much to our taste by an anonymous contributor to *The Nation* ◈◈◈ He (or she) writes: "If they want really to go to the root of the problem of inequality, the women's organizations of the country should forget matters of mere political importance and draw up a program something like this: 1. No man shall be allowed to give up his seat for a woman unless in like circumstances of age or infirmity he would give it up for a man. 2. With the same proviso, no man shall be allowed to assist women from public conveyances, shove them in at table, rise when they enter rooms, tip his hat, comment on women's personal appearance or show off. 3. With the same proviso, no man shall be allowed physically to defend, protect or sustain any woman or resent insults for her or prevent her from fighting her own battles. 4. Absolute equality shall prevail in the matter of paying for (a) carfares and taxi-fares, (b) meals, (c) tickets for amusements, including movies, merry-go-rounds, trips to Europe, etc. 5. No man shall be allowed to support any woman unless she is ill or encumbered with a small infant, and then only until some adequate system of sick and maternity insurance be established" ◈◈◈ A news-dispatch from *England* reports that *Princess Mary* is a devotee of the budget system and is conducting her household affairs so that the living expenses are about $5.75 a person a week ◈◈◈ This month we celebrate the anniversary of the invention of a device that has had as much to do with shaping world history as the scepter or the sword ◈◈◈ We refer to the curling-iron, credited to the skill and ingenuity of one *Darius, the Smith*. The details of the master's life are lost in antiquity, but the essential facts have fortunately been preserved for us ◈◈◈ It seems that *Darius* had a daughter who was the belle of the community and the apple of the old man's eye ◈◈◈ The girl went into a decline that mystified her fond parent and plunged him in grief, until she confessed that a secret sorrow was gnawing at her heart: she was wretched because she had straight hair, whereas her hated rival, the miller's daughter, had wavy locks that gave her a big advantage in the race for popularity ◈◈◈ *Darius* thereupon hammered out the first crude curling-iron on his anvil. The daughter became expert with the instrument, picked up rapidly in health and spirits, eventually snared the village money-changer, and lived happily ever after ◈◈◈ A committee of artists appointed by the Charcoal Club of *Baltimore, Maryland*, reports that ninety-nine out of every one hundred girls with red hair are bow-legged and that ninety-nine out of every one hundred girls of the brunette type are knock-kneed, all of which reminds us that *Muriel Spring*, noted European dancer, recently insured her legs for a million dollars ◈◈◈ *Dr. Elizabeth Young* of *Chicago* has been telling housewives how to make their husbands tractable through a knowledge of food chemistry ◈◈◈ She says: "If you want him home nights, feed him calcium; if you want him to gad about, give him phosphorus and potassium; if you want to curb his temper, keep sodium from him and give him calcium. If lazy, feed him pep-producing chemicals, and keep them from him if wild or inclined to overwork" ◈◈◈ *Meyer Krupp*, who has returned from a trapping expedition among isolated parts of *Manchuria*, says that photographs of pretty American girls, preferably attired in furs, are popular with the natives, who willingly exchange valuable pelts for them ◈◈◈ Blondes are favored more than other types, and one picture of a movie star cut from an illustrated magazine was traded for seven marten skins, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars ◈◈◈ A *Haines City, Florida*, mother who wants to help other parents writes that she cured her four-year-old child of finger-sucking by "winding tire-tape around the troublesome fingers" ◈◈◈ A more effectual preventive, in our inexpert estimation, would be to wind the tire-tape directly across the troublesome mouth ◈◈◈ In *West Africa* a wife can be purchased for twenty-one cents ◈◈◈ It may be only a coincidence, but it is astonishing how few West African women mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers ◈◈◈ The angelic host of those who do grows apace and we wish them all a very, very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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and
A Happy New Year

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Ernani—Come rugiada al cespite Iris—Apri la tua finestra	737	1.50
William Tell—O muto asil del pianto Traviata—Dei miei bollenti spiriti	6212	2.00

BORI — Victor Artist

There's a charm to Bori's every interpretation that is most delightful and it is depicted with absolute fidelity on Victor Records. This life-like quality is readily apparent to the artist herself—to every one upon hearing any of her twenty-five records. Among them are:

	Double-faced	
Traviata—Addio del passato Don Giovanni—Vedrai, carino	543	$1.50
Malagueña Clavelitos	544	1.50

DE LUCA—Victor Artist

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	Double-faced	
Barbiere di Siviglia—Largo al Factotum Ernani—O de' verd' anni miei	6077	$2.00
William Tell—Resta immobile Marriage of Figaro—Se vuol ballare?	596	1.50
Don Carlos—Per me giunto è il di supremo Masked Ball—Eri tu	6078	2.00

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